PHOTOPLAY

N.S.E

The National Guide to Motion Pictures

JUNE
25 CENTS

ANN HARDING

Earl Christy

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Star Names *That Mean* Fight!

In This Issue

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PHOTOPLAY

The World's Leading Motion Picture Publication

JAMES R. QUIRK, *Editor and Publisher*

Leonard Hall, *Managing Editor*

Vol. XXXVIII No. 1 June, 1930

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Winners of Photoplay Magazine Gold Medal for the best picture of the year

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"HUMORESQUE"	"THE COVERED WAGON"	"BEAU GESTE"
1921	1924	1927
"TOL'ABLE DAVID"	"ABRAHAM LINCOLN"	"7th HEAVEN"
1922	1925	1928
"ROBIN HOOD"	"THE BIG PARADE"	"FOUR SONS"

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The Girl *on the* Cover

AWAY from the screen, Ann Harding's pale face is innocent of powder, rouge or lipstick. She doesn't even pencil her eyebrows, which are as light as her straight, straw-colored hair.

You think the hair will come tumbling down any minute, for surely so few pins could not hold the insecure knot at the back. Yet for some obscure reason the knot remains. Her eyes are blue.

Her low, poignant voice is one of the secrets of her great charm. Outwardly passive, when she speaks her voice betrays her and reveals hidden wells of emotionalism. Yet she seems as little like an actress as your next-door neighbor.

She started her adult life as a business woman. One of her first positions was as typist and file clerk for an insurance company, at $12.50 a week. She was a good worker and a success in business.

At the same time she did home reading for Famous Players in New York, typing synopses of the books she read. She received five dollars for each synopsis.

ANN is a *doer*, in spite of her seeming passivity. She found time to join the Provincetown Players in New York, and soon gave most of her time to acting. Her first big Broadway success was in the stage play, "Tarnish."

She went to Hollywood in those first, hectic days of talkies, as did so many stage players. But, unlike many of the others, Ann remained to become a part of the film colony.

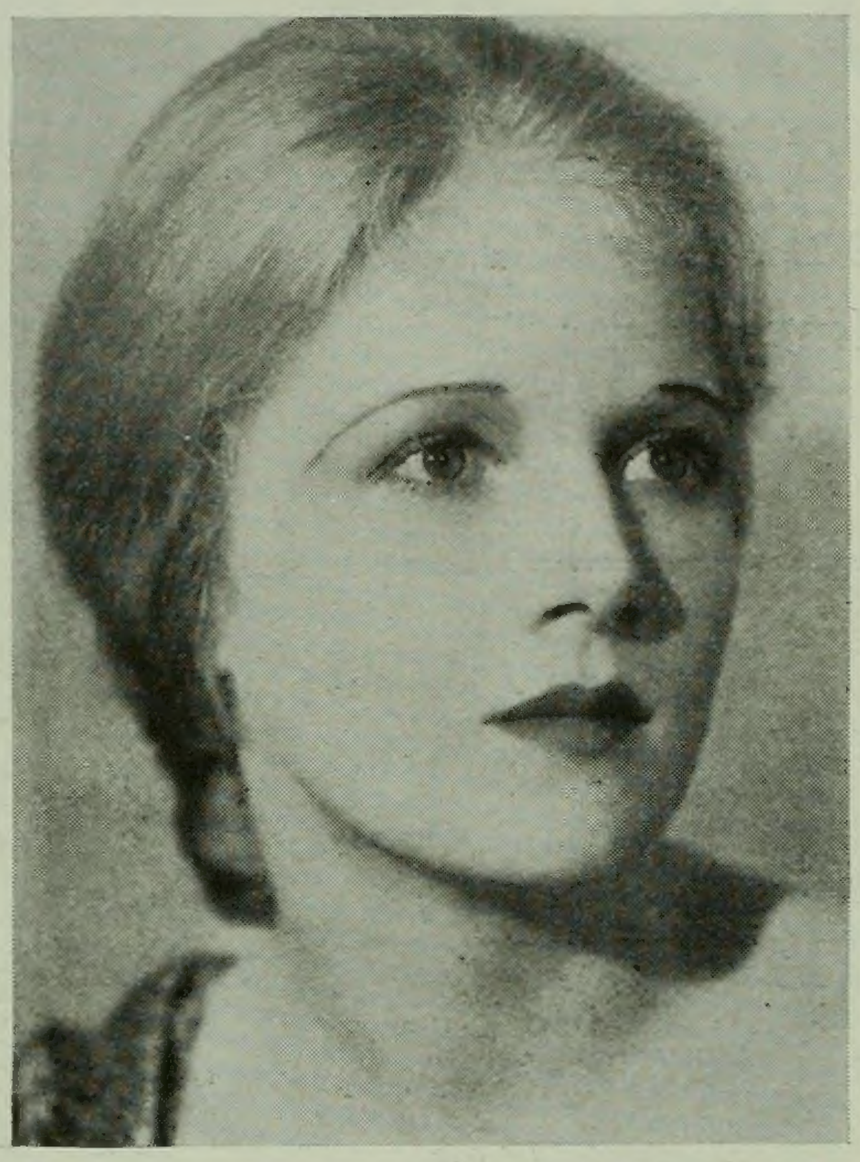
Her heart is with the town. Her career lies before the camera. She is perfectly happy about her work for the first time in her life.

"THE thought of going back to the stage sends shivers of horror up and down my spine," she said. "I'm going to stay in Hollywood forever. I never want to go back to New York.

"I've been in Hollywood a year, and I'm still excited about it. The studio is new and entrancing. The stage is a terrific grind. I can remember when I've been so ill I should have been in a hospital, yet I've had to go on. And I've been so bored with a rôle that I could have screamed. Yet I had to do it over and over again.

"Here, in pictures, you play the rôle once before the camera. You have that one big thrill, and that's the scene that will be shown throughout the world.

"It's not only the studio that excites me. It's everything about Hollywood. A home that is really mine, fresh air and sunshine—all the pleasant things in life.



Typist, Wife, Mother and Star

"And then, of course, there are Harry and Jane, and I know I won't have to be separated from them."

IT is impossible to speak of Ann Harding without including Harry Bannister, her husband. Something happens to Ann's eyes, something indefinably lovely, when she speaks of him and her eighteen-months-old baby, Jane.

She and Harry were married four days after they met. "Long engagements are silly," she says. "You don't make up your mind to be engaged. You make up your mind to be married. Then why wait?"

When she first came to Hollywood she had rather bad luck with interviewers. She found herself being misquoted and her statements exaggerated.

She decided she would be aloof and build up an air of mystery about herself. But she couldn't pull the big secrecy act. She simply had to be herself and admit her absorbing love for her husband and baby.

They are building a home, and Harry Bannister spends most of his time at the new house. In big boots and an old coat he watches every nail that is driven. He and Ann designed the house without benefit of an architect. They figured out the floor plan to suit their needs, and then consulted an engineer to find out if it was practical.

"It's not just a lot with a house on it," Ann says. "It's a marvelous site, with such a gorgeous view that you cry when you see it. You feel you can look out over all the world."

She adores her friends. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., are among her dearest friends. Ruth Roland and Kay Hammond are also close to her.

WITH only three pictures to her credit—"Paris Bound," "Her Private Affair" (in which her husband was her leading man), and "Condemned," she is already a fixture in that large fan heart.

"But I do have to be careful," she added, "about not getting 'typed.' In all my pictures I have been the one around whom the action has centered, but I never do much myself. I want to make a picture in which I make the action.

"A dramatic picture, based on 'Jane Eyre,' is my next. It's a grand story. You know that marvelous scene where the wedding is stopped in the middle?"

And that brought on more talk about weddings, which is Ann's favorite subject.

"Oh, marriage is just grand," she says. "It works—honestly—and I advise everybody I know to be married. I feel sorry for all the people who aren't."

Last Minute News

Vilma Banky and Rod La Rocque are headed for a definite split-up. Mother-in-law trouble is reported as the cause.

Lon Chaney burst a blood vessel in his throat while imitating a parrot during the making of "The Unholy Three" and was taken to a hospital.

Amos 'n' Andy, famous radio team, has signed with Radio Pictures. Many companies bid for the boys. Their first film will be called "Check and Double Check."

Colleen Moore admits that all is over between her and Husband John McCormick. "We just fight," says Colleen. "I love her with all my heart," says John. A divorce is coming. The couple were married in 1923.

Eleanor Hunt, red-headed chorus girl, gets the lead opposite Eddie Cantor in the Ziegfeld-Goldwyn production of "Whoopee."

Milton Sills has signed a long-term contract with Fox, on the strength of fine work in "A Very Practical Joke."

Pauline Frederick has chosen Hugh Chisholm Leighton, of Portland, Ore., and New York, for her fourth husband. She has been thrice divorced.

Agnes Ayres and Lewis Milestone, the director, are to marry in June, it is reported. This will be Agnes' third.

Constance Bennett will play *Eve* in a Pathe film version of John Erskine's book, "Adam and Eve."

Germs Incite Tooth Decay

Millions are imprisoned on your teeth by film

Free... *special film-removing tooth paste for you to try*

This special method that removes film and bacteria will be mailed you free to try. It may bring a great change also in your teeth's appearance.

THIS advertisement is published to ask you to accept and try a tooth paste entirely different from all others on the market.

By the time your free supply is gone these things will have happened to your teeth: *stains and discolorations will be gone—decay combated at the source—the incidence of many other troubles controlled.*

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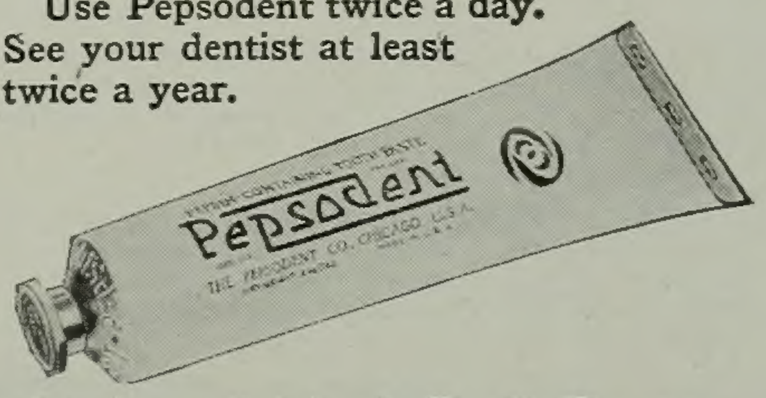
Pepsodent was developed after years of laboratory study and experiment. Pepsodent removes film gently, safely.

Pepsodent does not contain pumice, harmful grit or crude abrasive.

Please accept a supply to try

Pepsodent is not a "cure" for decay and pyorrhea. It is a preventive. The diseases, themselves, must be treated by your dentist. Tear out the coupon and send it to the nearest address... today.

Use Pepsodent twice a day. See your dentist at least twice a year.



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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

Photoplays not otherwise designated are All Talkie

★*Indicates that photoplay was named as one of the six best upon its month of review*

ACQUITTED—Columbia.—Underworld drama with a real punch. Sam Hardy is more amusing than ever. (*Feb.*)

AFTER THE FOG—Beacon Prod.—If you like relentless drama about cruel husbands and martyred wives, you'll like this. (*Jan.*)

★ **ANNA CHRISTIE**—M-G-M.—The Great Garbo talks—and remains great! A faultlessly directed picture with superb characterizations by Garbo, Charles Bickford, Marie Dressler and George Marion. (*March*)

APPLAUSE—Paramount.—When this is good, it's very, very good and when it's bad it's—you know. Helen Morgan, in a rôle which does not take advantage of her unique talents, does some brilliant work none the less. (*Jan.*)

AVIATOR, THE—Warners.—Edward Everett Horton is afraid of anything that goes up. Patsy Ruth Miller is the hero-worshipping girl friend. Need a few laughs? (*April*)

BARNUM WAS RIGHT—Universal.—Miss this one unless you're one of those people old P. T. was talking about. (*Feb.*)

BATTLE OF PARIS, THE—Paramount.—Gertrude Lawrence, stage favorite, doing none too well in a trite musical comedy. Snap into it, Gertie, and show 'em what you can do when you try! (*March*)

BE YOURSELF—United Artists.—Fanny Brice falls for a boxer who falls for a gold-digger. Another "My Man" plot. Only fair. (*April*)

BEAU BANDIT—Radio Pictures.—Yeh, Rod La Rocque with a Spanish accent again. Doris Kenyon sings beautifully. Old-fashioned Western. (*April*)

BECAUSE I LOVED YOU—Aafa Tobis.—Interesting because first made-in-Germany talker shown in America; 65 per cent dialogue, German, of course. Part Talkie. (*April*)

BEHIND THE MAKE-UP—Paramount.—More backstage melodrama, but different and real this time. Hal Skelly is a restrained *Pagliacci* and Fay Wray and Kay Francis are good. (*Dec.*)

BENSON MURDER CASE, THE—Paramount.—Another elegant Van Dine murder mystery. Suave Bill Powell, as detective *Philo Vance*, gets his man. See it. (*May*)

BEYOND THE RIO GRANDE—Big Four Film.—Pistols crack, and Jack Perrin rescues the gal from the Mexican joint. And bye and bye it ends. All-action and all-talkie, but why? (*May*)

BIG PARTY, THE—Fox.—A Sue Carol picture, but they handed it to Dixie Lee. Heaps of comedy, some true love and villainy. (*April*)

BISHOP MURDER CASE, THE—M-G-M.—Murder *a la Mother Goose*, with Basil Rathbone *Philo Vancing* this time. Plenty of thrills. (*Feb.*)

★ **BLACKMAIL**—Sono Art—World Wide.—A few like this excellent phonoplay will put British producers among the leaders in the talkie race. (*Dec.*)

BLAZE O' GLORY—Sono Art—World Wide.—One of those leopard pictures—it's spotty. Some of the spots are good and some are bad. Eddie Dowling shows a nice personality and a good singing voice. (*March*)

BROADWAY HOOFER, THE—Columbia.—You'll like Marie Saxon, musical comedy star, in her first talkie. A stimulating back stage comedy. (*March*)

BROADWAY SCANDALS—Columbia.—Version No. 999 of Love Behind the Scenes—with music. A new lad named Jack Egan looks like Buddy Rogers and sings nicely. Carmel Myers glitters as the vamp. (*Jan.*)

BURNING UP—Paramount.—Your money's worth in entertainment. A neat little comedy with some thrilling racing sequences and that admirably natural actor, Dick Arlen. (*March*)

CALL OF THE CIRCUS, THE—Pickwick Prod.—Worth seeing because it proves that Francis X. Bushman and Ethel Clayton can still act. Otherwise nil. (*Dec.*)

CAMEO KIRBY—Fox.—The famous old romance of a river gambler revived gracefully but not excitedly. J. Harold Murray sings well and Stepin Fetchit sings. (*Feb.*)

★ **CASE OF SERGEANT GRISCHA, THE**—Radio Pictures.—Stark, compelling drama with a war background. An important picture, although too drab to appeal universally. Chester Morris is a magnificent *Grischa*. (*March*)

Do Not Miss These Recent Pictures

"Anna Christie"
"The Rogue Song"
"Sarah and Son"
"Song o' My Heart"
"The Love Parade"
"Such Men Are Dangerous"
"The Vagabond King"

As a service to its readers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE presents brief critical comments on all photoplays of the preceding six months. By consulting this valuable guide, you can determine at a glance whether or not your promised evening's entertainment is worth while. PHOTOPLAY'S reviews have always been the most authoritative published. And its tabloid reviews show you accurately and concisely how to save your motion picture time and money. The month at the end of each review indicates the issue of PHOTOPLAY in which the original review appeared.

CHASING RAINBOWS—M-G-M.—This ninety-ninth carbon copy of "The Broadway Melody" is pleasant enough. Bessie Love, Charles King, and the Moran-Dressler comedy team. (*May*)

CHILDREN OF PLEASURE—M-G-M.—All about a song-writer's sorrows. Noteworthy only for Lawrence Gray's singing of two hit numbers and the swell work of Wynne Gibson, a new screen face. (*May*)

CHINA EXPRESS, THE—Sovkino.—Foreign rough stuff, but tremendously exciting. Action occurs on a fast train in China. *Silent.* (*May*)

CITY GIRL—Fox.—Originally begun as a silent picture ("Our Daily Bread") by Director F. W. Murnau. Gets off to a powerful start, but turns talkie and collapses. Charlie Farrell and Mary Duncan are fine. Part Talkie. (*March*)

CLANCY CAUGHT SHORT—Edward Small Prod.—The recent stock market debacle is material for gags. It's a comedy. (*April*)

COHENS AND KELLYS IN SCOTLAND—Universal.—When, and *if* you see this, you'll know where to send them on their next trip—one way! (*May*)

★ **CONDEMNED**—United Artists.—A beautiful and thrilling story, crammed with action and romance. You'll like Ronald Colman's sophisticated yet appealing portrayal. And Dudley Digges, Ann Harding and Louis Wolheim are grand. (*Jan.*)

COURTIN' WILDCATS—Universal.—"Hoot" Gibson tames a Wild West shrew, modern version. Mildly entertaining. (*March*)

CRAZY THAT WAY—Fox.—Bubbling comedy about two lads in love with a blonde who loves another. Joan Bennett wears beautiful clothes beautifully. (*May*)

DAMES AHOY—Universal.—Glenn Tryon in a smart-cracking sailor rôle. But the dialogue writer didn't feel funny that day. (*April*)

DANCE HALL—Radio Pictures.—Arthur Lake is grand as the youngster who haunts the local dance hall where Olive Borden, in a blonde wig, is a hostess. Amusing. (*Feb.*)

DANGEROUS FEMALES—Paramount-Christie.—A hilariously funny two-reeler. And why not, with both Marie Dressler and Polly Moran cavorting in their best manner? (*Feb.*)

DANGEROUS PARADISE—Paramount.—Taken from Conrad's South Sea yarn "Victory." Begins well but goes astray. Dick Arlen and Nancy Carroll good, as always. (*Feb.*)

DARK STREETS—First National.—One of the first dual rôles in the talkies. Jack Mulhall plays an honest cop and his gangster twin and Lila Lee is his (their?) gal. (*Dec.*)

DARKENED ROOMS — Paramount. — Unimportant little comedy-drama with an O-Henry twist. Neil Hamilton scores but Evelyn Brent is again sacrificed to an unworthy vehicle. (*Dec.*)

DELIGHTFUL ROGUE, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rod La Rocque gives such a superb performance as a villainous pirate that the heroine marries him instead of the hero! (*Dec.*)

★ **DEVIL MAY CARE**—M-G-M.—A moving picture that both moves and talks. Swift and colorful romance, with Novarro giving one of the finest performances of his career and Dorothy Jordan and Marion Harris scoring heavily. Some swell vocalizing. (*Feb.*)

★ **DISRAELI** — Warners. — Introducing George Arliss to the audible screen in one of his most brilliant characterizations. He's grand. (*Dec.*)

DOCTOR'S WOMEN, THE—World Wide.—Just forget this was ever made. That's what its producers would probably like to do. Silent. (*Dec.*)

DOUBLE CROSS ROADS—Fox.—A gang of thieves and a mess of machine guns. But Robert Ames as the boy and Lila Lee as the girl decide to go straight. Entertaining, at that. (*May*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 14]

WILL ROGERS

Will Rogers seasick on a liner—riding to hounds with an English lord—as the stern parent—as the not-so-stern parent—enough laughs for a lifetime! You've read his stuff in the papers, heard him over the radio, seen him on the stage and in that hilarious Fox hit, "They Had to See Paris." Now comes the high spot in his career. It's the funniest role Will Rogers ever played! *And* the best show he was ever in! . . . A sparkling love-story, too, with Irene Rich, Maureen O'Sullivan and Frank Albertson.

in

SO THIS IS LONDON

FOX

Brickbats & Bouquets

Don't miss the chance to win one of the three monthly prizes of $25, $10 and $5, awarded to the best letters. We want your views, but just plain spiteful letters won't be printed. Limit your comments to 200 words, and if you are not willing to have your name and address used, don't write. Address Brickbats & Bouquets, PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York City. No letters will be returned

The $25 Letter

Regina, Sask., Can.

I WOULD sit through reels and reels of the dullest feature picture just to see a two-reel comedy with Charlie Chase, Lloyd Hamilton, Harry Gribbon, or Laurel and Hardy. I am sure there are others who would be influenced to see the program if they knew these funmakers were on the bill, even though they did not care for the feature.

I almost missed one of the funniest comedies I ever saw by not knowing Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, in "Dangerous Females," were on the program. Why don't theater managers advertise the two-reel comedy as well as the feature picture?

W. R. HANKS.

The $10 Letter

Pittsburgh, Pa.

YEARS ago I roamed America and Europe and found much pleasure, which makes the humdrum existence of today a little hard to bear.

But today I crossed thousands of miles of tangled jungles! I saw savages never before visited by white men! Wild elephants, fleet-running antelope!

As I wandered through the forests a voice talked to me and told me about the rare sights. The voice died away, but the spell will be over me for a long time.

I wish that we, who toil in the treadmill of civilized bondage, might hope for more pictures like "Up the Congo."

JEANNETTE LLOYD.

The $5 Letter

Los Angeles, Calif.

CAN'T something be done to kill or cure the chronic peanut-eaters, sack-rattlers, perpetual conversationalists and self-appointed vocal and foot accompanists to musical scores who spell absolute ruination to an evening's entertainment?

It is amazing, the number of people who go to the movies for a lap picnic! The point of an entire picture may be lost when, at a highly dramatic moment, one's thick-skinned neighbor plunges into the depths of a sack after a chocolate caramel, starting a rattle like that of a tin roof in a rainstorm!

E. A. ADLER.

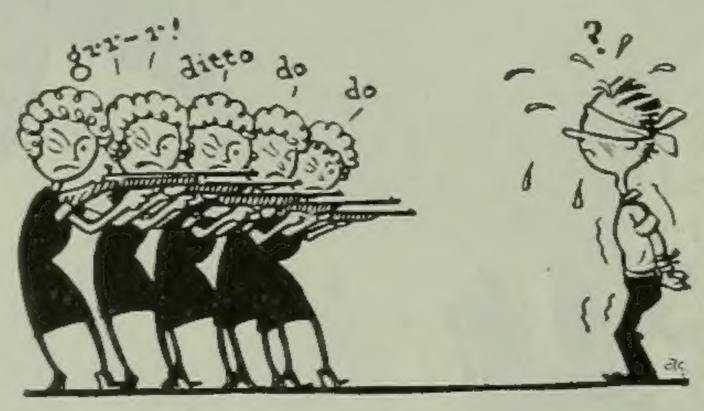
THE best fun of the whole editorial month is in reading your stimulating letters. Some give good suggestions. Some make us chuckle. And some wallop us right on the chin, if they think we deserve it!

Marie Dressler is the big bone of contention this month—and we don't mean anatomically! You say she didn't steal Rudy Vallée's picture—that she couldn't possibly have stolen "Anna Christie," even if she had appeared in every single scene! But you all admit she's good!

The flood of letters from the Vallée Defense Brigade is almost equalled by those praising Maurice Chevalier in "The Love Parade." Lawrence Tibbett and Ramon Novarro come next. Dennis King is not overlooked, either. He gets much praise for his fine singing in "The Vagabond King." Al Jolson and the two Grays—Alexander and Lawrence—are popular. You'll notice that this month the singers get the high votes, as well as the high notes. But Robert Montgomery and Clive Brook don't lag far behind the others.

For the girls! Garbo has spoken, and her voice has echoed, though sometimes hollowly, in every heart. The Great Garbo War is on, and there are no pacifists. They're either champions or enemies, to the death! Ruth Chatterton, Janet Gaynor, Evelyn Brent and Marion Davies are big names in this month's mail.

"Anna Christie," "The Love Parade," "The Rogue Song," and "Sarah and Son" are the month's most discussed phonoplays.



Cal Faces Firing Squad!

Chicago, Ill.

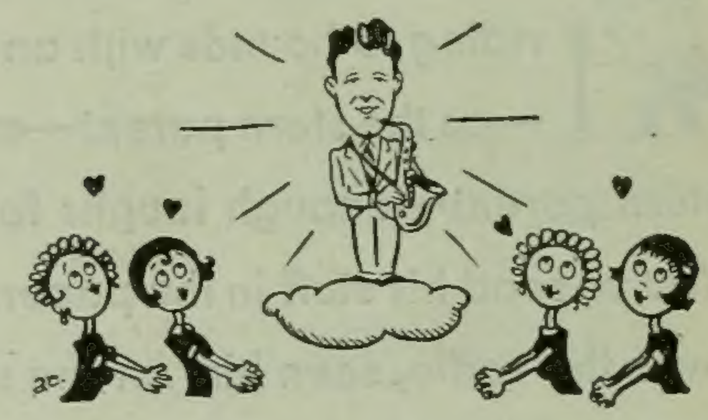
I USED to think nothing could be worse than a "catty" woman. But a "catty" man is much worse!

Just because Rudy Vallée's picture wasn't the flop Cal York thought it should be, because Rudy is so popular with women, Cal said the picture was *saved* by Marie Dressler.

I don't think I ever laughed more than I did at Marie, but when I left the theater I wasn't thinking of *her!* And neither were the girls who went with me!

Rudy is a type all by himself, not only his music and his singing, but his looks!

HELEN SHEA.



—And Dodges 4 Cannon Balls

Jamaica, L. I.

RUDY VALLÉE is our favorite on radio, stage *and* screen. Also on records. We will always go to see him. He can act, sing divinely, and play the saxophone like nobody's business!

N. E. KEATING.
ELSIE COLES.
BEATRICE GRAY.
GAIL WILSON.

And Yet . . .!

Bronx, New York.

WHY all the fuss about a mediocre saxophone player with a flat voice? As far as S. A. is concerned, he lacks IT.

And Garbo in "Anna Christie"—her acting was amateurish in the scene where she tells all to her lover and father. Her voice and gesticulations were awful. Marie Dressler saved the picture from being a flop.

Ruth Chatterton in "Sarah and Son" was the best picture I have seen in a long while. Give us more good performances by Clive Brook, Ruth Chatterton, and Evelyn Brent.

L. FINEBERG.

Up, Marie, and Atom!

Leighton, Ala.

OF course Marie Dressler is a good actress, but compared with Greta Garbo, Marie is an atom.

CLAUDE KING.

Fog Horn? My, My!

Denver, Colo.

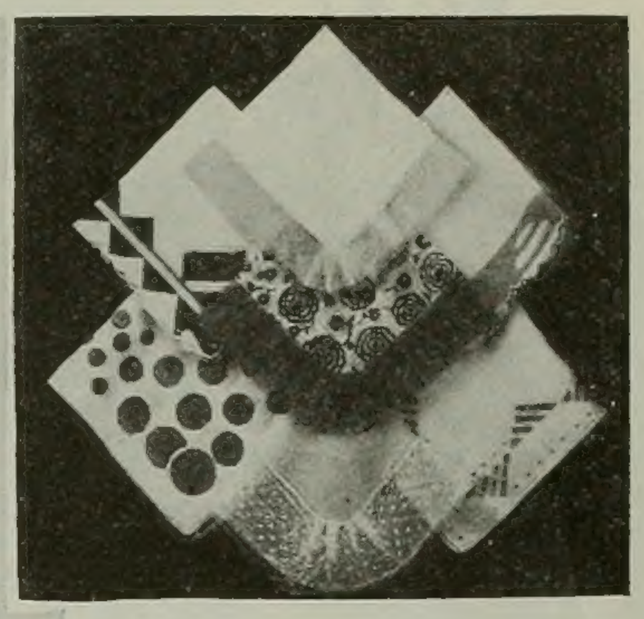
COMPARING impressions of Garbo with a dozen friends, I found only one really liked her. One thought her "different," and the others voted her "inane, expressionless and monotonous." Her recent picture, though by far the best work I have seen her do, gave us her voice—like a fog horn, if you ask me.

Attractions accompanying Garbo pictures are above the average. Try putting her over as a principal feature and awake to the fact that she is not the popular queen she is believed to be by many.

MRS. S. J. GLENN.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 140]

Buy handkerchiefs with what it saves you



That's just one suggestion for that $3 you save by using Listerine Tooth Paste. There are many others. Gloves for example. Hosiery for women. Socks for men. Let's stop there. Nobody needs to tell a woman how to spend money.

25¢

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white, dazzling teeth at a saving of $3 a year

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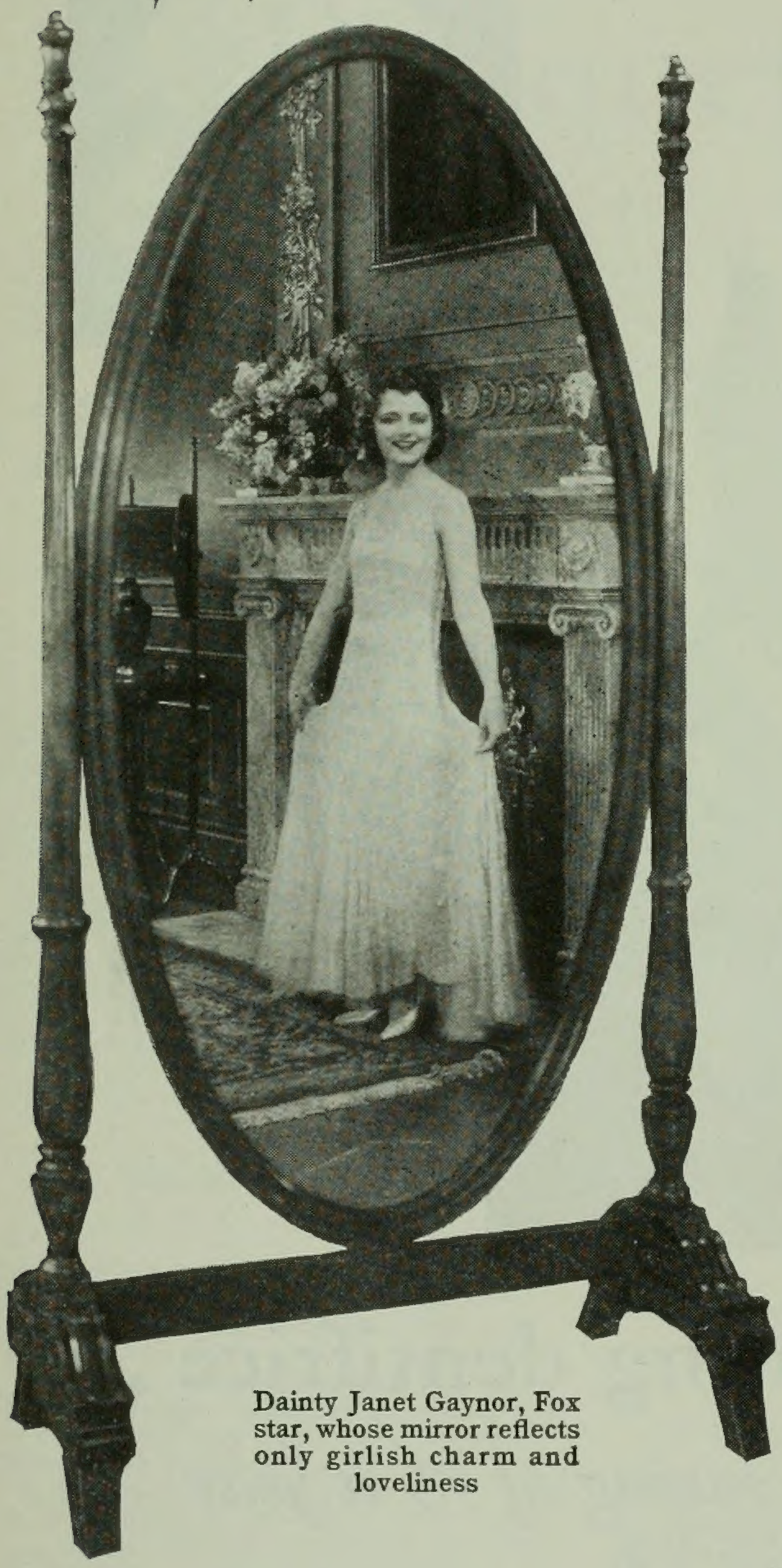
More than a million people, having satisfied themselves by actual tests that Listerine Tooth Paste is superior, have discarded costlier dentifrices that accomplish no more. The saving that follows amounts to $3 a year per person. That saving becomes increasingly important when the family is large.

Don't take our word for the merit of Listerine Tooth Paste. Get a tube today at your druggist's and try it for a month. We predict that you will be so satisfied that you will not care to use any other. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo., U. S. A.

LISTERINE TOOTH PASTE

Warm Weather Charm



Dainty Janet Gaynor, Fox star, whose mirror reflects only girlish charm and loveliness

Friendly Advice on Girls' Problems

What are your warm weather problems? To tan or not to tan, and if so, how to do it painlessly? Can I help you to improve your hair? Your complexion? Your figure?

My reducing booklet, giving corrective exercises and simple menus, is yours for the asking. So is my leaflet on the general care of the skin and the treatment of blackheads and acne.

Address me at PHOTOPLAY, 221 West 57th Street, New York, N. Y., enclosing stamped, self-addressed envelope if you want a personal reply. Otherwise your letters will be answered in turn in the magazine.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

NOBODY wants to stay indoors on pleasant, warm evenings—or fiercely hot ones!—standing over a bowl of suds and the heat of an iron. Yet the business girl faces one big problem that threatens some of the fun and freedom of summer.

She must keep dainty and cool looking all the time, and sooty warm days play havoc with light colored clothes.

She can't alternate with a few frocks that are sent to the cleaner now and then to be renovated, as she may in cold weather. She has to be fresh and sweet from tip to toe every morning and every evening, if she would keep that newly-tubbed look that makes the plainest girl attractive.

Unless you have someone at home to wash out a few pieces for you, or unless you can afford a regular laundress, do your summer shopping with this question of cleanliness uppermost.

Jacket suits in dark colors but of lightweight materials—silks, novelty cottons, linen or mercerized weaves—are life-savers for us working girls. Dark printed silks are especially practical and look gay and summery. Dark blue georgette, wool-crepe and soft knitted fabrics are also excellent suit materials.

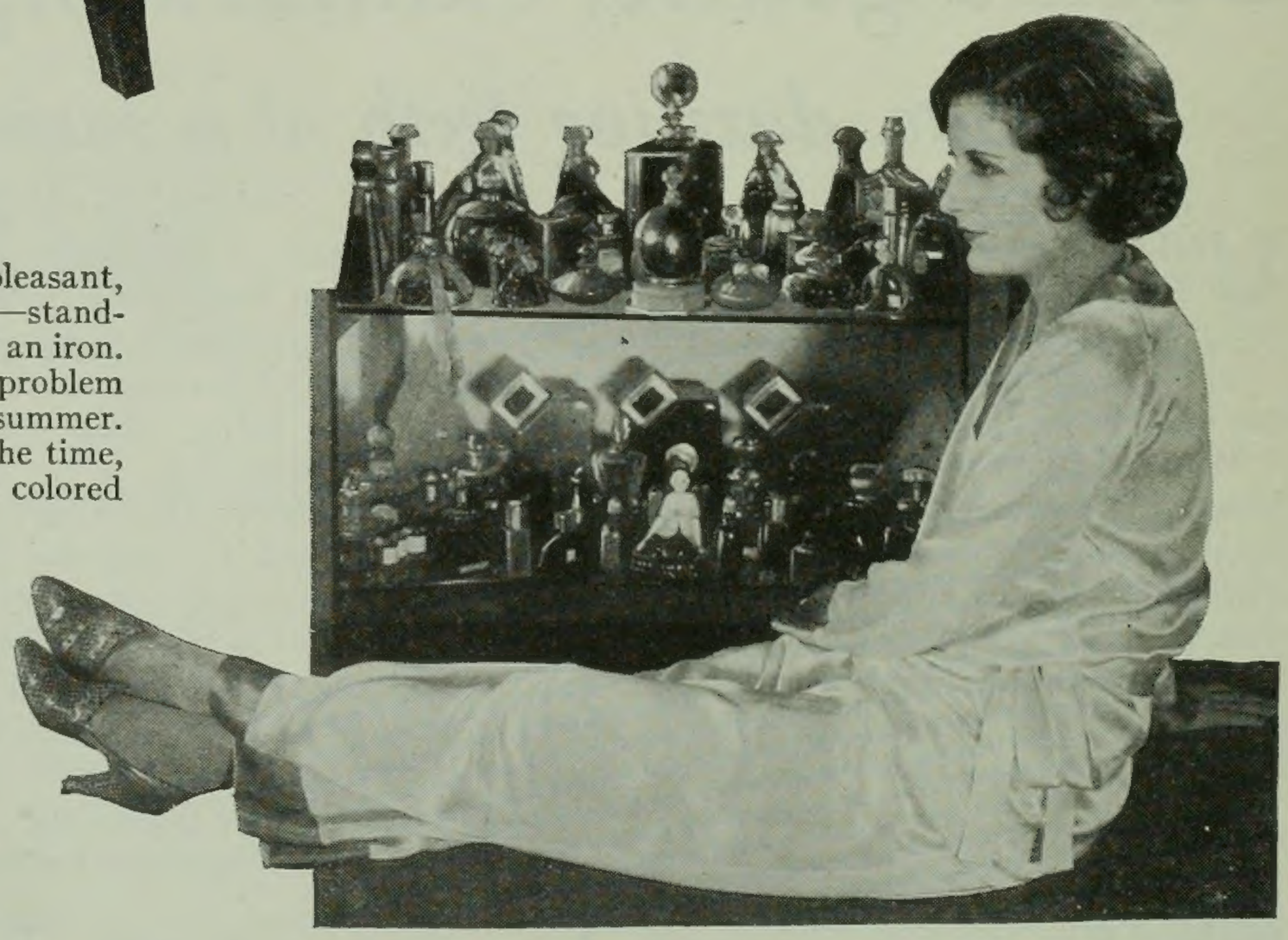
A good dark blue doesn't get that rusty look that black is apt to take on; it doesn't look dull and wintry, as black is apt to do; and yet it is as utilitarian as black. Besides, it does something to most complexions—something very flattering. Almost any girl can wear dark blue to advantage. Combined with a white, a cream or flesh-colored blouse it's the perfect costume.

HARMONIZING blouses of neutral tone are necessary for that morning when you discover you haven't a single clean light blouse. Varied with the lighter tuck-in or overblouses, or a thin sweater or two, you can keep fresh as a daisy with little effort.

Your jacket can be hung aside during the day, and when you slip into it at night you will be ready for that dinner date or the evening at the movies.

Printed chiffons are good. Many chiffons do not require pressing but can be dipped in lukewarm suds and just shaken out to dry. It's wise to buy separate slips, as they must be ironed smooth.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 110]



Evelyn Brent says: "Charm can't be bought in bottles, but lovely scents are charm's first aids"

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Now You, Yourself, May Discover what a Beauty Miracle You Can Perform with Society Make-Up Created by Max Factor, Filmland's Genius of Make-Up. See coupon below for priceless beauty gift.

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Discover now what Hollywood's Make-Up secret will bring to you personally in new beauty. Just mail coupon to Max Factor for your complexion analysis, make-up color harmony chart and copy of his book, "The New Art of Make-Up" . . . a gift prized by the famous stars of filmland and perhaps the most important you may ever receive.

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Photographed at First National Studio by Bert Longworth

ALICE WHITE, featured in First National's Technicolor Picture "Show Girl of Hollywood."

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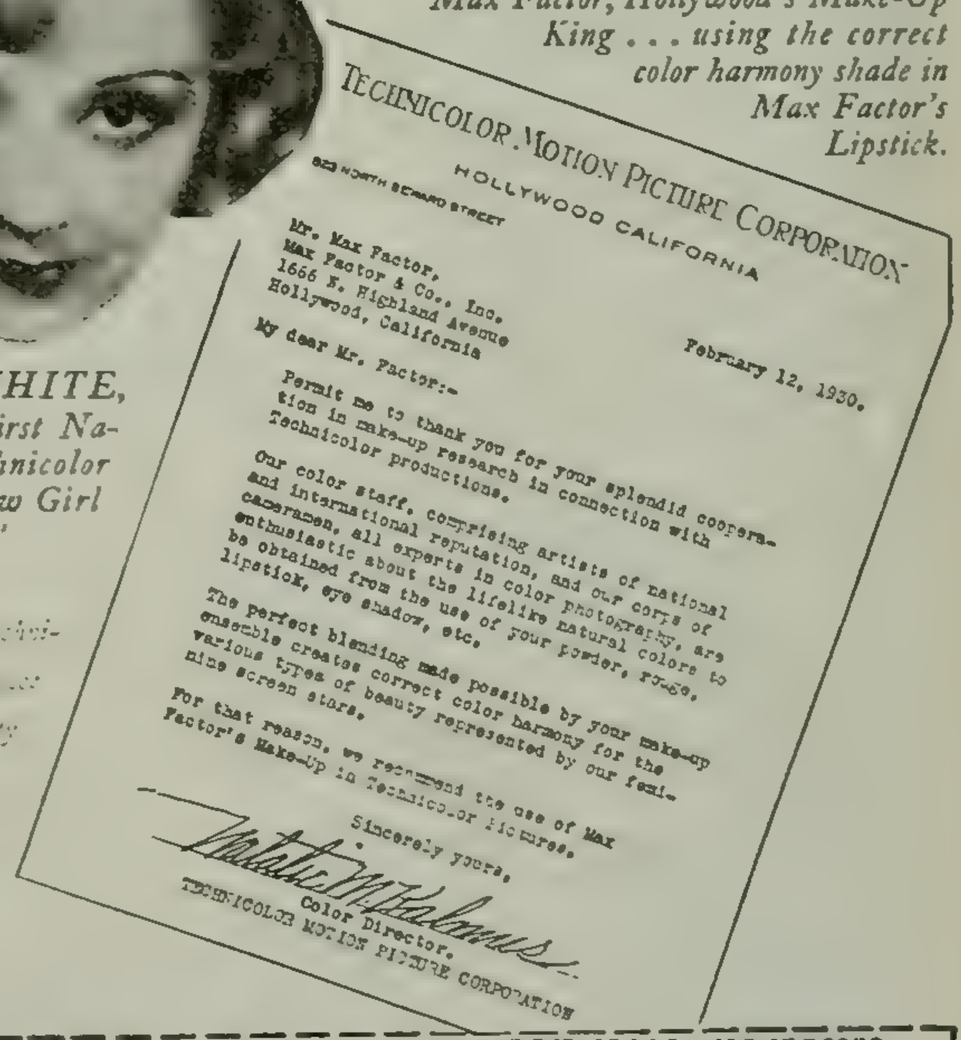

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6626 NORTH SERRANO STREET HOLLYWOOD CALIFORNIA

Mr. Max Factor,
Max Factor & Co., Inc.
1666 N. Highland Avenue
Hollywood, California

February 12, 1930.

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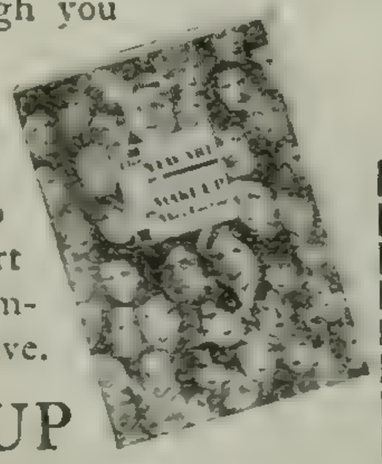
Permit me to thank you for your splendid cooperation in make-up research in connection with Technicolor productions.

Our color staff, comprising artists of national and international reputation, and our corps of cameramen, all experts in color photography, are enthusiastic about the lifelike natural colors to be obtained from the use of your powder, rouge, lipstick, eye shadow, etc.

The perfect blending made possible by your make-up ensemble creates correct color harmony for the various types of beauty represented by our feminine screen stars.

For that reason, we recommend the use of Max Factor's Make-Up in Technicolor Pictures.

Sincerely yours,
Natalie M. Kalmus
Color Director.
TECHNICOLOR MOTION PICTURE CORPORATION



MAIL FOR YOUR COMPLEXION ANALYSIS

Mr. Max Factor—Max Factor Studios, Hollywood, Calif. *1-6-25*

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COMPLEXION		COLOR EYES		LIPS	
Light				Moist	
Fair		COLOR LASHES		Dry	
Medium				SKIN	
Ruddy		COLOR HAIR		Oily	
Dark				Dry	
Sallow		AGE		Normal	
Olive		Answer with Check Mark			

MAX FACTOR'S *Society* MAKE-UP

*"Cosmetics of the Stars"** HOLLYWOOD

* 96% of all make-up used by Hollywood's Screen Stars and Studios is Max Factor's. *(Los Angeles Chamber of Commerce Statistics)*

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 8]

DUDE WRANGLER, THE—Mrs. Wallace Reid Prod.—A bang-up Western comedy done *magno cum gusto.* Children can safely take their parents. (*Feb.*)

EMPIRE BUILDERS, THE—Carlsbad Prod.—An unintentional burlesque on "The Covered Wagon." But Tom Santschi—remember him?—proves he is still a real he-man actor. (*Jan.*)

EVIDENCE—Warners.—Bewhiskered drammer of circumstantial evidence in the divorce courts. But Pauline Frederick is swell and so is the rest of the cast. (*Dec.*)

★ **FARO NELL**—Paramount-Christie.—A reviewer's dream of what a two-reel talking comedy should be and usually isn't. Gorgeously acted burlesque of the old-time Western thriller with Louise Fazenda in long yellow curls. (*Dec.*)

FIGHTING LEGION, THE—Universal.—Ken Maynard scores as an outlaw who follows his better impulses. Dorothy Dwan provides the romance. Ridin', fightin' and comedy. Worth your money. (*May*)

FLIGHT—Columbia.—The first flying talkie, and good, too. Love and adventure among the flying marines, illustrated by Jack Holt, Ralph Graves and Lila Lee. (*Dec.*)

★ **FOOTLIGHTS AND FOOLS**—First National.—Colleen Moore's best since "We Moderns." She wears mad gowns and wigs and sings French songs with a naughty lilt. (*Dec.*)

FORWARD PASS, THE—First National.—A bright, entertaining film, well acted by Loretta Young, Fairbanks the Younger, Guinn Williams and Peanuts Byron. Doug is one movie football hero who doesn't bring on blind staggers. (*Feb.*)

FRAMED—Radio Pictures.—Evelyn Brent in an underworld story that gets across. Good trick climax. See it. (*April*)

★ **FREE AND EASY** — M-G-M. — Buster Keaton's first big talkie. A whizzing comedy that takes you to a big sound studio. With Anita Page and Robert Montgomery to serve the romance, how could you go wrong on this one? (*May*)

GAY MADRID—M-G-M.—College whoopee in Spain, played with duels and guitars. How that Ramon Novarro swashbuckles and sings! Again he serenades Dorothy Jordan. (*May*)

★ **GENERAL CRACK**—Warners.—John Barrymore's famous voice is heard from the screen for the first time in this highly-colored and very entertaining costume drama. John is fine and Marian Nixon heads an excellent supporting cast. (*Jan.*)

GIRL FROM WOOLWORTHS, THE—First National.—That White girl comes through with a snappy number every time and this is one of the snappiest. Watch Rita Flynn, a newcomer. (*March*)

GIRL IN THE SHOW, THE—M-G-M.—A charming little backstage story, which, for a wonder, isn't punctuated by theme songs and huge stage shots. (*Feb.*)

GIRL OF THE PORT, THE—Radio Pictures.—Nevertheless you'll enjoy Sally O'Neil's slick performance. (*March*)

GIRL SAID NO, THE—M-G-M.—Whizzes along at breakneck speed. Wild Willie Haines kidnaps the girl he loves, and Marie Dressler becomes amiably spifflicated, as usual. (*April*)

GLORIFYING THE AMERICAN GIRL—Paramount.—Everyone except ex-president Coolidge had a hand in the making of this—and it shows. But big names aren't enough and even an Eddie Cantor comedy bit can't save this feeble effort. (*Jan.*)

GOLDEN CALF, THE—Fox.—Mediocre. Sue Carol, as an efficient but unattractive secretary who makes herself over into a belle, redeems it a little. So does El Brendel's comedy. (*May*)

GRAND PARADE, THE—Pathe.—A sad little yarn about a boarding house slavey who loves a minstrel man who loves a burlesque queen. Helen Twelvetrees out-Gishes Lillian as the heroine. (*Feb.*)

GREAT DIVIDE, THE—First National.—Made from the grand old play. Dorothy Mackaill overacts as a flip society lass, and Ian Keith is hammy as her reformer. (*May*)

GREAT GABBO, THE—James Cruze Prod.—A corking dramatic story ruined by the interpolation of musical revue stuff. Von Stroheim and Compson save the pieces. (*Dec.*)

GREEN GODDESS, THE—Warners.—George Arliss is great as the sleek Rajah. The producers didn't make the most of this. (*May*)

HALF WAY TO HEAVEN—Paramount.—This romantic story with a carnival background is one of Buddy Rogers' best and Buddy crashes through with a virile performance. (*Jan.*)

HANDCUFFED—Rayart.—Poverty Row at its worst which is pretty bad. (*Dec.*)

★ **HAPPY DAYS**—Fox.—A corking review, starring the pick of the Fox lot. A bunch of entertainers help an old showman save his troupe. That's the story, told with singing, dancing, comedy and romance. (*May*)

HARMONY AT HOME—Fox.—Want a good, hearty laugh? See this comedy of family life. Wm. Collier, Sr., long-time stage favorite, makes an elegant screen début. The girls will go for Rex Bell in a big way. (*March*)

HEARTS IN EXILE—Warners.—Gradually it sneaks up on us—Dolores Costello, lovely though she is, is not an actress. A poor picture. (*Feb.*)

★ **HELL HARBOR**—United Artists.—Lupe Velez in a rôle that fits like a Sennett bathing suit. Grand melodrama peopled with descendants of Spanish pirates and an American sailor to rescue the girl. (*April*)

HELLO, SISTER—James Cruze Prod.—Sentimental, but sprinkled with humor. Olive Borden is the flapper who reforms for a million dollars. Lloyd Hughes is the nice boy who loves her. (*May*)

HELL'S HEROES—Universal.—Peter B. Kyne fathered this gritty tale of the desert and Charles Bickford does more than right by the leading rôle. Very real. (*March*)

HER UNBORN CHILD—Windsor Picture Plays, Inc.—Grimmer side of sex. Sad faces, sad scenes. Excuse us for yawning. (*April*)

HE TRUMPED HER ACE—Sennett-Educational.—Howling short comedy about bridge-maniacs. (*May*)

HIDEOUT—Universal.—James Murray glowers. Kathryn Crawford sings nicely. It's kinder not to go on. (*May*)

HIS FIRST COMMAND—Pathe.—A pretty sorry affair with the exception of some spectacular parade-ground shots and William Boyd's new and pleasing talkie personality. (*Jan.*)

HIS GLORIOUS NIGHT—M-G-M.—All talk and no play makes Jack a dull boy. Due largely to the fact that he is required to chatter continually, John Gilbert's first talkie appearance is disappointing. (*Jan.*)

HOLD YOUR MAN—Universal.—Tsch, tsch—and just when Laura LaPlante was coming along so nicely, too. Miss this one. (*Jan.*)

HOLLYWOOD STAR, A—Educational-Sennett.—Two reels of hilarious satire about a Western star who makes a personal appearance at a small town theater. A bull's-eye. (*Jan.*)

HONEY—Paramount.—"Come Out of the Kitchen," stage play and silent movie, made into a talkie. Light comedy, pleasing songs. Nancy Carroll and amazing little Mitzi Green. (*April*)

HONOR—Sovkino.—Interesting because a product of the Armenian studios of the Russian Soviet National Film Company. The leading man is an Armenian John Gilbert. Silent. (*Dec.*)

HOT DOGS—M-G-M.—A distinct novelty, this short subject, with an all dog cast, which makes it the first all-barkie. (*March*)

HOT FOR PARIS—Fox.—Good, rough fun, concocted by Raoul Walsh in his best Cock Eyed World manner. Vic McLaglen, El Brendel and Fifi Dorsay—all elegant. (*Feb.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 16]

Photoplays Reviewed in the Shadow Stage This Issue

Save this magazine—refer to the criticisms before you pick out your evening's entertainment. Make this your reference list.

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Her Flaming Song Destroyed an Empire—and Her One Great Love!

Russia of the Czars . . . splendor . . . magnificence. Pampered princes and their perfumed gallantries—squandering a nation's wealth in riotous revelry! And then from the lips of a glorious girl pours a soul-stirring song to light the fierce flame of revolt and free her people from the yoke of fate! . . . What irony that the fire she kindled should sear the man she loves! What drama when the freedom she won for others makes her the slave of the man she hates! . . .

SONG OF THE FLAME

The Last Word in All-Color Spectacle —First Choice of Press and Public!

Critics and audiences everywhere have hailed "Song of the Flame" as the perfect talking picture—greater than the famous stage hit on which it's based! Gigantic scenes in gorgeous color vivify its sweeping drama. Thundering choruses set your senses tingling. A sumptuous revel with scores of sinuous dancing girls exposes the pleasures of nobility on the brink of doom! With ALEXANDER GRAY—BERNICE CLAIRE—NOAH BEERY—ALICE GENTLE.

Adapted from the operetta by Otto Harbach, Oscar Hammerstein 2nd, George Gershwin and Herbert Stothart. Photographed by Technicolor Process.

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Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 14]

HURRICANE — Columbia.— This old-fashioned sea yarn seems new and stimulating midst the present crop of talkie-dancie-croonies. It's a clean cut and convincing thriller and Hobart Bosworth is just elegant. (*Jan.*)

IS EVERYBODY HAPPY?—Warners.—The answer is emphatically "No!" As an actor Ted Lewis is a fine saxophone player. (*Jan.*)

ISLE OF LOST SHIPS, THE—First National.—Scenically this fantastic melodrama is a triumph; conversationally, not so hot. Noah Beery, Jason Robards and Virginia Valli handle the leads well. (*Jan.*)

★ **IT'S A GREAT LIFE**—M-G-M.—A riotous comedy of the life of a vaudeville sister team as portrayed by the Duncan sisters who ought to know. Rosetta and Vivian deliver snappily and Larry Gray clicks again. (*Jan.*)

JAZZ HEAVEN—Radio Pictures.—If your resistance is low you may be touched by this sentimental little tale about a song writer and the girl who helps him make good. Pathos by John Mack Brown and Sally O'Neil and comedy by Joseph Cawthorne. (*Jan.*)

JEALOUSY—Paramount.—De mortuis nihil nisi bonum. It is unfortunate that Jeanne Eagels' last picture should be so unworthy of her artistry. (*Dec.*)

KISS, THE—M-G-M.—The mysterious and silent Garbo, still silent, still mysterious and still Garbo. Sound. (*Dec.*)

★ **LADY LIES, THE**—Paramount.—Magnificently acted and staged drawing room comedy. Walter Huston and beautiful Claudette Colbert are stunning lovers and Charles Ruggles is a delightful drunk. (*Dec.*)

LADY TO LOVE, A—M-G-M.—The stage play, "They Knew What They Wanted," made censor-proof. Vilma Banky, Edward G. Robinson, and Robert Ames form the triangle. Some splendid acting. (*April*)

LAST DANCE, THE—Audible Pictures.—Cinderella in modern dress. Quickie (not very goodie) about a taxi-dancer's rise to fortune. Distinguished by Vera Reynold's grand voice and acting. (*March*)

★ **LAUGHING LADY, THE**—Paramount.—Chatterton and Brook, now and forever! What a team! A vital, brilliantly directed story with superb work by the aforementioned pair. (*March*)

LET'S GO PLACES—Fox.—Our old friend, Mistaken Identity Plot. Funny as the dickens, and at least two songs will keep you humming. (*May*)

★ **LIGHT OF WESTERN STARS, THE**—Paramount.—Horse opera, but dressed up in snappy dialogue and played convincingly by Dick Arlen, Mary Brian, Harry Green, Regis Toomey and Fred Kohler. You'll like it. (*May*)

★ **LILIES OF THE FIELD**—First National.—Corinne (Orchid) Griffith in tights and doing a tap dance! Her sprightliest film since "Classified." Comedy, pathos and some good modern music. (*Feb.*)

LITTLE JOHNNY JONES—First National.—Eddie Buzzell, musical comedy star, and George M. Cohan music redeem this. Otherwise just another racetrack yarn. (*April*)

LOCKED DOOR, THE—United Artists.—An exciting melodrama ruined by weak dialogue. Noteworthy only because it brings Barbara Stanwyck to the talking screen. (*Feb.*)

LONE STAR RANGER, THE—Fox.—A Zane Grey epic garnished with theme songs. George O'Brien as the picturesque ranger hero and Sue Carol the pretty heroine. (*Jan.*)

LONG, LONG TRAIL, THE—Universal.—Fast moving Western drama. Hoot Gibson goes over big in his first all-dialogue. (*Jan.*)

LOOSE ANKLES—First National.—So farcical that it goes a little lame. Loretta Young and Doug Fairbanks, Jr., are the principals, but the comics run away with the honors. (*May*)

LORD BYRON OF BROADWAY—M-G-M.—Light, but you'll like it. Another song-writer story, with Technicolor review scenes, theme songs and wisecracks. (*April*)

LOST ZEPPELIN, THE—Tiffany-Stahl.—This has lots of good points, but plot isn't one of them. Some fascinating scenic effects. Conway Tearle, Ricardo Cortez and Virginia Valli line up in the old triangle formation. (*Feb.*)

LOVE COMES ALONG—Radio Pictures.—Too bad to hand Bebe this after "Rio Rita." Life on the Mexican water front, made more endurable by that Daniels girl's thrilling voice. (*Feb.*)

LOVE, LIVE AND LAUGH—Fox.—From New York to the battlefields with a tear every step of the way. George Jessel scores as the little Italian hero. (*Jan.*)

★ **LOVE PARADE, THE**—Paramount.—Sparkling as Burgundy. Director Lubitsch conquers light opera, and Maurice Chevalier conquers all. Jeanette MacDonald is a treat to the eyes and ears. (*Dec.*)

LOVIN' THE LADIES—Radio Pictures.—Claptrap farce, but it's nice to see Richard Dix and Lois Wilson together again as screen billers-and-cooers. (*May*)

★ **LUMMOX**—United Artists.—Winifred Westover is superb in this Fanny Hurst tale. She holds up a somewhat jerky, maudlin film. (*April*)

MAID TO ORDER—Jessie Weil Prod.—Come out, Julian Eltinge, we knew you all the time! The famous female impersonator grown matronly, in a badly put together production. (*March*)

MAMBA—Tiffany Prod.—Advertised as the first all-Technicolor drama. War between British and German troops, and an East African native revolt. Jean Hersholt does brilliant work. (*May*)

★ **MARRIAGE PLAYGROUND, THE**—Paramount.—A fine, wholesome picture in spite of its sophisticated theme. Mary Brian and Frederic March are admirably cast. (*Jan.*)

MARRIED IN HOLLYWOOD—Fox.—The first Viennese operetta to be phonoplayed. J. Harold (Rio Rita) Murray and Norma (Show Boat) Terris handle the leads, and Walter Catlett and Tom Patricola, the laughs. Good—but should have been better. (*Dec.*)

MATCH PLAY—Sennett-Educational.—Giggles for golfers. Walter Hagen, British "champeen," and Leo Diegel, American "champeen," are featured. They're not actors, but no one expects that. (*April*)

MELODY MAN, THE—Columbia.—Pleasantly sentimental story about the conflict of youth and old age. William Collier, Jr., Alice Day, and a good performance by John Sainpolis. (*May*)

MEN ARE LIKE THAT—Paramount.—Glorifying the Boobus Americanus. You'll love Hal Skelly's characterization of a back-slapping braggart. (*Dec.*)

★ **MEN WITHOUT WOMEN**—Fox.—Dealing with the horrible death of a group of men trapped in a submarine. Gruesome, but stunningly realistic. Ace performances by Kenneth McKenna and Frank Albertson. (*March*)

MEXICALI ROSE—Columbia.—Barbara Stanwyck's second film appearance. Mexican border melodrama, and pretty good entertainment. (*April*)

MIGHTY, THE—Paramount.—Bancroft's greatest rôle to date and fine entertainment. If you don't think the hairy-chested one has sex appeal, see this. (*Dec.*)

MISSISSIPPI GAMBLER, THE—Universal.—Picture of the Old South by one who has never been there. Joseph Schildkraut in the same costumes he wore in "Show Boat." (*Dec.*)

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 18]

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

VITAPHONE

JOINS TWO JOYOUS STARS IN ONE GREAT COMEDY SPECIAL

Funniest thing on four feet—Joe E. Brown and Winnie Lightner . . .

Teaming for the first time, in a picture teeming with laughs!

"HOLD EVERYTHING" held all hilarity records in its one-year run on Broadway . . .

Now here it is on the talking screen, with every riotous roar retained by *Vitaphone.*

"'Hold Everything' is a riot . . . rich and rare"..."full of the best 'gags' ever developed"—say famous newspaper experts who have seen it.

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Use the Vitaphone sign as a guide to the best of good times. It appears only on pictures produced by Warner Bros. and First National Pictures. "Vitaphone" is the registered trademark of The Vitaphone Corporation.

WARNER BROS. present

HOLD EVERYTHING

ALL IN TECHNICOLOR *with*

JOE E. BROWN ★ WINNIE LIGHTNER

Georges Carpentier ★ Sally O'Neil ★ Dorothy Revier

Abe Lyman and His Band

A WARNER BROS. & VITAPHONE PICTURE

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 16]

MISTER ANTONIO—Tiffany-Stahl.—Leo Carillo achieves a splendid characterization in his first talking feature. The Booth Tarkington play is a well-chosen vehicle for him. (*Dec.*)

★ **MONTANA MOON**—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford, still untamed, on a ranch. And what a tango she does with Ricardo Cortez! Johnny Mack Brown, the boy. Frolicsome. (*April*)

MOST IMMORAL LADY, A—First National.—Leatrice Joy fine in her first phonoplay. About a blackmail beauty who finds regeneration in the love of one of her victims.

MOUNTAIN JUSTICE—Universal.—(Reviewed under the title "Kettle Creek." That Ken Maynard can ride! The rest is negligible. (*May*)

MOUNTED STRANGER, THE—Universal.—Hoot Gibson, *the Riding Kid*, avenges a murder and meets romance. (*April*)

MURDER ON THE ROOF—Columbia.—A well-cast thriller. Crime high up among the pent-houses. (*April*)

MURDER WILL OUT—First National.—Thrills and mystery against high society background. Good acting. Elaborate settings. Jack Mulhall, Lila Lee and Noah Beery. (*May*)

NAVY BLUES—M-G-M.—Bill Haines is a scream as a fresh gob who steals Anita Page from her happy home. (*Jan.*)

NIGHT PARADE—Radio Pictures.—Trite yarn about a fight champion, redeemed by a good cast. The darkly seductive Aileen Pringle goes blonde. (*Dec.*)

NIGHT RIDE—Universal.—Yarn about a hard-boiled gangster and a harder-boiled reporter, with Joseph Schildkraut and Edward Robinson leering at one another for dear life. (*March*)

NIX ON DAMES—Fox.—Cross-section of life in a theatrical boarding house. See 'em eat, sleep, shave and love. Most of the players are from the stage and they're real troupers. (*Jan.*)

★ **NO, NO, NANETTE**—First National.—A good girl-and-music picture with fine Technicolor trimmings, but notable chiefly for its rapid fire succession of laughs. Alexander Gray and Bernice Claire sing the leads. (*March*)

★ **NOT SO DUMB**—M-G-M.—(Reviewed under the title "Dulcy.") This was a swell play, a swell silent picture—and now it's a swell talkie. Marion Davies is at her sparkling best. And you oughtn't to miss Donald Ogden Stewart's talkie début. (*Jan.*)

OFFICER O'BRIEN—Pathe.—Glorifying the American cop as impersonated by William Boyd. Mildly exciting entertainment. (*Feb.*)

ON THE BORDER—Warners.—Armida sings. Rin-Tin-Tin acts with intelligence. Smuggling Chinese across the Mexican border. Forget it. (*April*)

ON THE LEVEL—Fox.—Gusty, lusty melodrama, with laughs and thrills. Victor McLaglen fine in usual he-man rôle. Lilyan Tashman a gorgeous lady-crook. (*May*)

ONE HYSTERICAL NIGHT—Universal.—Fie upon you, Universal, and double fie, Mr. Denny! Someone should have known enough to prevent this social error. (*Dec.*)

★ **ONLY THE BRAVE**—Paramount.—Mary Brian is Gary Cooper's reward for valor. Civil War setting. Good acting, much romance, pretty costumes. (*April*)

PAINTED ANGEL, THE—First National.—Hoopla! Billie the dove in tights, singing and dancing. Billie plays the Queen of the Night Clubs and Eddie Lowe drops his Quirt manners to be her sweetheart. (*March*)

PAINTED FACES—Tiffany-Stahl.—Good news for the fans who've been crying for something different. A tense, refreshingly original story with a jury-room locale, and that grand comic, Joe E. Brown. (*Feb.*)

PANDORA'S BOX—Nero.—In case you've been wondering what happened to Louise Brooks, here she is, big as life and twice as naughty, in what was probably a good German picture before the censors operated on it. Silent. (*Feb.*)

PARADE OF THE WEST, THE—Universal.—The riding scenes in this Ken Maynard picture will make your hair stand on end. So will the story, but for a different reason. Not so good as Ken's last. (*March*)

★ **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE**—Paramount.—Paramount goes revue, using its best talent. Technicolor, stirring music, lovely voices, satire, burlesque, romance! Chevalier, Chatterton, Oakie, and lots more. Take the family. (*May*)

★ **PARIS**—First National.—Ooh—zat Irene Bordoni! You'll love her. And you'll love Jack Buchanan and Louise Closser Hale—and the Technicolor effects—in fact the whole picture. (*Jan.*)

PARTY GIRL—Tiffany-Stahl.—A would-be sensational story with a moral ending obviously thrown in as a sop to the censors. Some good acting, however, by the junior Fairbanks and Jeanette Loff. (*March*)

The Contest of the Year

As announced on the cover, the big cut-picture puzzle contest starts in this issue of

PHOTOPLAY

Your chance at a share of the $5,000 prize money awaits you on pages 60 and 62. Your luck is as good as anyone's. Try it!

PEACOCK ALLEY—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Mae Murray in talking version of her once glorious silent film. She shouldn't have done it. But she dances well. (*April*)

PHANTOM IN THE HOUSE, THE—Continental.—This murder story fails to provide an alibi for existing. (*March*)

PHANTOM OF THE OPERA, THE—Universal.—Famous old shocker partly remade with mixture of talk and sound. Lon Chaney still silent, however. Part Talkie. (*April*)

POINTED HEELS—Paramount.—With Helen Kane, William Powell, Fay Wray, Phillips Holmes, Skeets Gallagher and Eugene Pallette in the cast, this backstage story is sure-fire. (*Feb.*)

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ—United Artists.—Harry Richman warbles well in his first talkie. Harry and Jimmy Gleason play two actors. Joan Bennett at her sweetest. Lilyan Tashman amusing. Good Irving Berlin music. (*April*)

RACKETEER, THE—Pathe.—About a wealthy gangster with a heart of gold—just a rough diamond in a platinum setting. Swell work by Robert Armstrong and Carol Lombard. (*Dec.*)

RAMPANT AGE, THE—Trem Carr.—A rumor that the younger generation is jazz-mad seems to have leaked through into film circles. Hackneyed story rendered amusing by lively dialogue and acting. (*March*)

RED HOT RHYTHM—Pathe.—Alan Hale, Kathryn Crawford and Josephine Dunn in an uneven story about a philandering song-writer. Some good dance numbers and Technicolor sequences. (*Dec.*)

RETURN OF SHERLOCK HOLMES, THE—Paramount.—The greatest sleuth of them all wouldn't recognize himself in this faint reincarnation. Clive Brook has done bigger and better things. (*Jan.*)

RICH PEOPLE—Pathe.—Sophisticated comedy-drama for an intelligent audience. Constance Bennett proves that money isn't all and she ought to know. (*Dec.*)

★ **ROADHOUSE NIGHTS**—Paramount.—A pippin of a melodrama, seasoned with swell comedy. Helen Morgan sings. Charles Ruggles and Jimmy Durante, Broadway's current night club pet, score enormously. (*March*)

★ **ROGUE SONG, THE**—M-G-M.—Lawrence Tibbett, grand opera star, flashes across the phonoplay horizon, an inimitable and dashing personality. Taken from Lehar's "Gypsy Love," this operetta is roistering, brilliant and dramatic—a feast for the eye and ear. (*March*)

★ **ROMANCE OF RIO GRANDE**—Fox.—Rich and roaring melodrama. Romantic Warner Baxter in his Mexican suit again. Tony Moreno, Mary Duncan, and a new cause for heartburn named Mona Maris. Two swell songs. What more do you want? (*Jan.*)

ROYAL BOX, THE—Warners.—If you Deutsch sprechen you'll like this. The first full-length talking picture in German, with Alexander Moissi and Camilla Horn. (*March*)

ROYAL ROMANCE, A—Columbia.—Romance and adventure in a mythical kingdom. Buster Collier gives good performance and Pauline Starke is devastatingly beautiful. (*May*)

SACRED FLAME, THE—Warners.—On the stage this was strong and intensely tragic drama, but it has been pretty well watered for the screen. A brilliant cast, headed by Conrad Nagel, Lila Lee, and Pauline Frederick. (*Feb.*)

SALLY—First National.—The glorious, scintillating dancing of Marilyn Miller, lovely Ziegfeld star, saves this from being merely a dull transcript of an out-moded musical comedy. (*March*)

★ **SARAH AND SON**—Paramount.—What a characterization by Ruth Chatterton! And what a restrained and dignified performance by Frederic March! A picture you simply can't miss. (*May*)

SATURDAY NIGHT KID, THE—Paramount.—The old Bow punch has given way to poundage. Jean Arthur steals this picture. (*Dec.*)

SEA FURY—Supreme.—No sense taking this seriously. Regarded as a burlesque in the best Hoboken tradition it's a riot. (*Dec.*)

SECOND CHOICE—Warners.—You won't even make this third choice. A mediocre phonoplay with Dolores Costello, Chester Morris and Edna Murphy. (*March*)

SECOND WIFE—Radio Pictures.—Interesting domestic drama from stage play "All the King's Men." Lila Lee, Conrad Nagel, Hugh Huntley. Little Freddie Burke Frederick is perfect. (*April*)

SENOR AMERICANO—Universal.—See this, you fans who are crying for your Westerns. Ken Maynard rides, loves, fights—and sings. (*Dec.*)

SETTING SON, THE—Darmour-Radio Pictures.—Grandpap, rich and ailing, takes the wrong medicine. The family count chickens before they're hatched. Short comedy. (*April*)

★ **SEVEN DAYS' LEAVE**—Paramount.—Barrie's fine play, "The Old Lady Shows Her Medals," has been tenderly and effectively transferred to the screen. Beryl Mercer and Gary Cooper are splendid. (*Feb.*)

SEVEN FACES—Fox.—Paul Muni gives seven "best performances" in one picture! Good entertainment with a novel twist. (*Jan.*)

★ **SEVEN KEYS TO BALDPATE**—Radio Pictures.—A fine phonoplay version of the old laughter-and-thrill-provoking favorite, Richard Dix again battles the microphone to a knockout finish. (*Feb.*)

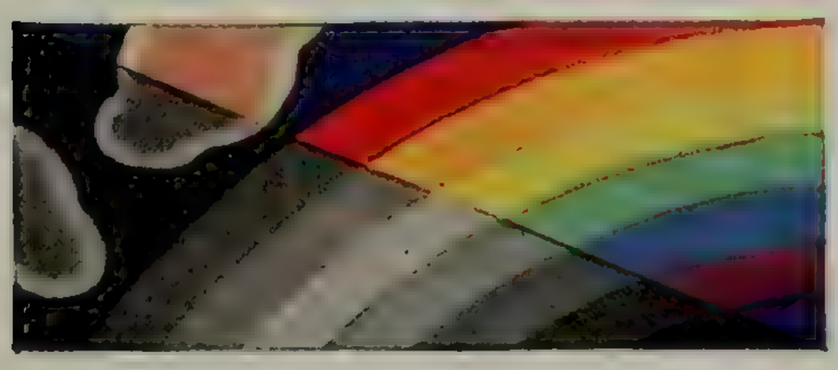
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 21]

MAURICE CHEVALIER — whose personality wooed and won the whole United States in his sensational Paramount successes — stars again in "Paramount on Parade."

SOME OF THE TECHNICOLOR PRODUCTIONS

BRIDE OF THE REGIMENT, with Vivienne Segal (First National); **BRIGHT LIGHTS,** with Dorothy Mackaill (First National); **DIXIANA,** with Bebe Daniels (Radio Pictures) Technicolor Sequences; **GOLDEN DAWN,** with Walter Woolf and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **HIT THE DECK,** with Jack Oakie and Polly Walker (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **KING OF JAZZ,** starring Paul Whiteman (Universal); **MAMBA,** with Eleanor Boardman and Jean Hersholt (Tiffany); **MAMMY,** starring Al Jolson (Warner Bros.) Technicolor Sequences; **PARAMOUNT ON PARADE,** all-star revue (Paramount) Technicolor Sequences; **PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ,** starring Harry Richman (United Artists) Technicolor Sequences; **RADIO RAMBLERS,** with Bert Wheeler, Robert Woolsey and Dorothy Lee (Radio) Technicolor Sequences; **SALLY,** starring Marilyn Miller (First National); **SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD,** with Alice White (First National) Technicolor Sequences; **SONG OF THE FLAME,** with Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray (First National); **SONG OF THE WEST,** with John Boles and Vivienne Segal (Warner Bros.); **THE ROGUE SONG,** with Lawrence Tibbett and Catherine Dale Owen (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer); **THE VAGABOND KING,** starring Dennis King, with Jeanette MacDonald (Paramount).

Maurice Chevalier was a sensation in the drab black-and-grays. But in TECHNICOLOR . . . he steals your heart for *keeps!* For it is the *real* Maurice who carries you along on the crest of many emotions . . . talking, laughing, dancing . . . singing his newest hit, "Sweeping the Clouds Away," from "Paramount on Parade." Technicolor, too, you realize, has "swept the clouds away." The dim shadows of yesterday's "movie" today glow with *life.* Scenery, costumes, the characters, all seem to *awaken* as Technicolor imparts a personality that is fresh, life-like, enchanting.



Technicolor *is* natural color

"And O'er His Heart A SHADOW FELL"

{Edgar Allan Poe, 1809-1849}

"COMING EVENTS CAST
THEIR SHADOWS BEFORE"
{Thomas Campbell, 1777-1844}

AVOID THAT FUTURE SHADOW

by refraining from over-indulgence

We do not represent that smoking **Lucky Strike** Cigarettes will cause the reduction of flesh. We do declare that when tempted to do yourself too well, if you will "Reach for a **Lucky**" instead, you will thus avoid over-indulgence in things that cause excess weight and, by avoiding over-indulgence, maintain a trim figure.

When Tempted
Reach for a
LUCKY
instead

"It's toasted"

©1930, The American Tobacco Co., Manufacturers

Your Throat Protection — against irritation — against cough.

Brief Reviews of Current Pictures

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 18]

SHANGHAI LADY—Universal.—A *fille de joie* and a crook fall in love and each pretends to be a "swell" for the other's benefit. But it's China and there's a menace. Mary Nolan is so beautiful it hurts. (*Jan.*)

SHANNONS OF BROADWAY, THE—Universal.—There's not a comedy team on or off Broadway that can hold a dimmer to the Gleasons—James and Lucille. Acting and dialogue are gorgeous in this phonoplay. (*Jan.*)

SHE COULDN'T SAY NO—Warners.—Winnie Lightner should have said NO when they cast her as a broken-hearted night club hostess. (*May*)

SHIP FROM SHANGHAI, THE—M-G-M.—Psychological drammer but it went astray. Dramatic, but sometimes distasteful. Louis Wolheim, Conrad Nagel, Kay Johnson, the latter splendid. (*April*)

★ **SHOW OF SHOWS**—Warners.—You'll be too busy enjoying yourself to count all the celebs in this super-revue—but they're there—77 of 'em. And besides there are stunning stage effects and dance routines, gorgeous Technicolor, and millions of laughs. (*Feb.*)

SIDE STREET—Radio Pictures.—No telling what this might have been if not botched by bad recording. As it is, just another underworld yarn. All three of the Moores are in it. (*Dec.*)

SINS OF THE CRADLE—Goodwill.—Cut your throat before you see this celluloid crime—it'll save time. Its perpetrators ought to be jailed. Sound. (*Jan.*)

SKINNER STEPS OUT—Universal.—None other than "Skinner's Dress Suit" and still good. Glenn Tryon puts it over with a yip. (*Jan.*)

★ **SKY HAWK, THE**—Fox.—Fine war stuff with a charming love interest. Thrilling shots of a Zeppelin raid over London. John Garrick, a newcomer, and Helen Chandler are delightful as the young lovers. (*Feb.*)

SLIGHTLY SCARLET—Paramount.—Evelyn Brent as society thief on the Riviera. Her best since "Interference." Hero, Clive Brook. Eugene Pallette a "wow." (*April*)

SO LONG LETTY—Warners.—Two discontented husbands swap wives. Charlotte Greenwood of the long legs and boisterous antics is whole show. (*April*)

SONG OF KENTUCKY—Fox.—You'll care for Joseph Wagstaff's crooning. And besides there's decorative Lois Moran. (*Dec.*)

SONG OF LOVE, THE—Columbia.—Carbon copy of the yarn used for every vaudevillian who goes talkie—but Belle Baker rises above it. She's good and so is Ralph Graves. The songs aren't. (*Feb.*)

SON OF THE GODS—First National.—Richard Barthelmess as Americanized Chinese boy in slow-paced Rex Beach romance. Constance Bennett fine. Weak story. Far from best Barthelmess. (*April*)

SONG OF THE WEST—Warners.—All-Technicolor outdoor operetta. Ambitious, but dull. (*May*)

SO THIS IS PARIS GREEN—Paramount-Christie.—A swell short subject burlesque of love among the apaches with Louise Fazenda as the world-weary queen of the Paris sewers. (*March*)

★ **SONG O' MY HEART**—Fox.—John McCormack aims right at your heart with his gorgeous voice. Hit pieces, "Little Boy Blue" and "I Hear You Calling Me." Alice Joyce, and a sensational Irish kid, Tommy Clifford. Don't miss John. (*April*)

★ **SOUTH SEA ROSE**—Fox.—You won't believe in this tale for a moment—but it's grand entertainment. Lenore Ulric does everything, including the hula. A fine supporting cast including Charles Bickford. (*Jan.*)

★ **STREET OF CHANCE**—Paramount.—Here's a punchful racketeer picture that is going to give rival producers jaundice until they get a carbon copy in the can. Bill Powell's finesse and Kay Francis' sincere emoting would be high-lights in any picture. (*March*)

STRICTLY UNCONVENTIONAL—M-G-M.—The original play, "The Circle," was subtle English comedy. The phonoplay misses fire. (*May*)

★ **SUCH MEN ARE DANGEROUS**—Fox.—A famous financier disappeared during a flight over the North Sea, and gave Elinor Glyn the basis for this brilliantly made talkie. Warner Baxter, Catherine Dale Owen. One of the best. (*April*)

SUGAR PLUM PAPA—Sennett-Educational.—A short feature directed by Mack himself. Daphne Pollard and the rest of the hilarious gang. (*April*)

★ **SUNNY SIDE UP**—Fox.—The royal Gaynor-Farrell team go into their song and dance and prove their versatility. A little gal named Marjorie White scores heavily. This is real entertainment. (*Dec.*)

SWEETIE—Paramount.—A little something in the collegiate line, pleasant, youthful and lively. Helen (Boop-a-doop) Kane and Jack Oakie wow 'em and Nancy Carroll is effective in an unsympathetic rôle. (*Dec.*)

Order Your Book of Stars Early!

It will be a genuine pleasure to you to be the first to show your friends a copy of the new, up-to-the-minute edition of "Stars of the Photoplay," with its array of over 250 of the finest, latest and most characteristic portraits of motion picture players ever brought together.

Details of how to obtain this beautiful work will be found on page 117, this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

TALK OF HOLLYWOOD, THE—Sono Art-World Wide.—This would be the talk of any town—it's so bad. Intended as comedy, it evolves a tragedy. (*March*)

TANNED LEGS—Radio Pictures.—Just what the Tired Business Man ordered. Legs by Ann Pennington and June Clyde and whoopee by Arthur Lake. Peppy music. (*Dec.*)

TEMPLE TOWER—Fox.—More *Bulldog Drummond*, with Kenneth McKenna instead of Ronald Colman. Burlesque and good whether intentional or not. (*April*)

THEIR OWN DESIRE—M-G-M.—This picture reminds us of Paris on Bastille Day—everyone in it goes wild. Norma Shearer is miscast. (*Feb.*)

★ **THEY HAD TO SEE PARIS**—Fox.—What happens when a garageman gets rich and his wife gets culture. Will Rogers, Irene Rich, Marguerite Churchill and Fifi Dorsay are elegant. (*Dec.*)

THEY LEARNED ABOUT WOMEN—M-G-M.—But not about acting. "They" being Van and Schenck, vaudeville harmony duo, who sing better than they act. And, believe it or not, Bessie Love is still being noble. (*March*)

★ **THIS THING CALLED LOVE**—Pathe.—Delightful comedy drama, well played by Constance Bennett, Edmund Lowe (in a romantic rôle for once) and ZaSu Pitts. (*Jan.*)

THREE LOVES—Moviegraph.—An exciting and spicy German film, well directed and acted. See it. Silent. (*Dec.*)

3 SISTERS, THE—Fox.—An Italian story, as native as ravioli and as colorful as a Corsican sunset. Louise Dresser gives a superb performance and is surrounded by an unusually able cast. (*Jan.*)

TIGER ROSE—Warners.—Lupe Velez plays the tiger, but the picture is no rose. The stage play was once popular, but no one seems to care any more whether the Northwest Mounted get their man or not. (*March*)

★ **TRESPASSER, THE**—United Artists.—Gloria Swanson is a sensation in her first all talkie. In spite of a hokey story, a superbly paced and splendidly acted picture. Good! (*Dec.*)

TROOPERS THREE—Tiffany Productions, Inc.—Concerns both kinds of troupers—backstage and army. Slim Summerville is funny. (*April*)

UNDERTOW—Universal.—Misguided psychological drama of life in a lonely lighthouse. Why didn't they call it "Lighthouse Blues"? Mary Nolan, John Mack Brown and Robert Ellis struggle against odds. (*March*)

UNTAMED—M-G-M.—Joan Crawford goes native. She's grand and so is Robert Montgomery, a newcomer. (*Dec.*)

UP THE CONGO—Sono Art—World Wide.—One more expedition into Darkest Africa. If you like them you'll like it. (*April*)

★ **VAGABOND KING, THE**—Paramount.—Flash and clang of sword play. Dennis King, as Francois Villon, sings and acts with operatic abandon. Gorgeous Technicolor. Lilting Friml music. Jeanette MacDonald and Lillian Roth help, and O. P. Heggie is grand. (*May*)

VAGABOND LOVER, THE—Radio Pictures.—Rudy goes through the whole gamut of emotions without moving a muscle. But when he sings—ah, that's another story. (A better one, too.) Vallée fans will be pleased. (*Jan.*)

VENUS—United Artists.—Connie Talmadge made this silent picture a year ago in Southern Europe. She shouldn't have. Silent. (*Jan.*)

VENGEANCE—Columbia.—Melodrama with a punch. Another African native revolt. Jack Holt and Dorothy Revier. (*May*)

WALL STREET—Columbia.—Even if you've recovered enough to hear Wall Street mentioned without frothing at the mouth, you won't like this. (*Feb.*)

WASTED LOVE—British International.—And wasted footage, except when Anna May Wong's unique personality flashes on the screen. Silent. (*March*)

WELCOME DANGER—Paramount.—Talkies needn't worry Harold Lloyd. His voice is fine. This phonoplay is one long laugh. (*Dec.*)

WEST OF THE ROCKIES—J. Charles Davis Prod.—Bandits, fast riding heroes, pretty senoritas. Same old Western plot. (*April*)

WHAT A MAN!—Sono Art-World Wide.—(Reviewed under the title "His Dark Chapter.") Reginald Denny's nice voice, and a trifling story about a gentleman-crook who isn't a crook after all, provide a pleasant enough evening. (*May*)

WHITE CARGO—W. P. Film Co.—Banned by Will Hays, but produced in London. Slow, badly recorded. Wasn't worth bootlegging. (*May*)

WILD HEART OF AFRICA, THE—Supreme.—A glorified travelogue giving the lowdown on previously unheard-of Sudanese fiends in more or less human form. Silent. (*March*)

WOMAN RACKET, THE—M-G-M.—Blanche Sweet deserved a better comeback than this feeble effort about a night club hostess. Blanche has a charming singing voice and is effective when the opportunity offers. (*March*)

WOMAN TO WOMAN—Tiffany-Stahl.—A product of British studios. (*Dec.*)

YOUNG EAGLES—Paramount.—Not another "Wings." Buddy Rogers the flying hero. Jean Arthur his inspiration. Magnificent air photography, and satisfactory enough story. (*May*)

★ **YOUNG NOWHERES**—First National.—Unpretentious, devastatingly human drama. Another poignant Barthelmess portrayal. New heights for Marian Nixon. Fine all around. (*Dec.*)

LITTLE STORIES FROM REAL LIFE · · · POSED BY FAMOUS SCREEN STARS

CAN A WOMAN CHANGE A MAN'S IDEA OF HER PERSONALITY?

Posed by Leila Hyams and Conrad Nagel, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer stars.

A subtle, delicious fragrance worked this magic for me

FOND of outdoor sports, and excelling in them, I was known in our crowd as "a good playfellow." Suddenly I found myself riding and hiking most of the time with one man, and liking it—tremendously.

One day while we stopped to eat our picnic lunch on a fine hike together, he turned to me and said enthusiastically: "Gee, you're a wonderful outdoor girl, aren't you!"

Right then I discovered that I didn't want him to think of me only in the role of cooking bacon over a camp fire. I would have to do something about it—and quickly.

I cut out the outdoor sports with him for a while. I resorted to all the feminine wiles I knew—to delicate frocks, inadequate slippers, freshly waved hair—and to that most feminine, most subtle lure of all—an elusive, haunting perfume.

It was the spell of that delightful, enticing fragrance that seemed to release a new, alluring personality for me. I was no longer just "an outdoor girl" to the man I cared for. For him I became a part of romance and mystery. I knew it even before the night he said to me: "My, you're just wonderful—outdoors, indoors—anywhere at all!"

This delicious perfume is Ben Hur. For you, too, it can work the magic of opening men's eyes to a new, enchanting side of your personality. Send for a free trial bottle—discover for yourself its potent charm.

FREE TRIAL SAMPLE

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO., 5011 Alfred St., Cincinnati, Ohio

Please send me—free—a trial bottle of Ben Hur Perfume.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ *State* _____

Two For The Price Of One!

A Special Introductory Offer by leading dealers all over the U. S.

For $1.00: Ben Hur Face Powder (full size $1.00 pkg.) Ben Hur Perfume (full size $1.00 bottle) *both for* *$1.00*

For 25¢: Ben Hur Talcum Powder (full size 25¢ pkg.) Ben Hur Perfume (full size 25¢ vial)

both for *25¢*

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

LIKE a thunderclap came the knowledge that this is the June issue of PHOTOPLAY! And what does one think of in June? No, not the early mosquito crop! Brides! And so, to strike that novel note, we give you the prettiest bride picture we could scare up in all Hollywood—little Jean Arthur!

Jean Arthur, whose real name is Gladys Greene, was born in New York 22 years ago. She is 5 feet, 3 inches tall; weighs 107 pounds, and has light brown hair and blue eyes. Jean is with Paramount

Clarence Sinclair Bull

MY, MY, MY! What an "Alibi" can do for a young man, if properly applied! It was the picture of that name that shot Mr. Chester Morris into phonoplay fame. His grand work as the gangster in the picture buried him under an avalanche of such parts, and Chester has been mean and murderous in every studio in Hollywood during the past year. And what a swell actor Chet is!

Ruth Harriet Louise

UNLIKE Chester, next door, this young man is swamped by fan mail because he is such a nice, clean-cut boy. You just know he's kind to his mother, and courtly to the girls. Robert Montgomery, since his first picture for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, has grown increasingly popular. He's the arch-type of the stage juveniles who have done so well in pictures since the talkies came

Hurrell

THE latest sister team to send Hollywood dancing mad, and to practise on our sensibilities from the talking screen. Meet the Dodge Sisters, two beautiful and talented young ladies who came to pictures from the Broadway musical comedy stage, after serving a term in the *Folies Bergere* of Paris. Their names are Beth and Betty, and they will be seen in Metro's old-timers' revue

Josephine Dunn needn't look so pensive, up above here. She's wearing Hollywood's new word in girlish street attire. The little cap sleeves are both new and smart. The dress is grey crepe, with circular flounces. The hat is also of grey crepe, and the accessories are likewise grey

No longer need you complain that you can't wear the brimless hat! Constance Bennett shows this new hat of horsehair braid in a wood violet color, with large satin flowers in a lighter shade forming the crown

Marilyn Miller is wearing a "hostess negligee" of graceful simplicity. It is of soft blue satin, with a draped bodice and neckline. The long, irregular pleated skirt is a distinct novelty

Merna Kennedy wears one of the season's smartest ensembles for the beach. Trousers and coat are dark brown jersey. The coat is trimmed in a geometric design in yellow, the same color used for the sleeveless blouse, piped with brown, and with brown buttons

You won't find a better example this spring of a frock that typifies the modern trend. Josephine Dunn wears this dress of moiré, in a blue flowered pattern. It has the long, snug hip-line, ending with three graduated circular ruffles. The bodice is fitted. Notice the jewels

When smarter black net-lace gowns than this are worn, Corinne Griffith will wear them. The lace is worn over a black satin silhouette gown, with a tight-fitting skirt which flares at the bottom. Notice that it touches the floor, front and back, but is shorter at the sides

WHOA! Who's this dangerous child now menacing the peace of mind of the great motion picture public? Can it be Fifi Dorsay? No, it can't. But it can be, and is, little Mary Brian, playing hooky from the nice-girl rôles she's had so many years. Below is the demure and dainty Brian lass we know best

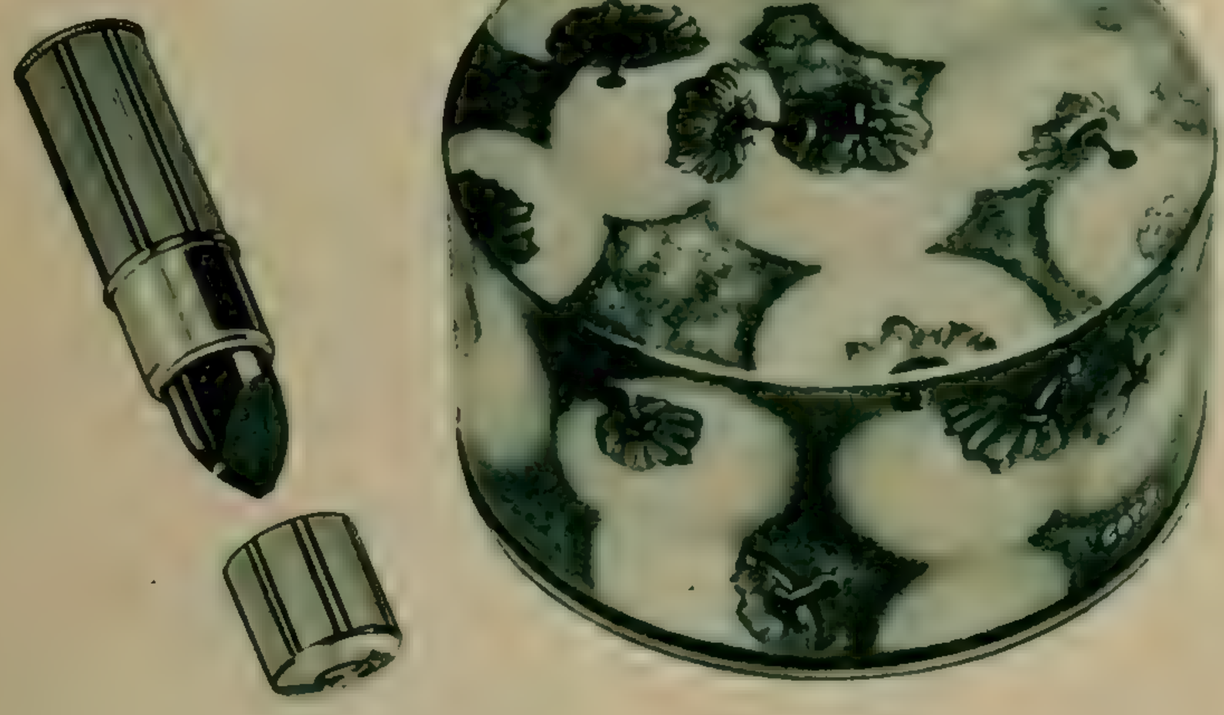
Dyar and Richee

COLOUR HARMONY

COTY

Rouge, Face Powder *and* Lipstick
— so perfectly attuned in shade
that their use together assures
those artistic, individual
colour harmonies which
really smart make-
up demands.

ROUGE
Five distinctive shades
East Indian or Powder
Puff Design Box. $1.00.



NEW INDELIBLE
LIPSTICK
Specially shaped to
define the lips. Light,
Medium, Dark. $1.00.

FACE POWDER
Ten "Personal" shades
All Coty odeurs
Standard size $1.00
Double size $1.50.

Perfect colour harmony even to your fingertips—Coty Perfumed Liquid Polish

ELINOR GLYN ANSWERS THE QUESTION

"What is IT *in Dress?"*

"Dear Miss Glyn: Won't you please write an article about how men like a girl to dress? I try to buy nice clothes, but somehow I just don't know the secret . . . men overlook me, while other girls who don't spend more than I do are popular."

GLADYS M——

WHAT is "it" in dress? What appeals instantly to a man's taste?

Many girls—wives, too—have asked me this, and the answer is simple.

Men are drab-looking creatures, therefore they get a thrill out of the gay, colorful clothes women wear. Shouldn't we play up to this? Here are two simple rules:

FIRST, select the colors most becoming to you.

THEN, keep them lovely and vibrant as long as you wear them.

Remember, only just as long as the color is kept in its perfect, new state has it the power to charm. Just a little fading takes away some of the power to thrill—means a loss of "it."

Be careful to guard color charm, always. There is a sure way to do this, through the use of that wonderful product, Lux. Ordinary soaps steal away a bit of color pigment as they cleanse, but Lux is especially made to preserve colors in all their joyous allure.

In this printed silk frock it is color which gives you a thrill when you see it! Lux is especially made to preserve this magic charm of color!

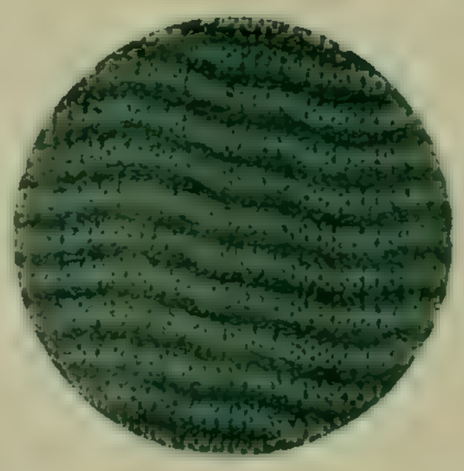
And in Your Home

Your surroundings, too, can help get over your personality, your charm.

Keep pretty curtains, slip covers, table linens, always as gayly colorful as new. Here, too, Lux will help you, for men love color.

ELINOR GLYN

Sample (magnified) *Luxed 10 times*—wool and silk fibres in place, *no shrinking*, shape and color perfect—like new.



Sample (equally magnified) *washed 10 times* in ordinary "good" soap—fibres out of place, color dulled, garment *shrunken*.

If it's safe in water, it's safe in **LUX**

June, 1930

The National Guide to Motion Pictures
[TRADE MARK]

PHOTOPLAY

Close-Ups *and* Long-Shots

By JAMES R. QUIRK

A PRODUCER met Lila Lee on the lot.

"How did you like my last picture?" she asked.

He hesitated. "Have you signed that long-term contract with us yet?" he asked.

"Yes," said Lila.

The producer beamed. "You were great!"

LISTEN to the story of a little bunch of gardenias and the trouble they caused.

In "What a Widow!" Gloria Swanson wears a black velvet afternoon gown trimmed with white gardenias at the shoulder. She appeared on the set.

"What's that rustling noise?" asked the mixer.

Gloria hung her head and confessed it was the artificial gardenias. It was impossible to have real ones, since they would wilt so quickly under the lights.

The wardrobe woman was called. Presently she appeared with a bunch of gardenias made of white velvet. No rustling now, but the raw edges of the petals shed all over Gloria's dress. She looked like little Eva out in the snow storm.

Nothing daunted they tried again, this time by dipping the edges of the petals in collodion to keep the threads from shedding. Nothing is too difficult in Hollywood—not even gardenias.

THIS business of doing legal things before a talkie camera, to record the contract visually and audibly as well as in writing, is spreading—

Mary Lewis recorded her contract with Pathe that way, you may recall.

And now matrimony's "I do" follows. And you might know it would be a lawyer's idea.

George Stahlman, deputy district attorney for Los Angeles County, married Viola Evans, an actress, on a sound stage at the M-G-M studios. Production on a Greta Garbo picture was held up while Stahlman and Miss Evans stepped onto the set. The mike was swung over their heads, and Superior Judge Valentine (what a name for a marrier!) performed the ceremony.

"But what was the idea?" asked Director Clarence Brown afterward.

"Evidence, Mr. Brown!" said the lawyer-groom.

LOS ANGELES courts recently granted two wives divorces on the ground that their respective hubbies wouldn't take them to the movies.

That constituted cruelty, so the courts held.

Well, pretty soon they'll ask the groom: ". . . and do you promise to love, cherish and take her to the movies regularly . . .?"

JUST how many actors make our movies?

The Film Daily year book lists about 6,000—each of whom has appeared in at least one film. But in a whole year there aren't more than five thousand name parts, which means that there are more players than jobs, if each had one part a year.

Of course, this is wild figuring. The bulk of our film acting is done by no more than seven hundred actors.

So for every one who owns a Rolls, there are plenty a little behind in the rent.

RICH or poor, they still want jobs in the movies!

At one of the studios there is a hard-working assistant director whose private income is something like $1,500 a week, who lives at one of the smartest hotels and drives an expensive car.

A script girl at another lot is the daughter of a multi-millionaire. She lives in luxury but gets a kick out of being on a set all day long.

And, strangely enough, these people are good, competent workers.

CATHERINE SIBLEY is a Hollywood girl—beautiful but *not* dumb.

She wanted to get into moving pictures, but so do thousands of other girls. Most of them, Catherine had to admit, were more beautiful than herself.

"What chance have I on that ground?" she asked.

"None," she replied.

Did she quit? No! She spent hours making herself up as ugly as possible—even to the extent of synthetic warts and other artificial facial blemishes.

She did it so well that they wrote a part into "Moby Dick" for her to play. In the script, the part is designated as "The Ugly Girl."

And so brains, not beauty, got a girl her chance with no less famous a star than John Barrymore!

IF you can figure this one out we'll send you a box of burnt cork and an autographed copy of "Mammy."

When the auto show was on in Los Angeles, Al Jolson bought an $18,000 foreign touring car for himself and a $22,500 sedan for Ruby Keeler, his wife. He paid cash.

Two weeks later he purchased a Ford coupé *on time!*

ONE of the directors at Fox was looking for a girl with high voltage sex-appeal for a certain sequence in a new picture. He and the casting director were conferring on prospects.

"How about So-and-So?" suggested the latter, naming a girl with whom the director was at the time on bad terms.

"Her?" snorted the director. "Why listen!—if we cast her as *Lady Godiva* even, the horse would steal the scene!"

THEY had, at great expense and trouble, employed a well-known stage actor, a character man, to do an important rôle in a picture. He arrived in Los Angeles and was met at the train. He was small, unpretentious, and in his hand he clutched an umbrella.

The producer looked at him and turned to his assistant. "Oh, he will never do. He isn't the type at all. Why did we ever have him come out? Get another man at once."

But the director believed in the old fellow and took a test of him in make-up, dressed for the rôle, the next day.

The producer happened on the set.

"Well, there," he said, "that's more like it. There's the man you need and right under your very nose, too. Isn't it a shame we sent all the way to New York for the other fellow?"

ABOUT the best known gent in Hollywood is none other than his satanic majesty. He is publicized more than Clara Bow and Greta Garbo.

There have been forty-four motion pictures using the name "Devil" in the title. Only nine times has the word "Satan" appeared. It's too formal, anyway. There's something chummy about his other name.

Devil's winter home, sometimes called "Hell," has found its way to the main title of a screen offering exactly twenty-four times.

Now all that remains is for a transcontinental railroad to put on an excursion. That publicity should be good for something.

AMOS 'N' ANDY will get a quarter of a million dollars for one talkie. They will keep right up on their broadcasting from Los Angeles.

These lads became a factor in the picture business months ago, however. Theater managers in many parts of the country found attendance dropping off while they were on the air, and hundreds of theaters were forced to broadcast their inimitable nightly radio performances to get the crowds back.

ONE Sunday recently the Rev. Dr. Cadman, one of the leading spirits of the Federal Council of Churches of Christ in America, preached a sermon over the radio in which he announced that the Council was busy investigating the motion picture business.

Two days later, Representative Tinkham of Massachusetts demanded that Congress investigate the Federated Council of Churches.

Wilkie Collins once wrote a story called "The Biter Bit." The title would apply aptly to this little sequence of events.

AMERICAN motion picture producers aren't the only ones with a set of morals. The recent Hays set of rules to keep talkies 99.44 per cent pure brought an echo in the form of a news dispatch from Britain, where 300 films were held up during the past year for such things as:

Materializing Christ; putting ministers of religion in bad spots; inciting workers to riot; girls and women with too much giggle-water aboard; orgy stuff; "indecorous" dancing; marital infidelity; cruelty to animals; sympathizing with crooks—and ridiculing the Prince of Wales.

THE sun has never set on "Ben Hur." Since it was first released several years ago, this picture has been playing continuously in some portion of the globe.

Now it has struck its first snag. "Ben Hur" has found trouble with the censors, unbelievable as it may seem.

Chinese censors found objection to it on the ground that it was "propaganda of superstitious beliefs, namely, Christianity."

JOHNNY FARROW, the young Paramount writer, has a definition for a cad that is about as good as any other.

"A cad is a man who strikes a lady without taking off his hat."

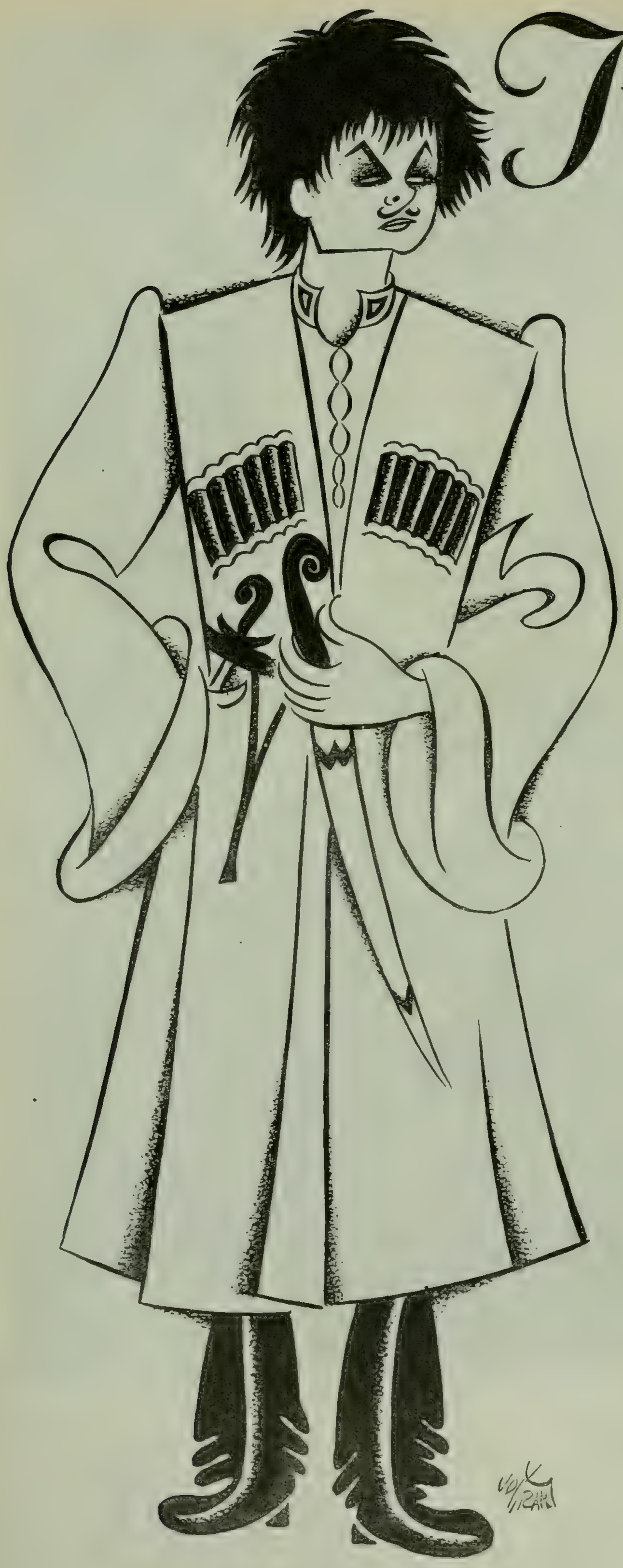
Underwood and Underwood

Looking Down *on* Dream-Town

BATHED in the brilliant sunshine of late afternoon, Hollywood lies before you. This picture was taken from the famous Bernheimer oriental garden, on a hill above the city. Hollywood Boulevard is just at the hill's foot, and in the distance you can see Los Angeles' taller towers.

Two Kings-

"Singing Larry" Tibbett The New Battle



Lawrence Tibbett, still in boots and coachman's coat from "The Rogue Song," glowers, in a deep baritone way, at his rival across the page

RED dawn on the Hollywood battlefield.

But not silent! Dawns in Hollywood are all wired for sound, especially when there's a swell battle on.

The thunder of voices comes from the Brown Derby front. In the Montmartre sector rises the rattle of machine-gun conversation, nervous and high-strung.

Two factions are at it again.

"Larry Tibbett for Merrie California!" roars one side, as it plunges to the assault, adjectives waving in the breeze.

"*La Patrie! Pour la France!* Chevalier forever!" screams the other, lunging with French irregular verbs.

One side says Maurice Chevalier is the greatest personality to flash across a silver sheet since Thomas Edison began to monkey around with those camera businesses.

The other army, just as positive, advances the statement that Lawrence Tibbett will become a greater vogue than Valentino—that everything will be swept before him like a straw in a flood.

The talking screen reaches adolescence in the two great personages of these men. There were triumphs in the phonoplays before, pretty decisive triumphs. But no players have caused quite as much discussion as Chevalier and Tibbett in Hollywood.

Whatever it takes to become idols, they have. Personal magnetism in abundance; that strange, indefinable something called glamor; the qualities that can sweep a circumspect audience from their seats and turn them into cheering maniacs.

So, two conquerors of the world of the films come to Hollywood from the opposite ends of the globe. Chevalier from Menilmontant, a suburb of Paris, the gay capital city of every man's heart. Tibbett from the romantic valleys of California. There is no question of the greatness of both. But is one really the greater?

BOTH of them are young, with the best years of life still ahead. Neither is handsome. Robust health and strength, but not good looks as Hollywood measures beauty. Chevalier is the *farceur par excellence*, the joyous, humorous lover in "Innocents of Paris" and "The Love Parade." Tibbett, the mad, glorious adventurer in "The Rogue Song." Both of them sing.

Chevalier's genius is the naughty little inflection he can give to a perfectly nice song, and still you don't mind your mother hearing it. Tibbett's voice booms out from the screen, rousing and magnificent, when the screen has been accustomed only to hush-a-by songs, crooned into the microphone.

The score is even in acting ability. The score is even in popularity. The Chevalier-Tibbett battle goes on. There's enough ammunition to last a long time. Each faction will fight it out on these grounds if it takes all summer, with a couple of winters thrown in.

And each star, if it is necessary to mention slightly embarrassing things, made a début into fan favor with really inferior pictures. Neither "The Innocents of Paris" nor "The Rogue Song" was exactly a towering masterpiece as an acting vehicle. Chevalier had a

One Throne

vs. "Kid" Chevalier—
of Hollywood

By
Marquis Busby

worthy story in "The Love Parade." Tibbett has yet to make a second picture. The play is not the thing when the star is a great personality. But how many stars are there that can emerge successfully from a weak, creaking play?

THERE was no royal road to fame for either star. Chevalier was in turn a carpenter, a printer, a paint salesman and a nail maker. Tibbett had to struggle up from the ranks, too. Once he worked for several weeks in a light opera company in Los Angeles. The company went broke without paying a salary. And that money was needed sorely. He went with the Metropolitan Opera Company as an extra singer at seventy-five dollars a week.

Then success for both Chevalier and Tibbett. The young California baritone made one of the most sensational débuts in the history of the famous old opera house, as *Ford* in "Falstaff." When he sings in opera or concert in Los Angeles, near his home town, it is almost necessary to send in a riot call to quiet the audience. Chevalier also became a New York "cyclone" after European triumphs. When he appeared at the Ziegfeld Roof last summer there was an eleven dollar cover charge, and twenty takers for every seat.

Both have personal popularity as well as the adulation of the public. Both are simple, friendly and un-actorish. They make friends with the humblest workman on the studio lot as well as the lordly stars. Chevalier drives a Ford. Tibbett refuses to have a valet.

Even the critics can't find enough adjectives to describe the two new sensations of the screen. Whole pages were torn out of Webster's in the search for words. Typewriter ribbons have turned pale at the extravagant praise. Here are just a few excerpts from reviews, selected at random.

"If ever there was a dominating, fascinating, captivating, sparkling personality, Maurice Chevalier belongs to it. Such charm!"

"IN Tibbett's songs he is superb—a tremendously forceful personality. And his rich, voluminous baritone is stunningly recorded."

"Chevalier should become one of the screen's greatest comedians. He has a gift of pantomime which makes speech almost unnecessary."

"Lawrence Tibbett hasn't merely got a voice. He's a fine looking man with a way of thrilling his audiences."

"In short, I am inclined to look upon Chevalier in the light of the jolliest thing that has happened to Hollywood in a month of rainy Sundays."

"There is not the slightest doubt that the Metropolitan star is the greatest factor brought to pictures since the advent of sound." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

Maurice Chevalier, in the spangles of "The Love Parade," gives Monsieur Tibbett one of those grins—nice, but more than a little naughty

She Gambled—*and* WON!

Jeanette Loff could have drifted safely, but she chose to fight the tide to film fame

By Robert Cranford

REMEMBER those old-fashioned framed mottoes? Well, Jeanette Loff ought to have two of them hanging on her dressing room wall!

One should read:

"A ROLLING STONE
GATHERS NO MOSS."

And then, immediately beneath it:

"IS THAT SO!"

Because, as far as Jeanette's career is concerned, the ancient crack about the rolling stone is just so much raspberry puree. She could have stayed sitting tight in a steady job at Pathe and being just another pretty blonde.

But she couldn't see it that way. She took a chance and rolled loose.

As a result, she's got a starring contract at Universal, with four times as much golden moss per week as she would have gathered at Pathe.

As a matter of fact, this is the story of the girl's confidence in herself, and of the courage that enabled her to justify it.

For it takes no mean quota of nerve to turn down a sure-thing contract and go free-lancing in precarious movieland these days.

That's what Jeanette did! So that you may the better understand just what she did, and why, let's flash back to the girl's background—find out, too, how she came to be in pictures in the first place.

We can start with Jeanette at sixteen, playing the piano in a movie theater in a small town in Saskatchewan province, Canada. Her dad was a violinist, and she inherited music-love from him, it seems.

Maybe it was while she played hour after hour, there, watching the stars on the screen, that she subconsciously absorbed a fundamental knowledge of screen technique.

The girl who was game enough to take a chance by giving up a comfy contract and gambling her future in pictures. A new photographic study of Jeanette Loff

It was there, too, that she first noticed she looked like Vilma Banky. Her friends told her of the resemblance.

"Why don't you go to Hollywood and maybe get a job being Vilma's double?" they'd kid her.

They really did think, of course, that looking like some famous star would be a great asset if one wanted to break into pictures. They didn't know that it's quite the contrary—that resemblance to a well-known player is really a handicap to the screen beginner.

WELL, when she was seventeen, the Loffs moved to Portland, Oregon. There she studied at a music conservatory—voice culture and the pipe organ. From that, it was just another step to playing the organ at the big picture houses there. She sang, now and then, in a prologue. And then she went to Hollywood.

No idea of entering pictures was in her mind. It was just a vacation. Naturally, she'd always wanted to see Hollywood close up—what girl doesn't? But what girl really expects to be suddenly offered a movie contract? And that's virtually what happened to Jeanette.

Just for fun, after several acquaintances she had met in Hollywood suggested it, she enrolled at several casting offices. She got a few small parts—and then somebody at Pathe noticed her, and before she knew it, she had a contract!

Now, with that, most girls

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 128]

At the right stands Dr. Mario Marafioti, noted voice specialist, with a chart of the human loud speaker. He says that the voice of Mr. Gilbert, left, can be fixed

"Gilbert's Voice *is all* Right"

By Dolores Foster

That's the verdict of Dr. Marafioti, noted specialist who is helping Hollywood sing and talk

JOHN GILBERT'S voice is all right!

So says Dr. P. M. Marafioti, noted throat specialist for opera stars and now in Hollywood.

"Jack Gilbert, with care and training, will speak as well from the screen as any actor you can name," says the doctor.

That settles that! And after noted technical experts of sound films said that Gilbert's voice would have to go as was!

Moreover, anybody can sing—if the mind responds to music—according to the doctor. Caruso's throat, his vocal apparatus,was not nearly as good as the average.

All throats are pretty much alike. And by learning a few mechanics you can warble as high as Ellen Beach Yaw or you can rumble "Rocked in the Cradle of the Deep" to your heart's content.

So believes Dr. Mario Marafioti who, wrapped up in a bundle of theories, has come to Hollywood to improve the voices of John Gilbert, Anita Page, Joan Crawford, Norma Shearer and all the others on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot.

He was, for years, throat specialist at the Metropolitan Grand Opera House and has had in his care such singers as Caruso, Chaliapin, Scotti, Ruffo, Galli-Curci, Emma Calve and Victor Maurel. It was the little Italian doctor who taught Gloria Swanson to sing. She had but fourteen lessons before she made "The Trespasser." His theories are as unique as they are simple, like all great theories.

"The average person binds himself up with interference," said the doctor. "He tightens his throat. He tightens all the muscles connected with singing. It is natural to speak well and flowingly. We hamper ourselves with unnaturalness. We do not relax. The average singing instructor takes a wrong viewpoint."

The doctor uses no unnatural methods. He simply kids his pupils along. He begins by having them read poetry in a foreign language that they do not understand. Then he has them read the same thing in English. At last the pupils sing the poem. He teaches them to relax completely, to remove all interference from the vocal cords, to let the voice pour out in an unrestrained manner. That's all.

"Opera, as such, is dead," said the doctor. "There will be only opera on the screen. It may take eight years or so before the great Wagnerian operas will be filmed, but it will come, and the wise studios are those that will prepare for that day by training boys and girls who, in three years, will be able to sing those scores.

"THE talent of the future is to be found in the choruses. Just yesterday a little girl came to me. I saw the possibilities of a marvelous contralto voice. I'm going to train that girl. She will not demand the salary of the already well established singers. In three years her voice will be as great as any."

And so another skilled scientist has come to Hollywood. The microphone makes strange demands. Now it has demanded voices. The studios stop at nothing to get them. The signing of Dr. Marafioti to a contract is one of the signs of the times. Most important of all, he has said that Jack Gilbert's voice can and will be perfected for the screen.

That, ladies and gentlemen, may be the answer to thousands of prayers of recent months.

The question of Gilbert's rather high-pitched voice has roused fandom recently. Sound experts, interviewed for this magazine, told us they feared that all their mechanical tinkering could do little for a voice with Gilbert's peculiar timbre. And that made us all unhappy!

Where mechanical science failed, medical science may step in and succeed. At least, we have Dr. Marafioti's assurance that with training, cultivation and care John Gilbert's speech will be a treat to the ear of his admirers.

Welcome to Hollywood, Doc!

STAR Names *that*

Well, did Jean Arthur steal "The Saturday Night Kid" from Clara Bow? Ever since PHOTOPLAY asked that simple question, in a headline over a story, the Bow Shock Battalions of Faithful Fans have hurled shot and shell at us. Clara's is one of the names that mean fight. This is a scene from that much-mooted picture

ARE the stars' fans loyal? Why, they'll fight a magazine writer at the drop of the mildest adjective

IN all the long and laughable history of the world no race of demi-gods has existed whose fame is so zealously and jealously guarded as the motion picture actors.

This makes writing pieces for magazines like PHOTOPLAY approximately as safe as chucking a Bengal tiger under the chin.

An outraged fan, her hair standing on end because of some fancied insult to her dream-star, makes a leopard a mere tabby-cat for the front parlor.

Sooner or later a writer is bound to run out of "superbs." He hunts around his desk and can't find a single "magnificent" among the chewed pencil-ends. There isn't a single "colossal" to be had, though he sends the boy out to borrow a couple from a press agent friend.

That's when it gets tough.

For then the writer is forced to make the actors human, with blood in their veins instead of toilet water and dream-oil. Then he either leaves town by the next freight, or on a rail, with feathers in his hair.

It is far safer to say in print that the President of the United States is a big clown than even to hint that Clara Bow is four ounces on the wrong side of the Howe scale.

THE classic crack of all time concerning harsh words is the Virginian's—"When you say that, Trampas, SMILE!"

Smile? Magazine writers howl with disarming laughter as they delicately suggest that competent listeners have said that Mr. John Gilbert's voice is not all our fancies painted it before the microphone arose and smote him across the larynx

We smile and say these matters of record in our most dulcet tones, and what do we get? Just another cargo of raspberries by fast freight. Oh, how we suffer! I am addressed as "Cock-Eyed Hall" by some irate subscriber because I daintily suggest that Miss Patty Patootie is a shade less divine than Sarah Bernhardt.

I tell you, it's hard on a sensitive, poetic guy.

There has never been a time in the history of pictures when there weren't star names that meant fight.

For the last couple of months there have been four that meant a public brannigan of the first water whenever they were mentioned in anything but a coo.

I pass the case of the immortal Garbo without comment. It has been gone into thoroughly in these pages before, and the

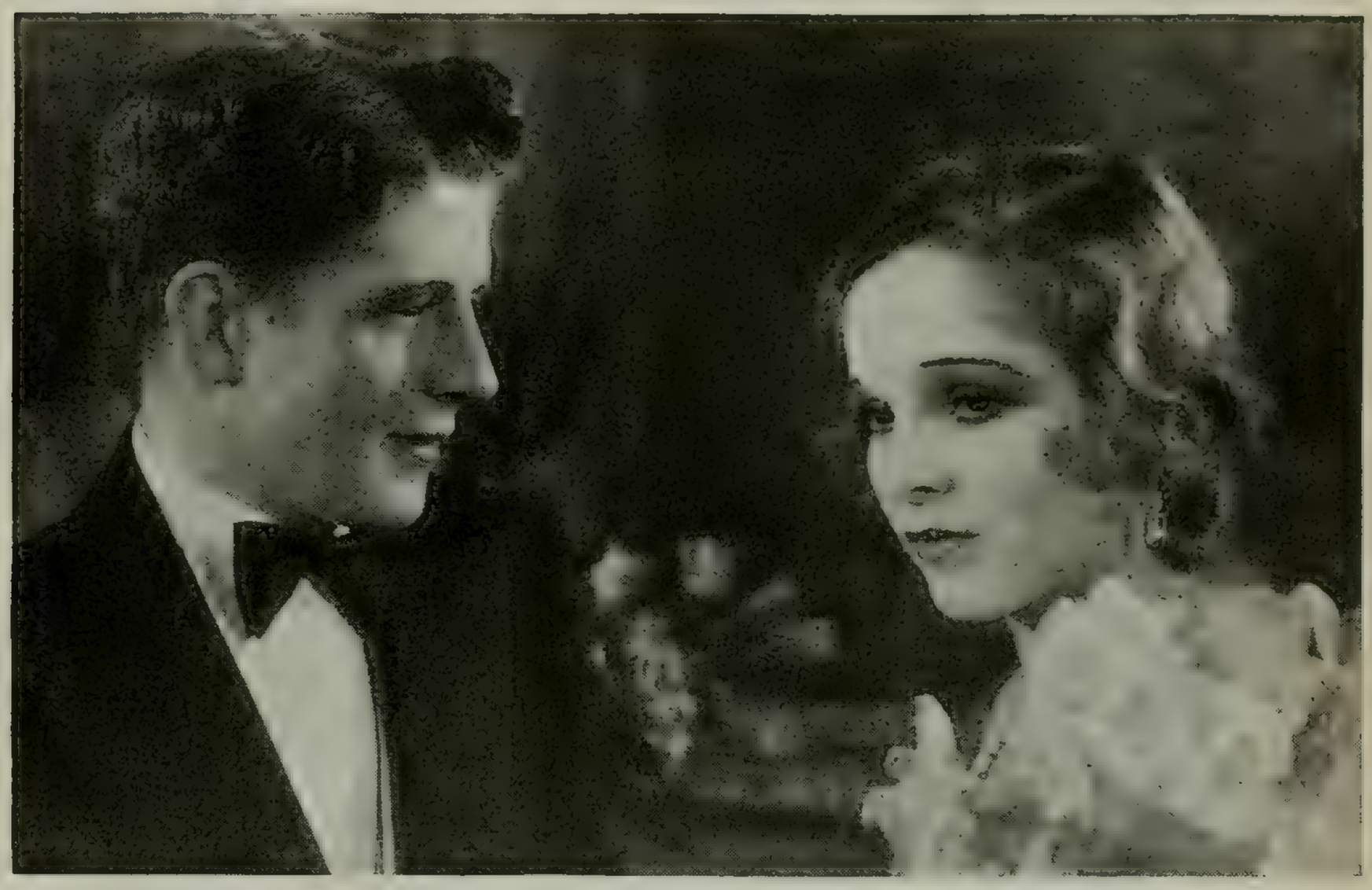
John Gilbert and Catherine Dale Owen in "His Glorious Night," Jack's talkie. His fans rushed to his defense after this unfortunate start

Mean FIGHT!

By

Leonard

Hall



Rudy Vallée, by way of radio and his talking picture, has won a legion of admirers and defenders among the fans. One even mild word at his expense brings their bullets about our ears like swarming bees. Here are Rudy and Sally Blane in "The Vagabond Lover"

THERE are four names that mean battle in the movies today. One word out of turn, and the brawl begins

Garbo, the incomparable. No one can say "boo" about Greta without getting several "bahs," and perhaps a punch in the nose, in return

eternal Garbo controversy brought out the classic slogan of all time from a young lady in Escanaba, Mich.: "There is one God—also one Garbo!"

This Garbo thing goes on forever. (Note to Garbo-maniacs—she is perfect! Now, please don't start anything!)

But she is not alone!

The other three that have taken twenty years off the tag-end of my life recently are:

Clara Bow.

John Gilbert.

Rudy Vallée.

The latest Bow battle began when we asked, in our sweetest tones, whether clever little Jean Arthur had stolen "The Saturday Night Kid" from Our Clara. It seems to me that the redhead was also spoken of as "plump."

Well, "plump" was a nice word. If we had been speaking of anybody but La Belle Bow we could have said "fat" and gotten away with it. But oh boy! And as for anybody stealing her picture! You'd have thought we'd formally accused Clara's fans of stealing mother's best spoons.

THE next day we were working in the cellar, with Bow fans screaming at the doors and stalking us when we went home, heavily guarded by police!

Does Clara Bow's name mean fight?

Listen to a few blasts by Bow fans:

A young lady in Houston, Tex., dips her quill in liquid fire and shoots this from the hip—"No, most emphatically NO, Jean Arthur did not steal Clara Bow's picture! With all due respect to Miss Arthur, she didn't and can't hold a candlelight to Clara!"

From Oklahoma City comes the cry, "Clara isn't too fat and her hair's beautiful! She's prettier than ever. If Miss Bow never has anyone but Jean Arthur in her pictures, she has nothing to worry about!"

And always the refrain—"You are always attacking Clara Bow! Let US be the critics of her pictures!"

Now, if there's ever been an "attack" on Clara Bow in this magazine, I'll engage to eat two hundred copies of the issue at high noon on any public square.

But to bitter-enders among the Bow fans, anything from a rumor to a hint is a headlong [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

Holly-

Meet Sylvia Ulbeck, ninety-eight pounds of human TNT, who kneads unneeded flesh from the stars

By Katherine Albert

Here is Sylvia herself—four feet, ten inches of blonde dynamite, and pretty enough to adorn pictures. She's tiny, but there's power in those hands, and a mighty will under that thatch of yellow hair, her clients say

A WILD and barbaric jazz melody poured from the high-powered radio in the office of Sylvia Ulbeck, Hollywood's most famous beauty expert and flesh-thumper.

"Why on earth do you keep that thing going all day long?" asked an innocent bystander with weak ears.

"That," said Sylvia, with a pretty smile, "is to drown out the screams of my patients."

For Sylvia treats 'em rough and makes 'em like it. She is the greatest pummeling and pounding expert of the film colony. Fat disappears under her magic fingers. Faces change their shape when she works on them. She is the beauty expert *extraordinaire.*

Stars beg for appointments. They await her convenience. For Sylvia is the vogue. Her name is on every lip. And they speak of her work in hushed tones. The players know that Sylvia is responsible for more film successes than any other woman on the Gold Coast.

Sylvia is a doctor, a psychologist, a stimulant, a *masseuse* all rolled into one. Without doubt she is the most amazing Hollywood personality off the screen. A human dynamo, a volcano of vigor and the *confidante* of half of Hollywood.

It is Sylvia who was responsible for Mae Murray's lithe, gorgeous figure, although she gets no credit for it, having sued Mae for back payments.

Without Sylvia, Mary Lewis, brilliant star of the Metropolitan, might never have signed a motion picture contract.

Exhibitors would not be clamoring for Alice White's films had not Sylvia completely remodeled her figure.

Everyone raved over the way Ina Claire looked in her first picture. "The camera has been kind to her," gossipers said.

It was not the camera that was kind to Ina. It was Sylvia who was cruel to her, who pinched the flesh away and tightened up every nerve and sinew in her face and body.

Gloria Swanson might not have made her spectacular come-back had it not been for Sylvia's all-powerful hands. Gloria is constantly in Sylvia's care and Sylvia travels with the star wherever she goes.

She has so much personality that when they needed a woman of small physique and determined purpose for a part in Gloria's next picture, they reached out and grabbed Sylvia for it. So you will probably see her in "What a Widow!"

The list of those who come to her is long and composed of famous names. Norma Shearer, Anna Q. Nilsson, Dorothy Mackaill, Jetta Goudal, Betty Bronson, Ruth Chatterton, Marion Davies, Ann Harding, Sally O'Neil, Kathryn Crawford, Norma Talmadge, Evelyn Brent, Laura La Plante, Hedda Hopper, Marie Dressler, Carmelita Geraghty, Marie Prevost and more—oh, many, many more.

Not only the women, but the men flock to her little office at the Pathe Studio where she is under contract.

One star arrived in fear and trembling for the first treatment.

Sylvia sniffed. "You've had a drink of whiskey," she said.

"Yes," answered the star, quaveringly. "They told me I would need it."

Sylvia started in on the rubbing and pummeling. When it was over the star staggered to her feet.

"I didn't need whiskey," she gasped. "What I should have taken was chloroform."

Sylvia doesn't play favorites. She takes it off or puts it on. She treats the nerves

wood's *Beauty* Sculptor

and the glands, building energy and health as well as beauty. And, for good measure, she throws in sound advice and brilliant wit.

New patients are sometimes surprised at the vigor and color of her language. But they have to stand for it. When they enter her salon they are just women, not stars or beauties.

There is hardly a perfect figure in Hollywood or anywhere, for that matter. Sylvia helps to make them perfect. She is, in her way, a great *artiste*, a great sculptor who deals with warm flesh and blood, rather than cold clay and marble. A pinch here. a dig there and—woosh!—another double chin is gone! Pummeling here, pounding there and—whoops!—those hips are as slender as reeds.

There is a superstition in Hollywood that there are no limitations of the human figure. Anything can be done. You can look exactly as you want to look if you can persuade Sylvia to work you completely over!

Even malformed bones can be camouflaged by this miracle worker of Hollywood. If you're bowlegged, Sylvia takes off the flesh on the outer part of the leg and builds it up on the inner, and an illusion is created. Sylvia is Old Lady Nature's first assistant.

ONE of her recent and amazing miracles was performed on Mary Lewis. Mary had a divine voice. Nobody could deny that, but her body was plump and her face was round as a dinner plate. At one time she had weighed more than 150 pounds. She was built along generous Wagnerian lines. When Mary arrived in Hollywood a mutual friend came to Sylvia and begged the wonder-worker to take her.

"I can't," wailed Sylvia. "I simply can't. I've too much to do. I work night and day as it is. I can't take another patient." For Sylvia is up at six every morning and she often treats straight through until midnight. She sometimes takes eleven or twelve patients a day.

"But Mary needs you so," the friend insisted. And that's Sylvia's weakness. If she feels that she is needed she gives her time and energy to extra girl and star alike. She feels that she has a mission in life. But she was adamant about Mary Lewis. She thought she could handle nobody else.

And then, one day, Mary came to her and she knew that it was necessary for her to take the singer.

Sylvia doesn't limit her magic hands to rubbing off weight. Here she is relieving the comical Eddie Quillan of a pain in the neck

Sylvia began her work and, as if by magic, the flesh disappeared under the tortuous treatment. For a massage from Sylvia is no Roman holiday. They pay a cruel price for beauty—these women who *must* be beautiful.

She rubbed and pinched and pounded. It was a long, agonizing process, but Mary Lewis had courage, and she stood it. Now she weighs about 128 pounds. But it was not alone her figure that stood the treatment. Sylvia changed that round, plump face into a heart-shaped one. She absolutely eliminated the protruding muscles, developed from singing, on Mary's jaw! All during the time that she was working with her, Sylvia's enthusiasm was limitless. She talked about Mary on the Pathe lot. She told how lovely she looked, and she did not allow her to take a camera test until she had finished her, until she had moulded her face and form as it should be moulded. The two adore each other. Sylvia loves Mary as a mother loves a child. And why shouldn't she? Did she not create her loveliness?

Mary Lewis was too fat. But Constance Bennett was too thin. When the eldest Bennett sister came back to Hollywood from Europe she was ill and wan and weighed only 94 pounds. But even so, her face was too square. Sylvia moulded her face and, at the same time, she built up her body. Constance, radiant and beautiful, now weighs 112 pounds. She has never looked lovelier.

Marie Prevost came to Sylvia not long ago. She wanted to be made over so that she could make a come-back in pictures. But she took the treatments lightly at first and would not follow Sylvia's instructions. "I won't take you," Sylvia said, "unless you do exactly as I say." And Marie knew Sylvia would carry out that threat, so she obeyed her after that without quibbling. For Sylvia is as temperamental as the stars themselves. She knows what she has to give. She knows that they need her more than she needs them.

Sylvia has found a surprising amount of courage among the stars. "They take the treatments like soldiers," she said. "For the most part they do not complain, and whenever they don't obey me they know I won't take them any more.

"I love the opera stars best because I'm so thrilled when I take off those ugly muscles on their faces. Mary

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 126]

When Mary Lewis, opera star, came to Hollywood she was a bit heavy for films. Sylvia is taking care of *that*

The Good-Luck Girl

Want to be a famous leading man? Play opposite Marion Davies and fortune will smile on you!

It wasn't until he played opposite Marion Davies in "The Cardboard Lover" that Nils Asther really became successful

When Harrison Ford was cast as Miss Davies' leading man in "Little Old New York" his fortune was made. Producers sought him, and he was set for a long, successful career

Ralph Graves was just another nice-looking boy until he was given a wig and told to play opposite Marion in the spectacular "Yolanda." Then he was demanded for many good rôles

Lawrence Gray wasn't going so hot, there for a time. But the romantic lead in "Marianne" with Marion fell into his lap, and since then he has been handed all sorts of nice jobs

Johnny Mack Brown's collegiate manner and good looks skyrocketed him to good jobs after his first big lead opposite Marion in "The Fair Co-Ed." Since then he has never lacked for real good rôles

Miriam Seegar and Reginald Denny in a scene from "What a Man!"

DISCOVERED— Reginald Denny!

By Elaine Ogden

The farce war-horse of Universal gets bigger and better in the talkies

ANY day now, if you're smart, you'll drop in to see a Sono-Art picture called "What a Man!"

It's a talkie farce, this baby—and a good one, packed with laughs from stem to stern. And in the leading rôle you'll see a handsome man wearing a chauffeur suit. His name will be Denny—*Reginald* Denny!

And if you're a real copper-riveted fan of the old school, you'll give three large cheers and be heaved out of the theater. For here is a veteran star of the pictures, living again and greater than any fan ever thought he'd be.

Reginald Denny, the old war-horse of Universal, has been discovered again by the talkies. He's shed ten years. He's busy, and he's happy, and producers are begging for him and his voice.

And here's the romantic tale of Denny's fall—and almost miraculous rise!

Reginald Denny knew he was through. Just completely washed up. Finished.

HE could, of course, go back to the stage in England. But his home is in California and so is the mountain cabin where he delights in entertaining his friends. He knew, however, that he could not keep on turning out bad pictures. His contract with Universal called for one year more, but suddenly, with one decisive gesture, he ended it. No money could pay him for being utterly bored with his work, sick and disgusted with his efforts. It was better to leave before the last year was finished. If he remained they might not even want him in England.

Thus Denny a few months ago.

For seven years he had been at Universal. Seven years grinding out pictures like so many cards of white buttons. Five pictures for five years. Then four a year. Farces. Light comedies. The same characterizations. The same situations. The same bits of business. He felt guilty when he gave his occupation as actor to the census taker. He wasn't an actor, he was a mechanic.

THEY called him temperamental. But Denny isn't that type. Too English, too conservative. He was fighting for existence on the screen. It was a losing battle.

Maybe you remember the last two pictures he made, just to finish out his program. They were called "Embarrassing Moments" and "One Hysterical Night." He knew they were bad, as you did. But you didn't make them. After all, they bore his name.

Once he made a final effort. There was a nice little story called "That's My Daddy" that he persuaded them to buy. While it was in the making he believed in it, but when he saw it completed he realized that the cutting and titles had ruined whatever charm it might have had.

"If this picture goes out like this I'll never make another," he said.

"But it's already been shipped to New York," they answered.

"Then get it back," said Denny. "I'm not bluffing about being through if this is released!"

They brought it back. It was re-edited and Denny was fairly well satisfied. But upon its return to New York wires came from the home office saying, "This is absolutely the worst Denny film that has ever been made." Immediately Reg went to Carl Laemmle, Senior. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 147]

The Ugly Duckling *Who*

THIS girl has everything. Rare beauty of face—complexion, coloring, hair, features. A lovely figure. Beautiful clothes, which she wears beautifully. A happy marriage. A more-than-promising career

Became a Great Beauty

Remember Pauline Starke, the plain little girl who played pathetic rôles in silent pictures? Here's the story of a Cinderella who became a beautiful Princess

By Janet French

The almost tragic child Pauline Starke used to be—the little actress who had to be content with obscure parts and scant praise. After she married Jack White she began to develop into the lovely girl on the opposite page

FUNDAMENTALLY, she has remained the same. Mrs. Jack White, who rides in a Rolls Royce and entertains in a beautifully appointed home in Beverly Hills is, at heart, the little Pauline Starke who did extra work and bits for Griffith and drove a hard bargain for her first cheap fur coat "on time."

It is the outer woman, and not the inner, that has changed.

In the old days you knew Pauline was a fine actress. You could look at her and tell she had pluck and will power and a capacity for hard, hard work.

But you never said, "Oh, isn't she beautiful?"

You called her interesting looking, perhaps, and at one time, when she affected a boyish bob, you might have added that she possessed distinction. She was never cast in lavish rôles where she wore gorgeous, glittering clothes, except once when she played in a very bad Elinor Glyn picture. She was invariably the brow-beaten, weepy heroine who, in rags and tatters, sat by the old hearthstone while the stunning blonde from the city walked off with her man.

And no girl has had more disappointments, professionally, more heartaches than Pauline. She achieved a share of success at Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and when her contract expired there, she became as forgotten as the people who arrive first at parties.

And then suddenly, as suddenness goes in the unaware city of Hollywood, she blossomed out into one of the most beautiful of all the beautiful women in filmdom.

You gasp when she comes into a room. She wears her clothes so well. Her figure is so lovely. But most of all you notice her face, a softly radiant face, womanly and calm. A few years ago you might have damned that same face by saying, as you do when you're forced to look at an old family album, "Er—she has character."

SUDDENLY there was something more than character in Pauline's face. Suddenly it possessed real, vital, deep, fascinating beauty, the kind that makes Hollywood murmur, "Oh, isn't she too lovely?"

The ugly duckling has become so beautiful that it makes a lump rise in your throat when you look at her.

And what has brought about this change? How has such a transformation taken place?

There are two reasons for it. One is utterly material. That is easy to talk about. The other is as mysterious as misery. And that is hard to tell.

The facts that meet the eye are these:

Pauline had often said to herself, as every daughter of Eve does, "I wonder how I'd look if I had blonde hair!" So when she was cast as a Norse maiden in "The Viking" and they told her she must wear a blonde wig, she said, "It would be better if I dyed my own hair and pinned on long braids."

IT was, of course, her own private alibi. She wanted to be a blonde for a while. The hair was dyed and, after several experiments, she decided upon a reddish-gold that does not look bleached and photographs a soft brown.

Her cheek bones are high and there are hollows in her cheeks, a natural formation of her face. In the old days cameramen used to worry over angles, for when her hair was black and was pulled out over her cheeks it accentuated the hollowness and cast a dark shadow. The reddish gold color doesn't do that. It takes away those hollows, for it does not contrast so severely.

Then she put on a little weight, which rounded out her figure. She took a great deal of care of herself, got plenty of sleep and outdoor exercise.

This is what she tells you when you ask what has brought about the change. But this isn't all. Just the dyeing of her hair, the putting on of a little weight, the acquiring of a transparent complexion, does not account for the glory in her eyes, the radiance that shines out from her.

When you talk to her husband, Jack White, he says: "Certainly Pauline is beautiful now, and I did it." That, in a way, is the answer. But the story goes deeper than that.

I recall one afternoon, several years ago, when I dropped in at Pauline's house to chat. Mildred Harris came in later and we had tea. Pauline looked over the table and said, "But mother, there isn't any lemon." [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 143]

Lucky Girl

By
Grace Mack
&
Will Chappel

INTERVIEWED in her Rolls-Royce, Miss Dawn said: "I think everybody is searching for happiness—don't you? Some people are just luckier than others about finding it."

"Yourself, for instance," said the interviewer. "You have *everything.*"

"Yes," agreed the girl whose name had burned up thousands of amperes in front of theaters all over the country. "I—have everything."

Most of the time she convinced herself that this was true. Certainly she had every proof.

When she went into a shop they would sell her anything on credit, because she was Doreen Dawn. For her to wear an evening gown, a sports frock, a hat, was to *make* the designer of it. If she used a cream, a powder, a perfume, its success was assured.

Her repeated presence at a restaurant or night club guaranteed its popularity. One shrewd manager always kept a table reserved for her, and the orchestra had standing orders to play that popular waltz hit, "Doreen," the moment she entered.

Admiration trailed her wherever she went. "Lucky girl," they said when they glimpsed her blonde head through the windows of her limousine. Girls less fortunate stared after her enviously and longed to touch the ermine of her wrap.

Hers was one of Hollywood's Cinderella sagas—the story of an unknown girl who had found a short cut to stardom through marriage with a great producer. Ben Silvers' financial arms were so strong that with one gesture he had lifted her high up the ladder which the world calls fame. He idolized her. She had merely to look up at him from under those long plaintive lashes and say: "Daddy, I want this—or this—*or this*," and it was hers.

She loved him in a way. Had it not been for him, she might have been punching a time clock as a stenographer or a saleslgirl. She might have been living in a dismal hall bedroom instead of the Spanish castle, atop Hollywood's highest hill. She was grateful for all he had done for her. She did, indeed, have everything. But sometimes when the moon was full, sometimes when the pungent fragrance of acacia blossoms stole through her window, she wished that he were a few years younger, that the flesh on his cheeks were firmer, and that his mouth did not always taste of cigars.

The Spanish castle was his latest tribute to Doreen. "*Mediterranean,*" the architect had called it. "*Illegitimate Castilian*" would, perhaps, have been more appropriate. It had that conspicuous richness which picture money buys so easily. Rare old tapestries. Soft velvet hangings. Antique furniture, some of it suspiciously Grand Rapids. Ornate bathrooms.

BUT, most conspicuous of all, was the swimming pool.

"I want something beautiful and exotic," the great producer had told the contractor, "something with *class*—know what I mean? Something that'll make all these other pools around here look like a bunch of cheap swimming holes."

"Colored tile, I presume," said the contractor. "How about a cool jade green?"

"Green's too ordinary," scoffed the producer. "I want gold!"

How lucky WAS this spoiled little queen who ruled all but one heart?

Doreen, wearing her fantastic gold-sequined bathing suit, studied Clyde's girl. She wore a cheap little crepe frock. But envy stabbed Doreen as Clyde looked at his sweetheart

The contractor quickly took the cue. "Oh, something in the Greco-Roman style?"

"Now you're talking." Mr. Silvers' enthusiasm kindled. "*Greco-Roman*. That's what I want—with a gold fountain in the middle," he said. "And some nude figures up on top of the fountain, and a place below like a seashell where my wife can sit and let the water splash over her." He had confused Greco-Roman with *De Millean*.

THE contractor knew his racket. "The fountain will certainly be original," he agreed. "But, if you will permit me to say so, Mr. Silvers, you would secure a much more *exotic* effect," he purposely used the producer's pet word, "by placing it at the far end of the pool and on a higher level, so that the water cascades down the steps." He sketched a design on the back of an envelope to show Mr. Silvers just what he meant.

"O. K.," agreed Mr. Silvers, visualizing a miniature Niagara.

"Now about lights—I want colored lights concealed along the sides of the pool and on the bottom, so that at night the water will shimmy like waves—see?"

"Yes," agreed the dazed contractor, "lights would produce an iridescent effect. Of course you understand that will run into money—"

Mr. Silvers' shrug indicated this was quite unimportant. "No amount of money is too much to spend on a home," he said emphatically. "This place has cost me a hundred grand already, but what I mean is, no amount of money is too much to spend on a home."

The contractor agreed that anything for the home was a good investment.

And so Mr. Silvers' golden pool out-Romaned the Romans. Like a lake of clear amber it nestled in the velvety green of the hillside, and at night, when the lights were on, it shimmered with a phosphorescent glow.

But, ironically enough, the gorgeous girl whom Ben Silvers was glorifying could not swim!

Very decorative she was, in a bathing suit of golden sequins which would have been more at home on a musical comedy mermaid. She lolled in the hollow of the gold seashell, dimpling playfully at her admiring husband, as the water from the fountain cascaded. But the novelty of this soon wore off.

"Daddy," she asked at the conclusion of her first swimming party, "don't you think I ought to take swimming lessons?"

"Sure! I'll have a man here tomorrow."

At the Athletic Club, where the producer occasionally played poker, he found Clyde Berg, who had been recommended to him as one of the best instructors on the Coast.

"How much do you make here?"

"Twenty-five dollars for three afternoons a week."

"I'll give you thirty-five to come up to my pool and teach my wife, Doreen Dawn, how to swim."

Mr. Silvers merely noticed that young Berg was athletic looking and seemed to know his business.

Doreen was more observing. She first saw Clyde standing at the edge of the pool, clad in a one-piece tank suit. As she looked him over appreciatively, she experienced a thrill, new to her.

"This is my wife—Miss Dawn." Mr. Silvers introduced them.

"How-do-you-do," she said, trying to force her eyes from his supple, hard young body, so broad-shouldered, yet so narrow-loined.

"Berg here says he can teach you to swim and dive in ten lessons, sweetheart." Though he never went in the water himself, Mr. Silvers was attired in a black and green bathing suit and a batik dressing gown which gapped open and revealed his thin, blue-veined legs.

AS Doreen's gaze wandered to her husband, then back to Clyde, she was thinking: "God certainly does play favorites." Aloud, she said: "Do you think I will be an apt pupil, Mr. Berg?" She flashed him the devastating Doreen Dawn smile which had caused so many screen casualties.

Now that she looked at his face she saw that he had a clean cut, almost rugged beauty; a profile which might have graced a Florentine cameo, and unruly blond hair which fell into a crisp ringlet over one eye. Yes, he really was handsome—in an unstandardized way. She was acutely conscious of a desire to run her hands along the satin smoothness of his bronzed torso.

"I am sure you will be, Miss Dawn," he said politely. His eyes traveled from her face to her bathing suit; not boldly, but with a certain boyish shyness which amused and delighted

The story of a lucky girl who had everything—but love

As Doreen, yellow-haired, and wearing her famous suit of golden sequins, lolled on her throne beside the pool, she looked every inch a queen. But there was hunger in her heart

Doreen. Learning to swim was going to be much more interesting than she had anticipated. "But your suit," he said rather hesitantly, as though fearful of displeasing her, "I'm afraid you'll have to change to something else."

"What's the matter with it?" demanded Mr. Silvers before Doreen could speak. "Why, that suit cost me plenty. I had it specially designed for her. It took three women more than a month to sew on all those little gold scales. There's not another bathing suit like it in the world."

CLYDE did not need to be told that. "It's beautiful," he admitted, "but she can't *swim* in it. Plain wool's the thing to swim in."

Doreen, to her husband's surprise, was willing to change. "Mr. Berg ought to know best, daddy."

In a few moments she reappeared, clad in a regulation swimming suit. "That's better," said Clyde as she stepped gingerly into the shallow end of the pool.

Mr. Silvers lighted a fresh cigar, and lounged luxuriously in the gay striped hammock alongside the pool. He intended to see that his thirty-five dollars were well spent.

"The first thing to learn is absolute self-confidence in the water," explained Clyde academically. "You can't sink. Remember that. Now—just relax. Try to get the sensation of lying on the water—like on a bed. Head back . . . that's right. Bring the legs up. You *can't* sink."

The water was warm, but a slight shiver trembled down Doreen's exquisite body as Clyde's hand touched her bare back. She laughed nervously, lost her poise, and clutched at him as she felt herself going under. The lean, silky feel of a water otter could have been no smoother than Clyde's slim waist.

"Relax," he ordered brusquely. "Keep your hands at your sides—your legs straight out."

People simply did not order Doreen about like that. She looked up at him in astonishment.

"Try it again," he said; and she found herself obeying him.

"Don't you teach the breast stroke?" called Mr. Silvers, who thought it was time for more action.

"No—just the crawl," replied Clyde, directing Doreen over to the side of the pool. "Hang here with your hands," he ordered, "your face down."

He caught hold of her feet [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 156]

They *Think* Alike!

He Likes Jazz Records

Garbo and Chaney, the Sphinxes of Culver City, are mystery twins

By

Cal York

She Doesn't Wear Jewelry

OF all the people in the world whose names would be brought together in analytical comparison, it would seem that Greta Garbo and Lon Chaney would be the very last.

And yet, strange as it may seem, they are curiously alike in so many respects that a weighing of their enigmatical personalities is inevitable.

To begin with, Garbo and Chaney occupy the most unique positions in the motion picture industry, both having carved niches of their own, won fame for characterizations so individual and distinct that their names have become dictionary synonyms.

Garbo neither answers fan mail nor sends fan pictures.

Chaney doesn't even read his fan letters.

Both Garbo and Chaney are as much a mystery in Hollywood as in Grand Rapids. They attend no parties. Shun premières. Make no personal appearances and see their own pictures only by sneaking in and out of darkened theaters to avoid recognition.

Garbo guards her private life jealously. Yes, her parents were obscure Swedish people. But that is all that is known of them. Chaney's parents were deaf mutes. And that suffices so far as he is concerned.

When Garbo finishes her day's work and leaves the lot, no one has the least idea where she may be found ten minutes or ten hours later.

Chaney takes off his make-up and, so far as the studio knows, vanishes in thin air until due on the set the next day.

BOTH look entirely different off the screen and could walk, side by side, down Hollywood boulevard in broad daylight without being recognized. Chaney, always modestly attired in a conservative suit, horned-rimmed glasses and a peaked cap, might be taken for a shipping clerk.

Garbo strolls in a rakish felt hat with a wide, turned-down brim, and cloaked in a mannish balmacan that might proclaim her a nurse out for a breath of fresh air.

Both live in rented houses.

Both are thrifty, living economically, indulging in few luxuries not available to any working man or woman.

Both abhor ostentation.

Both are devastatingly frank in conversation and mince no words.

Both say "No" frequently and "Yes" seldom.

Both are more interested in work than anything else and are sticklers for punctuality, in arriving on the set promptly—and leaving promptly.

Both choose their friends outside of motion pictures.

Both are fond of the ocean.

Both keep entirely out of Hollywood news happenings.

Both are credited with enormous publicity space and neither has a press agent.

Both make themselves up and sit in story and costume conferences for their pictures.

Both like jazz phonograph records and newsreels.

Both drive the same kind of car.

Both are amateur photographers.

Both like raw spinach salad and anchovies.

Both are dog lovers.

Both are avid readers of good books.

Both study languages.

Both have secret telephone numbers.

Both hate jewelry.

Lon Chaney and Greta Garbo

—have worked on the same lot for five years
—shun publicity and public appearances
—answer no fan mail
—admire each other's work
—drive the same kind of car
—love the sea and solitude
—dominate every picture they appear in
—live in rented houses

And Are Only Bowing Acquaintances!

CHANEY cannot, by any imagination, be called handsome and Garbo's famous profile is not beautiful according to accepted artistic standards. Yet both possess magnetic personalities that overwhelm any physical disparity.

It is a known fact in motion picture circles that Garbo and Chaney alone are perhaps the only two stars who dominate every picture in which they appear. No matter the story, [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 130]

NEWS!—VIEWS!—*of* Stars

While some people are still rummaging for last summer's bathing suit, Hollywood is plunging about in the ocean. June Collyer, now a Paramount actress, waving to come on in—the end of the pier is fine!

P. and A.

A spry little old gentleman who now finds himself, to his surprise, a king of the talking screen. Mr. and Mrs. George Arliss as they looked on their recent return from a holiday in Merrie England

EVERYTHING is all sunshine and happiness at the Grant Withers-Loretta Young home.

The apartment is one of the most beautifully furnished in Hollywood and the bride and groom are as happy as if there had been no trouble over the wedding. What is more, Loretta's mother has forgiven all. The other day Loretta had invited guests over for dinner, but had forgotten that it was the cook's night off.

In a panic she called her mother, who came to the apartment and cooked the best meal that has been served there since the marriage.

Even Sally Blane and Polly Ann Young, her sisters, are reconciled.

IF it were not for the word "ironic" we'd just give up writing about Hollywood, for here's a real little sob story, even if it did have a happy ending.

When Grant Withers and Loretta Young came back from Arizona, after their elopement, Loretta's mother took steps to have the marriage annulled. That day Grant and Loretta were working in a picture together. They played love scenes, no doubt among the most poignant ever filmed, for they believed that their gorgeous happiness was crashing about their heads.

Around Loretta's neck, on a ribbon, was her wedding ring. She could not wear it in the picture and she did not know then that she would ever wear it again.

They believed that the law was not to allow them to adore each other, but before the camera they might pour forth their love.

CONSTANCE BENNETT and Eric Von Stroheim were doing a love scene in "Three Faces East."

"Now," said the director, "I want a little more hot stuff in this scene. Kiss her like you meant it, Von."

Von did.

They listened to the play-back.

"Wait a minute," said the director. "What was the snapping sound I heard?"

"That," said Connie, "was the third vertebra in my neck."

A LITTLE old gentleman—with a mincing step, and monocle in eye—came down the gang-plank of a trans-Atlantic liner in New York not long ago.

And a hint of a tear glistened in his unglazed eye.

The little old gentleman was Mr. George Arliss, whose amazing film success with "Disraeli" has almost made him forget his beloved theater. And the tear was in his eye because, for the first time in thirty years, "Hinky Bits Hail Columbia" was not along!

That (for Heaven's sake!) is the name of the Arliss parrot, probably the most beloved bird in the world. A harsh and unfeeling government has refused to allow pollys, pretty or otherwise, to enter this country since the psittacosis scare.

So Hinky-and-so-on had to be left in England.

GOSSIP!— *and* Studios

By Cal York

P. and A.

The spooks of *Falcon Lair*, Valentino's hilltop home, have been laid! A beautiful view of the house, now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Harry Carey. Harry found out why the ghosts were so active there

P. and A.

Harry Carey, now living in *Falcon Lair*, the Valentino house, holding a spook-maker. Electricians found that hidden wires and batteries produced the weird lights and noises that haunted the house

"Here I am," Arliss told the press, "a broken-hearted man! I had expected to put a very nice play on the legitimate stage. Now I shall hurry to Hollywood, make a talking picture, and hurry back to my parrot."

But there was a twinkle in the eye of the little old gentleman as he told this to the press—with a very solemn face.

OH me, oh my!

Do ambulances clang, doctors rush, and yes-girls scream?

Clara Bow cut her finger on a broken bottle while playing in a drug-store scene for her navy picture.

She was rushed to a hospital.

And the newspaper story gravely and naively said—

"Physicians thought they could save Miss Bow's hand from deformity."

HOLLYWOOD was having one of its silly nights.

Searchlights played on the heavens and swept the skies.

There were dozens of them. Ground was being broken for a new hotel!

A cynical old Broadway actor looked up at the sky.

"Ah well," he sneered, "another Hollywood mother is lighting the candle in the window for her wayward son!"

AT a quiet sanatorium away from Hollywood, Renee Adoree is trying to regain her health and strength.

She has been ailing for some months, and tried a trip to Mexico, but it didn't help.

She went to work in Ramon Novarro's latest picture, and a doctor was on the set with her most of the time.

Physicians say she will be all right if she rests and takes care of herself.

She will be at the sanatorium until August, at least.

Poor little Renee, who might have been one of the greatest stars.

Like the girl in Mike Arlen's book, "she is never let off anything."

THE tantrums of Mae Murray and Pola Negri are now forgotten, for Hollywood has its Mary Nolan.

The Nolan girl has torn Universal limb from limb. She has passed fighting talk to everyone from Carl Laemmle down to the boy who waters the elephants. She has demanded, raged, stormed, and caused more trouble than a hundred ordinary actresses.

U had faith in her, and nursed her along, but an open break came during the making of "What Men Want," and Pauline Starke replaced her in the lead.

Mary Nolan has been hounded to here and back.

She's had a tough life, and the Frank Tinney trouble, when she was Imogene Wilson, would have completely licked a weaker girl.

Mary, however, stood up under the rough handling, and everyone's been giving her a hand for her success at Universal.

A good look at the man lucky enough to be married to Evelyn Brent. The star and her director-husband, Harry Edwards, talking it over while having a spot of oolong and a few of the little beaver-board cakes so popular today

The smallest manicure set in Hollywood, and probably in the world, according to Sally Blane. Sally allows it can be palmed in the hand, worn around the neck as a pendant, and probably carried in the shoe. Handy, she says

Then, with bad advice from a gentleman friend and her own spirit of fight, the Universal trouble has come. It is now reported that things have been patched up, and that she will go back to work.

Mary Nolan has been making a big mistake with these bitter scenes.

She's not a big enough actress to get away with that sort of thing.

She is still showing promise, and that's all. If she's smart, she'll settle down and work hard, and get in the big money.

There's danger in all this temperament business.

Studios won't stand it now-a-days. A little more, and the Nolan will be out before she's really in!

THE book "Ex-Wife" was banned from the screen. They made it anyhow and called it "The Divorcee." The billing reads like this: "Taken from a novel by Ursula Parrott." It doesn't say what novel.

And speaking of "ex's" reminds us that some old meanie has dubbed Clara Bow the "Ex-it Girl."

WILL she be another Joan Lowell—expectorating figure-eights in the wind and learning to box a compass before she knows how to bead her eye-lashes?

That's what we're wondering about young Dolores Barrymore, the baby daughter of John and Dolores Costello. Before she was born, John, pulling hard for a son, announced that the infant would go nautical at an early age—sailing the South Seas with mamma and papa on the new *Infanta*.

Barrymore recovered quickly from his first shock at the sex of the new Barrymore, and was very pleased. The girl weighed seven pounds, nine ounces, when she made her earthly début, and is said to be lusty.

Dolores is John's second daughter. His first, Diane, was born of his marriage to the lady whose pen name is Michael Strange, and who is now Mrs. Harrison Tweed, of New York.

THE mystery that has shrouded for years the big house on the high hill is ended.

Falcon Lair, the castle in the clouds of the late Rudolph Valentino, was never haunted at all. An explanation for the weird lights that flashed on and off in the deserted house, the eerie tappings and the unearthly sound of wings in the dead of night, has been found.

The first tenant of *Falcon Lair* in four years, Harry Carey, has uncovered an amazing secret.

It all came about by the discovery of a maze of electrical wire that surrounded a chimney.

The wires were found back of a built-in bookcase and finally led to a bedroom below, and thence to a hitherto unknown compartment beneath the house.

In this room there was a large box, the terminal of all the strange wiring, quite independent of the house current.

ONE of the many caretakers in the strange history of this long deserted mansion was a spiritualist with a following. In the dead of night seances were held. During these seances the spirit of Valentino, garbed in his sheik raiment, was made to appear from a huge cabinet. The strange lights aided in the illusion.

Pale blue and green lights flashed mysteriously on and off throughout the house.

Another mystery was revealed when Carey found the source of the tapping and flapping of wings.

One day he chanced to find a door, overgrown by dank shrubbery.

When he opened it there was a rush of bats.

But even now when the mysteries are revealed there is a steady stream of sightseers to *Falcon Lair*.

Carey has been forced to keep the gates locked to keep out souvenir hunters.

However, the Careys are not overly-fond of the place, even when they know it isn't haunted. When their lease expires they are moving back to their ranch.

At least the mystery house has been given a clean bill of health.

Acme

Hollywood-bound, and full of smiles, Mr. and Mrs. Adolphe Menjou stand on the deck of the *Majestic* and give the photographers both barrels! While in Paris, 'Dolphe made a talkie in French and English, and lost his appendix, too

Just about the prettiest picture of a pretty girl we could find among several thousand samples submitted by the glib press agents. This is little Helen Twelvetrees as she looks in Pathe's musical circus picture, "Swing High"

CHARLES "Big Boy" Bickford has been proving a handful around Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer.

The trouble with Bickford is that while other actors were spending their film earnings for Rolls-Royces, he was investing his money in paying properties, like gas stations, fishing boats and markets.

The big red-head is so well-heeled that he can really afford to kick over the traces.

He doesn't like to hit the deck at eight in the morning, and if he doesn't care to work nights, he won't.

Metro delicately pointed out that his contract allowed for night work—whereupon Charlie offered to buy back the paper for $100,000.

What's to be done with an actor like that? It puts the company on the spot, because he's been such a hit in pictures they don't want to let him get away to another outfit that will promise him bankers' hours.

It's all Bickford's fault for saving his money, and let it be a lesson to all actors!

MONTHLY optimism note:

It is reported that Mistinguette, French music hall star famous for her beautiful legs, expects to startle Hollywood.

Listen, Misty! You might as well bring a half-dozen oranges out there, in a brown paper bag!

THE Rudy Vallée hysteria, as this is written, continues to rage.

He still has New York women in a frenzy.

His book, "Vagabond Dreams Come True," kicked up dust. Men kidded it some, but it has had a grand sale.

Rudy and his band helped it along by playing concerts in big department stores, after which Vallée autographed copies.

His mother and dad attended one of these at Wanamaker's, and tears rolled down Pop Vallée's cheeks as the boy paid his respects to his parents in well-chosen words. Mother stayed dry-eyed.

Oddly—or is it?—Rudy receives more fan mail from mothers and middle-aged or young women than from the flaps. They want to mother him, probably.

It's all very nice.

MY mushy old heart was taken way back, not long ago. Lou Tellegen got married, for the fourth time. And Geraldine Farrar, once the darling of the opera, gave out a statement to the press.

The Tellegen-Farrar romance, born in the Lasky studio in Hollywood fourteen years ago, was a sensation. They played together in big pictures.

She then ruled the Metropolitan opera.

But it didn't last. Tellegen, for the last few years, has been fussing around in unsuccessful stage shows. Age is creeping up on him.

And the beloved Gerry?

She's forty-eight now, and singing in concert—still beautiful, with her grey hair.

This is her only comment on the new Tellegen wedding:

"Tellegen and I have gone our separate ways. I have no interest in his marriage whatsoever!"

And that's all that is left of a mighty love affair of not so terribly long ago!

What a futile, silly sort of world it is!

NOW and then something happens in Hollywood that is just too much for Cal's calloused noodle.

The latest is Janet Gaynor's reported walkout on the leading feminine rôle in "Liliom."

Why she did it, if she did, Heaven only knows. The part, in this great Molnar play, is a plum [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 94]

What was *the* Best Picture of 1929?

It's up to you! Balloting begins this month for the tenth annual award of The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal, Filmland's Nobel Prize

BALLOTING begins this month to choose the best picture released during the year 1929.

To the producer of the film so chosen goes the tenth annual award of The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal of Honor—the most sought after prize in the motion picture world.

What the famous Pulitzer Prize is to literature and the drama, The PHOTOPLAY Gold Medal is to the film world. But whereas the Pulitzer awards are made by juries of professional critics and of artists, the PHOTOPLAY Medal is given by your ballots alone. It is truly the voice of the people that chooses the best picture of the year.

It is your privilege to help make this great award. For your convenience a ballot is printed below. Use it. Below, also, is a list of fifty outstanding pictures released last year. Your choice is by no means limited to these. Any picture released during 1929 is eligible and the balloting for the award for 1929 is especially interesting and significant for two reasons.

First, it marks the tenth anniversary of the founding of this great annual event. No doubt you have followed the Medal awards, but to refresh your memories the honored list of splendid pictures is printed in the box at the right.

Truly a noble line of photoplays. Each, we feel, marked the high point of its particular year. The list is a graphic, concise history of the onward march of the motion picture. From the beautiful, touching "Humoresque" to the tender, rich "Four Sons" of 1928, the pictures have been worthy of the honor they have received.

Second, this year you will be called upon to choose the first talking picture to be honored.

In 1929 the motion picture industry was reborn, with sound. New values, new points of view, a new technique, all came in with the microphone. New stars appeared in the photoplay heavens, and many of the old disappeared, or began to fade.

This adds a fresh tang to the balloting that commences with this issue. We feel sure that the same wisdom and good taste that you have displayed in making past awards will govern the choice of the first phonoplay to receive the Medal.

From the beginning we have asked that in awarding the PHOTOPLAY Medal, personalities be forgotten, and that all aspects of a picture be considered. The chosen picture should be preeminent in story, in direction, and in acting; it should be distinguished by the motive, intent and spirit behind its making.

The PHOTOPLAY Medal of Honor is of solid gold, weighing 123½ pennyweights and is two and one-half inches in diameter. Each medal is designed and made by Tiffany and Company.

And now to the choice! May it be the worthiest!

Winners of Photoplay Medal

1920
"Humoresque"

1921
"Tol'able David"

1922
"Robin Hood"

1923
"The Covered Wagon"

1924
"Abraham Lincoln"

1925
"The Big Parade"

1926
"Beau Geste"

1927
"7th Heaven"

1928
"Four Sons"

Fifty Pictures Released in 1929

Alibi
Blackmail
Broadway
Broadway Melody, The
Bulldog Drummond
Canary Murder Case, The
Case of Lena Smith, The
Close Harmony
Cock Eyed World, The
Coquette
Dance of Life, The
Desert Song, The
Disraeli
Doctor's Secret, The
Dynamite
Fashions in Love
Four Feathers, The
Gold Diggers of Broadway
Hallelujah
Hollywood Revue of 1929
In Old Arizona
Iron Mask, The
Kiss, The
Lady Lies, The
Last of Mrs. Cheyney, The
Letter, The
Love Parade, The
Madame X
Marianne
On with the Show
Our Modern Maidens
Pagan, The
Paris Bound
Rio Rita
Saturday Night Kid, The
Shopworn Angel, The
Show Boat
Sins of the Fathers
Sunny Side Up
Sweetie
Taming of the Shrew
They Had to See Paris
Thunderbolt
Trespasser, The
Trial of Mary Dugan, The
Virginian, The
Weary River
Wild Orchids
Woman of Affairs, A
Young Nowheres

Photoplay Medal of Honor Ballot

EDITOR PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
221 W. 57th Street, New York City

In my opinion the picture named below is the best motion picture production released in 1929.

_____
NAME OF PICTURE

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

"I'm No Ladies' Man!"

"And I can lick the guy that says I am!" thunders Mr. Dix

By Elliot Martin

Mr. Richard Dix, or "Knockout" Dix, in a belligerent frame of mind. His perfect bachelor repose —with pipe and slippers—has been shattered by someone calling him a sheik

WHAT touched it off was a perfectly innocent question I put to him.

"Tell me," I asked hopefully, "just how you knock all these gorgeous beauties dead like that? Just as man to man, what IS your—ah—technique?"

His pearl stud almost hit me on the chin as he stiffened.

"Tell you WHAT?" he asked, registering astonishment.

"Tell me what makes you such a sheik—such a lady-killer," I explained.

"Who? ME? Me a lady-killer?" he roared. "Say, what the hell are you talking about, anyway?"

"Well look here, Dix," I explained; "you know tootin' well that you've got the reputation of being one of the best catch-as-catch-can lovemakers in Hollywood. Why, I personally know of at least—lemme see—six girls you've been reported engaged to, counting the current one, and—"

"Now look here," thundered Dix, shaking his right forefinger under my nose; "you look here! ! I'm sick and tired of all that —that—stuff. I'm fed up on being pictured as what I'm not! I've—"

"But what about Lois Wilson?" I peeped.

"We were just good friends, Lois and I. My 'engagement' to her was just another of these so-and-so lies that have gotten things into such a state that I'm even given the air at parties because husbands and brothers are afraid to have me meet their wives! I—"

"AND Mary Brian?" I ventured.

"—am NOT a lady-killer. I am—"

"Or Charlotte Byrd. Or Alyce Mills," I enumerated.

"—NOT a sheik. It's all wrong. Why, every time I turn —"

"And what about Marceline Day?" I insisted.

"—around, somebody or some press-agent or some reporter or some gossip has me engaged to some other girl. Anybody'd think I have nothing to do but run around giving away engagement rings! ! !"

"Why, even now," I told him, "the papers all over the country have you engaged to Maxine Glass, haven't they? Is it true?"

"I have nothing to say," said Dix.

"Which means?—" I urged.

"It means that I HAVE NOTHING TO SAY!" he boomed.

"Oh, all right, all right. But what about this story I read about your slipping in unseen and hanging a diamond engagement ring on her Christmas Tree?" I demanded. "Was that true, or just a publicity stunt you pulled?"

"I," HE said, glaring at me like I was the villain in the piece and he the hero in the last act, "don't do things like that for publicity. That is a lie—a ump-ump lie! !" Only he didn't say ump-ump; he said two other words. "And what's more, we may as well have this out right now. I want you to get me straight.

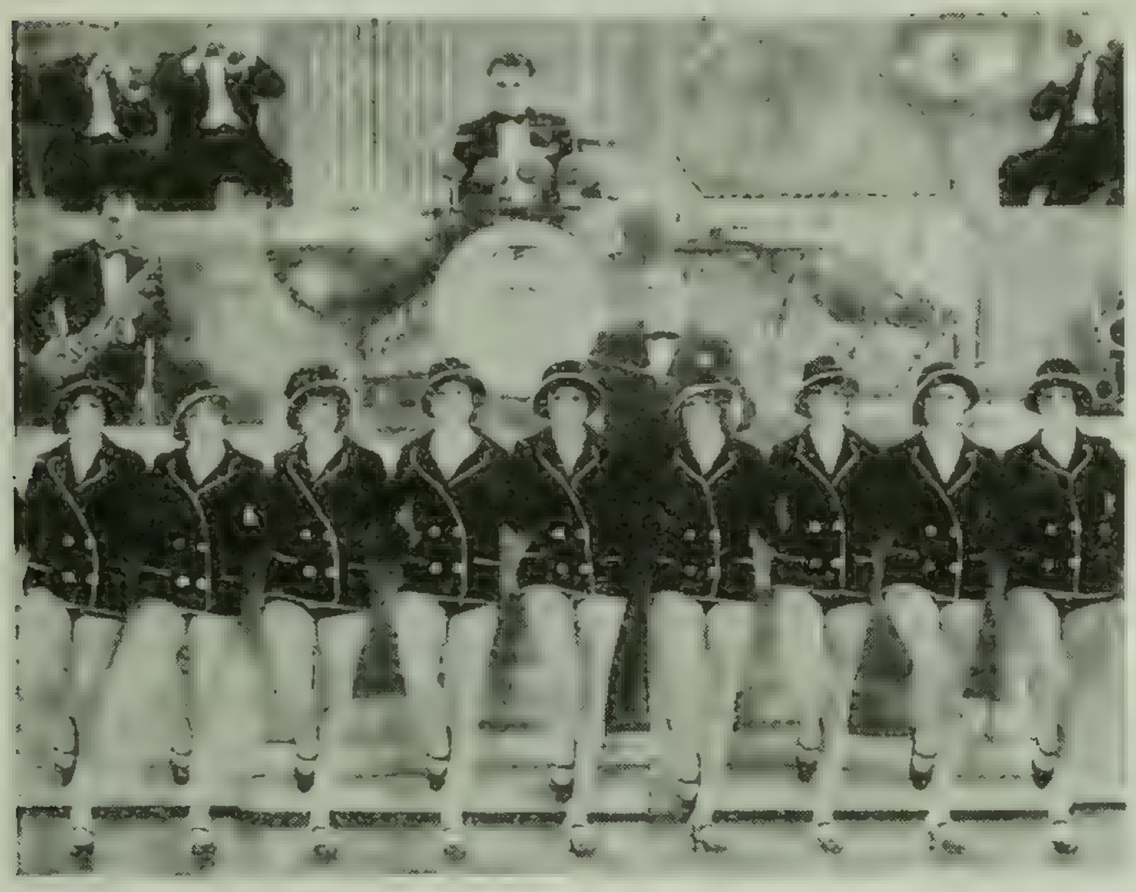
"All these stories about my being a lady-killer, and getting engaged to seventy-one girls and giving away a diamond ring every other week all belong in the same category with the press-agent hooey that's been peddled about until people think I'm so gooey that I'm sticky! Do I look like a sheik? Do I look like a sap? Do I look like a sucker? Do I look like a sheik, I ask you?

"Look at this funny nose of mine. Look at this mug! Could I be a lady-killer with this?"

There being nothing to say, I said it. Dix went on.

"I'm fed up, I tell you. And I'm going to tell you some facts right now, and smash the daylights out of a whole lot of things that have been whispered and shouted and printed about me—stories about my personal affairs, and stories about my work.

"In the first place, I sort of believe that all this 'sheik' gossip about me dates back to my friendship with Valentino. This has never been printed before. Rudy and I became friends when he was getting five dollars [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 117]



☆ *KING OF JAZZ—Universal*

HERE'S that Paul Whiteman revue at last—and when fans fight over which revue is best, this will have heavy backing! Two factors greaten it—Whiteman's music, and the daring innovations wrought for the screen by Stage Director John Murray Anderson. In color, lighting, spectacle and photography he has opened new fields.

Items: Gershwin's "Rhapsody in Blue" is tremendously played and pictured. How John Boles and male chorus sing that "Song of the Dawn"! Gorgeous beauty in the Wedding Veil sequence. For sheer spectacle, the Melting Pot finale can't be beaten. Jeanette Loff blondely lovely; John Boles lustily vocal; William Kent freshly comic. Whiteman's Band *is* great!—and those Rhythm Boys . . . !

If you like revues—oh boy!

☆ *THE BAD ONE—United Artists*

IT'S a far cry from "Ramona" and "Evangeline" to "The Bad One," but after seeing this we have decided that original stories are better for Dolores. This is one by John Farrow. It gives Del Rio an opportunity to win back any friends she may have lost on former pictures, for she retains all the "What Price Glory" fire, without its vulgarity. Fitzmaurice has directed delightfully.

An adventurous, romantic story, laid in cosmopolitan Marseilles, with Del Rio giving a daring characterization of a café girl. She is again teamed with Eddie Lowe, who sings as delightfully as does Del Rio. She dances, too, to Berlin's "To a Tango Melody." No wonder Eddie Lowe never has one minute's vacation—he's so versatile. If you are fed up on musical shows, thank your exhibitor for this. A treat.

The Shadow Stage

(REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.)

A Review of the New Pictures

☆ *JOURNEY'S END—Tiffany Productions*

A PICTURE of such poignant beauty that words can be but feeble praise. A picture of stark tragedy, ruthless but human. A picture that will grip you as perhaps no other has done. "Journey's End" is a magnificent milestone in motion picture history. Not for weak hearts, and too gruesome for the little ones.

Another war story, yet like no other that has gone before, it will be the sensation of the screen just as the play has given new life to the legitimate stage. The stage production has been seen in many countries, and played in many tongues. Now it comes to the screen under the simple, sympathetic direction of James Whale, the stage director who launched it in London.

Situations so tense as to be almost unbearable are relieved by virile humor, never forced. The locale is a front line dugout under bombardment. It is the last few, grim hours before the advance of English troops. Raw nerves, tender memories of home, fear, grasping at every straw to forget thoughts of death beyond.

Colin Clive, of the original London company, is superb as *Captain Stanhope*. It is a tempered, balanced performance, building to a terrifically dramatic scene when his friend and first lieutenant is killed in a raid. Anthony Bushell is splendid as *Lieutenant Hibbard*. Others who score are Billy Bevan, Ian Maclaren, David Manners and Charles Gerrard. "Journey's End" is unforgetable.

SAVES YOUR PICTURE TIME AND MONEY

The Best Pictures of the Month

JOURNEY'S END ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT
KING OF JAZZ THE BAD ONE THE DIVORCEE
ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT

The Best Performances of the Month

Colin Clive in "Journey's End"
Anthony Bushell in "Journey's End"
Lillian Gish in "One Romantic Night"
O. P. Heggie in "One Romantic Night"
Marie Dressler in "One Romantic Night"
Jeanette Loff in "King of Jazz"
Dolores Del Rio in "The Bad One"
Edmund Lowe in "The Bad One"
Norma Shearer in "The Divorcee"
Lew Ayres in "All Quiet on the Western Front"
John Wray in "All Quiet on the Western Front"
Alice White in "Show Girl of Hollywood"
John Boles in "Captain of the Guard"
John Barrymore in "The Man from Blankley's"
Al Jolson in "Mammy"

Casts of all photoplays reviewed will be found on page 152

☆ *THE DIVORCEE—M-G-M*

THEY banned the book "Ex-Wife" from the screen. But it was quite all right to film "The Divorcee" and the strange thing is that whereas the book, although it sold hugely, was not what you might call a classic, the picture is.

This has turned out to be a problem piece, as neat an essay on marital unfaithfulness as has been made in Hollywood. It sets Norma Shearer at the very top of the acting class. It gives Chester Morris a chance for another swell performance. The direction is as subtle as the scent of orchids and the clothes are gorgeous.

You won't forget this picture and you'll undoubtedly go home and have a good long talk with your spouse. But more important, you'll be amused and held spellbound until the last reel. Don't miss it.

☆ *ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT—United Artists*

BIG news this month! Another first-line star of the silents blooms on the talking screen—not only with an excellent phonoplay voice, but in an entirely new character!

Not a fan in the country suspected the existence of the Lillian Gish who sparkles through this romantic comedy. Not only is she beautiful—she is alluring, fit to set the heads of prince and commoner awhirl. Her voice, in quality, is first rate. Her speech is a model for all American actresses, in that it is utterly without affectation. It is purest American, as contrasted with that of the poorly equipped girls who fake an English accent with disastrous results.

You may gather that "One Romantic Night" is a personal triumph for Lillian Gish, and it is. This tale of the love of a princess and a serious young tutor, with a young prince and a marriage of state hanging over the romance, gives the star a chance to be beautiful, gay and gently sad. The whipped, woeful Lillian of other days is pushed aside by a new, vivacious person. Her playing is a model for high comediennes.

She is aided by excellent performances by O. P. Heggie and Marie Dressler—two fine actors who always rise above a weak story. Conrad Nagel plays the tutor with some distinction—Rod LaRocque does the prince with none.

Lillian Gish's first talkie performance is truly distinguished. It makes a visit a delightful obligation.

☆ *ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT—Universal*

THIS picture is so faithful to Remarque's sensational book that it is foolish to quibble over trifling disappointments. The efforts to screen this powerful portrayal of the effects of war is a huge undertaking and almost certain to fall short of perfection. Not a real master-picture, but it does give a realistic story of the war experiences that happen to any youth. The daily intimate experiences are impressive, the battle scenes tremendously dramatic.

Lew Ayres plays the young man around whom the story revolves, and his part is a difficult one. Only in spots does he betray his inexperience. Excellent characterizations by John Wray, Russell Gleason, Billy Bakewell, Louis Wolheim and Ben Alexander. The picture is only slightly less gripping than the book. This is a great compliment.

Here's Your Monthly Shopping List!

SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD—First National

CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD—Universal

ALICE WHITE'S best talkie, without a quibble! McEvoy's story of the adventures of a little New York show girl in movieland fits this cute child to perfection, and she plays it grandly. A lot of interesting back-set stuff, with plenty of laughs in the satire on studio ways. Some magnificent Technicolor, and a song or so. This is first-rate entertainment, in spite of a soggy spot or two.

THEY went and spoiled a thrilling and massive picture of the birth of the *Marseillaise* with some trite, gooey bits, and a jumbled story. But its thundering mobs race the pulse, and John Boles sings superbly and acts well. Laura La Plante does what she can with a part that doesn't fit. Charles Wakefield Cadman supplies some good tunes. Stunning in spots, but it might have been great.

LADIES LOVE BRUTES—Paramount

THE MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S—Warners

THE title gives this away, and when you realize that your favorite, George Bancroft, is the star, you know what to look for. As a crude but wealthy builder, his efforts to acquire culture prove both hilarious and pathetic. Mary Astor is the charming inspiration. There is a thrilling fight, worth the price of admission, and novelty in that Bancroft loses the girl. Good entertainment.

FANCY the great Barrymore profile in slapstick comedy! Then, if you feel you can bear it, see his amusing portrayal of *Lord Strathpeffer* who, blinded by London fog and befogged by English ale, attends the wrong dinner party. Loretta Young provides the love interest. But it's John's picture and John's little joke, and we refuse to take it seriously. But he's a swell *farceur*.

YOUNG DESIRE—Universal

SPRING IS HERE—First National

IT moves at a fast pace, there is color in the carnival scenes, and it ends with a thrill. "Young Desire" tells the conventional story of a circus girl who loves a rich boy, but it is treated unconventionally. The thrill comes when the girl casts herself from a balloon to her death. Mary Nolan gives an excellent performance, while Mae Busch, Ralf Harolde and William Janney are good.

AT last Ford Sterling gets a chance to do his stuff in a very big way, and Louise Fazenda gives a priceless characterization as the hen-pecked wife. Beyond this, the picture is an average musical comedy. The featured players are Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray. Both these people have lovely voices, and all the music of the original show is retained and well recorded. Excellent entertainment.

The First and Best Talkie Reviews!

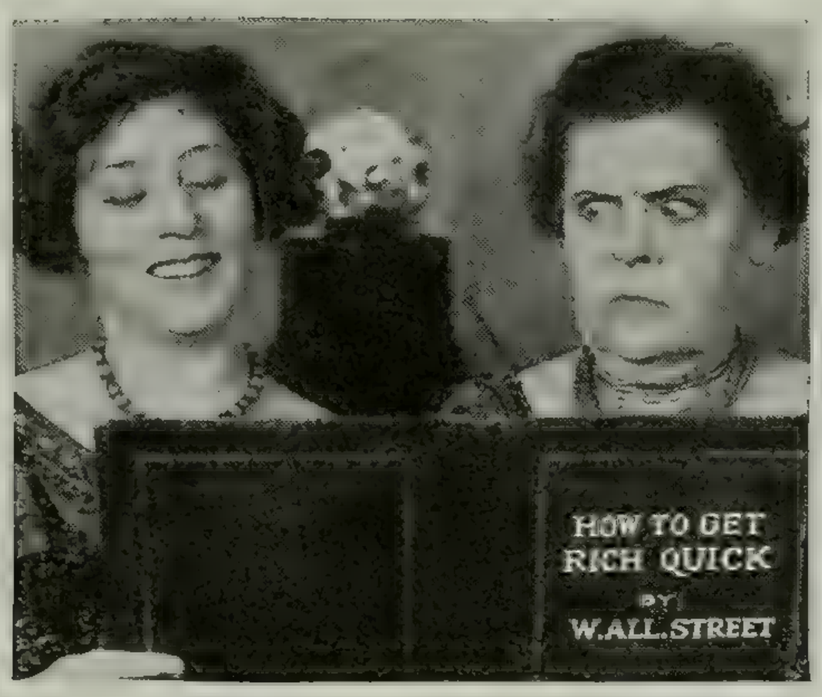
SAFETY IN NUMBERS— Paramount

PEACHES-AN'-CREAM for the Buddy Rogers fans. The other three or four people in America will probably like it, too. Buddy plays a $25,000,000 heir who's put by his worldly-wise uncle in care of three good little "Follies" girls for an education. He gets it, and one of the girls for good measure. Buddy sings a half dozen songs. One number is headed for a hit. It is called "The Pick-Up."

MAMMY— Warners

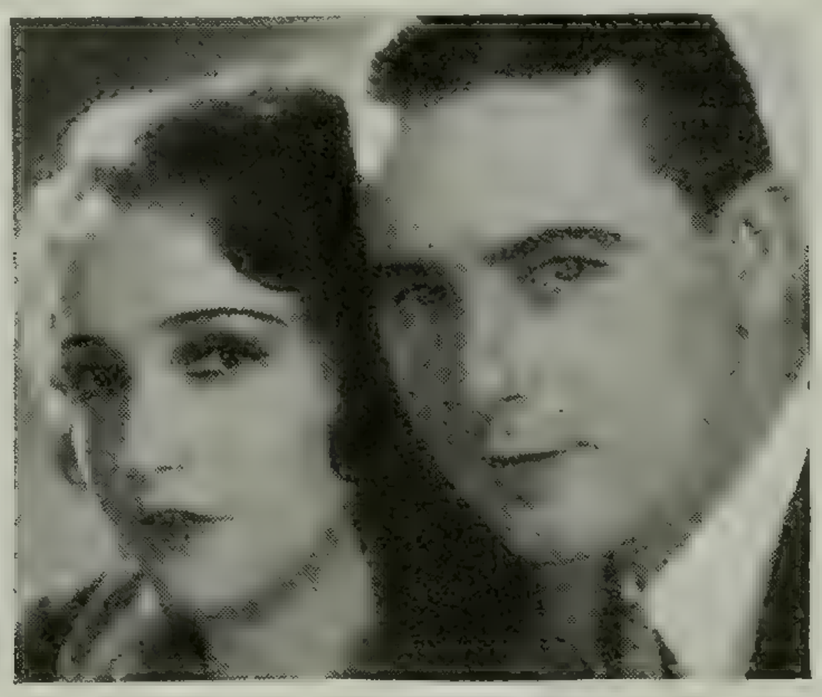
AGAIN Al Jolson, one of the world's greatest entertainers, rises above his story to make an entertaining movie, singing good Irving Berlin songs. "Mammy" is a minstrel piece, with good performances by Lois Moran, Lowell Sherman and Louise Dresser backing up the star. Louise is the mammy. A good spot of Technicolor, and some tunes that leave the theater with you. Good Jolson!

CAUGHT SHORT— M-G-M



MAYBE people can snicker now at the stock market crash. That incomparable pair of funsters, Marie Dressler and Polly Moran, are rival boarding house keepers who play the market and lose all. Some of the comedy is feeble, but there are wildly hilarious moments. Marie has most of the funny answers. Anita Page and Charles Morton are the lovers. You'll enjoy the good, rough fun.

ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE— Radio Pictures



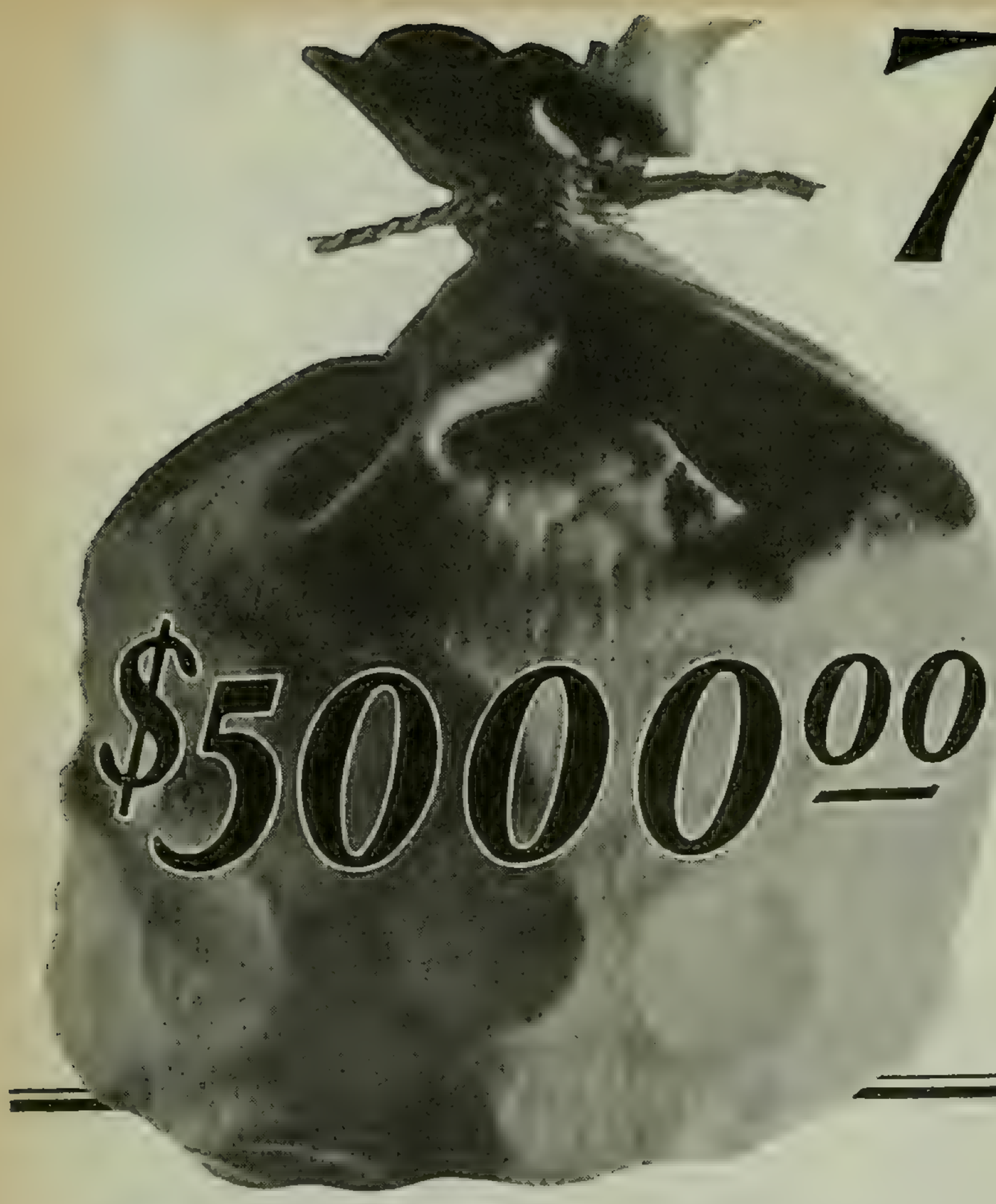
VEILLER'S "Chatterbox," which Fay Bainter made popular on the stage, comes to the screen without loss of charm. Bebe Daniels and Ben Lyon are sweethearts in real life and that may account for the fact that they make this one of the most delightful crook pictures that has come out of the sound rooms in this talking era. Ben bids fair to exceed his former popularity, while Bebe is at her best.

RUNAWAY BRIDE— Radio Pictures

MARY ASTOR is so lovely and charming you forget that this is a clap-trap melodrama which tries to be a light comedy and fails. The rich society girl elopes with the rich society boy who turns out to be just a cad. There are murders and thieves and a string of $50,000 pearls. Just one thing after another like that. Lloyd Hughes is pleasant, and Natalie Moorehead—well, there is a gal.

THE CUCKOOS— Radio Pictures

CHECK your critical goggles and roar at this nonsensical musical comedy. It features Bert Wheeler and Robert Woolsey, who hit a screen high in "Rio Rita." It's a big show, too, with all the trimmings, including some elegant playing by Dorothy Lee and Jobyna Howland. You'll take home one fine tune, "I Love You So Much." But oh, what laughs! Great for spring fever. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 161]



70 Readers must Win This $5000.00 Gold!

The Rules Are Simple

1. Seventy cash prizes will be paid by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, as follows:

First Prize	**$1,000.00**
Second Prize	**750.00**
Third Prize	**500.00**
Fourth Prize	**300.00**
Fifth Prize	**200.00**
Twenty-five Prizes of $50 each	**1,250.00**
Forty Prizes of $25 each	**1,000.00**

2. In four issues (the June, July, August and September numbers) PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is publishing cut puzzle pictures of well-known motion picture actors and actresses. Eight complete cut puzzle pictures appear in each issue. Each cut puzzle picture will consist of the lower face and shoulders of one player, the nose and eyes of another, and the upper face of a third. When cut apart and properly assembled, eight complete portraits may be produced. $5,000.00 in prizes, as specified in rule No. 1, will be paid to the persons sending in the nearest correctly named and most neatly arranged set of thirty-two portraits

3. Do not submit any solutions or answers until after the fourth set of cut puzzle pictures has appeared in the September issue. Assembled puzzle pictures must be submitted in sets of thirty-two only. Identifying names should be written or typewritten below each assembled portrait. At the conclusion of the contest all pictures should be sent to CUT PICTURE PUZZLE EDITORS, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 750 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Ill. Be sure that your full name and complete address is written on, or attached to, your entry; that your entry is securely packed to guard against damage in transit; and that it carries sufficient postage to avoid delay.

4. Contestants can obtain help in solving the cut puzzle pictures by carefully studying the poems appearing below the pictures in each issue. Each eight-line verse refers to the two sets of cut puzzle pictures appearing directly above it. The six-line verse applies generally to the four sets on that page. Bear in mind that it costs absolutely nothing to enter this contest. Indeed, the contest is purely an amusement. You do not need to be a subscriber or reader of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE to compete. You do not have to buy a single issue. You may copy or trace the pictures from the originals in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE and assemble the pictures from the copies. Copies of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE may be examined at the New York and Chicago offices of the publication, or at public libraries, free of charge.

5. Aside from accuracy in assembling and identifying cut puzzle pictures, neatness in contestants' methods of submitting solutions will be considered in awarding prizes. The thirty-two cut puzzle pictures, or their drawn duplicates, must be cut apart, assembled and pasted or pinned together, with the name of the player written or typewritten below.

6. The judges will be a committee of members of PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE'S staff. Their decision will be final. No relatives or members of the household of anyone connected with this publication can submit solutions. Otherwise, the contest is open to everyone everywhere.

7. In the case of ties for any of the prizes offered the full amount of the prize tied for will be given to each tying contestant.

8. The contest will close at midnight on September 20th. All solutions received from the time the fourth set of pictures appears to the moment of midnight on September 20th will be considered by the judges. No responsibility in the matter of mail delays or losses will rest with PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE. Send your answers as soon as possible after the last set of cut puzzle pictures appears in the September issue, which will be for sale on the newsstands on or about August 15th. The prize winners will be announced in the January, 1931, issue of PHOTOPLAY.

9. Because of the time and labor required to re-pack and re-ship thousands of entries, it will be impossible to return any of them. They will be sent to hospitals and orphanages to gladden the hearts of sick and homeless children.

Suggestions Contestants should study the poems appearing in connection with the cut puzzle pictures. These are the indicators for identifying the contest puzzle pictures and winning prizes.

It is suggested that contestants merely pin their solutions together until the four sets of pictures are complete. This will permit the shifting and changing about of pictures as the contest progresses—and will give time for lengthy consideration and study.

Each cut puzzle picture is a portrait of a well-known motion picture actor or actress.

Follow the Arrows

Mannatt

"SWINGIN' IN THE LANE," as sung and swung by Marion Davies and Lawrence Gray in a scene from her new picture, "The Floradora Girls." Seated on a cluster of arcs you will see Mr. Harry Beaumont, the director. He represents The Thirsty Thirties, we suppose. Note that the mike swings with them

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This Way to Cut Puzzle → *Turn Over*

Photoplay Magazine's New $5,000 Cut Puzzle Contest

Upper

The hair was a Wampas star some years ago,
The eyes are a bride of a year;
The mouth made her hit in a talkie, and she
Will go a long way, never fear!

Lower

The hair—despite much opposition—was wed,
The eyes are a director's wife;
The mouth was a dancer upon the legit,
And PHOTOPLAY published her life.

Upper

The hair's name is Spanish, but not on the screen;
The eyes from a Mormon state came;
The mouth got a coveted part, which she sang,
And it brought her considerable fame.

Lower

The hair is dark red, it's just one of her charms,
The eyes in the East first saw light;
The mouth has two sisters as lovely as she,
For one family that scarcely seems right!

RESUME

Two of them are blondes, and three of them are wed,
And one is reported engaged,
And two, through their marriage, got into the press,
And were—we'll tell the world!—well front-paged
All four have light eyes, and just one hair of brown —
And one girl was born in a Southwestern town

Complete Rules for Competition Appear on Page 60

Upper

The hair is from England—from London, no less!
The eyes from Al Smith's city came;
The mouth had his birth in the middle Northwest,
And his screen name is not his right name.

Lower

The hair hails from the Sunflower State;
The eyes went to high school and college;
The mouth is twice married, a daughter has he,
And his work combines talent and knowledge.

Upper

The hair was with Griffith for quite a long while,
The eyes are as black as the night;
The mouth has appeared on the stage, overseas,
And five feet, eleven's his height.

Lower

The hair is unmarried—they say he's engaged—
The eyes own a swell talkie voice;
The mouth studied writing in college, but he
Made the movies his permanent choice

RESUME

Two men are six-footers, and one slightly less;
And three are decided brunettes—
And two are unmarried, although they're the sort
That no sane girl ever forgets!
One man's faced divorce and remarried; and one
Who was married just once, has a daughter and son.

YOU would be surprised at how much technical preparation is required by camera-and-microphone revues. Every step must be carefully planned. Here's Director Cline and his dance director telling Alice White just where to move when the camera and orchestra start on "Sweet Mama," which, from the looks of things, will not be exactly a Chautauqua affair

He has The Girls Gasping!

By Miriam Hughes

Hollywood's belles are tinkling about Walter Pidgeon, who charms as well as he sings

WHAT causes those loud huzzahs I hear echoing up and down Hollywood Boulevard?

Did you notice that not-so-well suppressed excitement over the luncheon tables at the Embassy Club?

What is that rustling noise? Why, that's all the powder puffs in the film capital scurrying over all the ladies' noses.

Why are all the feminine heads together and all the feminine tongues clacking?

Don't you know? Haven't you heard? There's a gentleman in town! An eligible one! An unattached one! In the city that has been called (and rightly, too!) a manless town, such a phenomenon is the event of the more or less social season.

In the hamlet that harbors the aloof Mr. Colman, the inaccessible Mr. Powell and the much-married Mr. Gilbert, Walter Pidgeon has created a sensation.

Name sounds vaguely familiar, doesn't it? Saw him in a couple of silents some years ago, didn't you? Or was it two other handsome men?

He was, like John Boles, neglected by the silent "drama." He has just come into his own along with the microphone. He's the toast of the film colony. Directors of musical films cry for him. Just a few short months ago he couldn't get a job. Now he has more than he can do.

Wait until you see him and hear him in "Bride of the Regiment." Now he's doing the lead in "Mlle. Modiste," and pretty soon he begins work in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs."

However, it is not alone his professional activities that interest us (and you, too, madame). I know you won't believe me when I tell you about it so if you'll send a self-addressed, stamped envelope I'll furnish signed affidavits to the effect that:

He is tall—six feet something or other—remarkably handsome and always well-tailored.

HE is consistently gallant, is never at a loss for a *Beau Brummel* phrase, but in no way suggests the smart-cracker.

His home is one of the most perfectly appointed and smoothly managed in the hills of the Beverlys.

His wines are excellent although he, himself, has never tasted them.

He is as natural as the key of C, and as charming as a Barrie hero.

Walter has the finest head of hair of any man on the screen. And here's his secret—he never washes it!

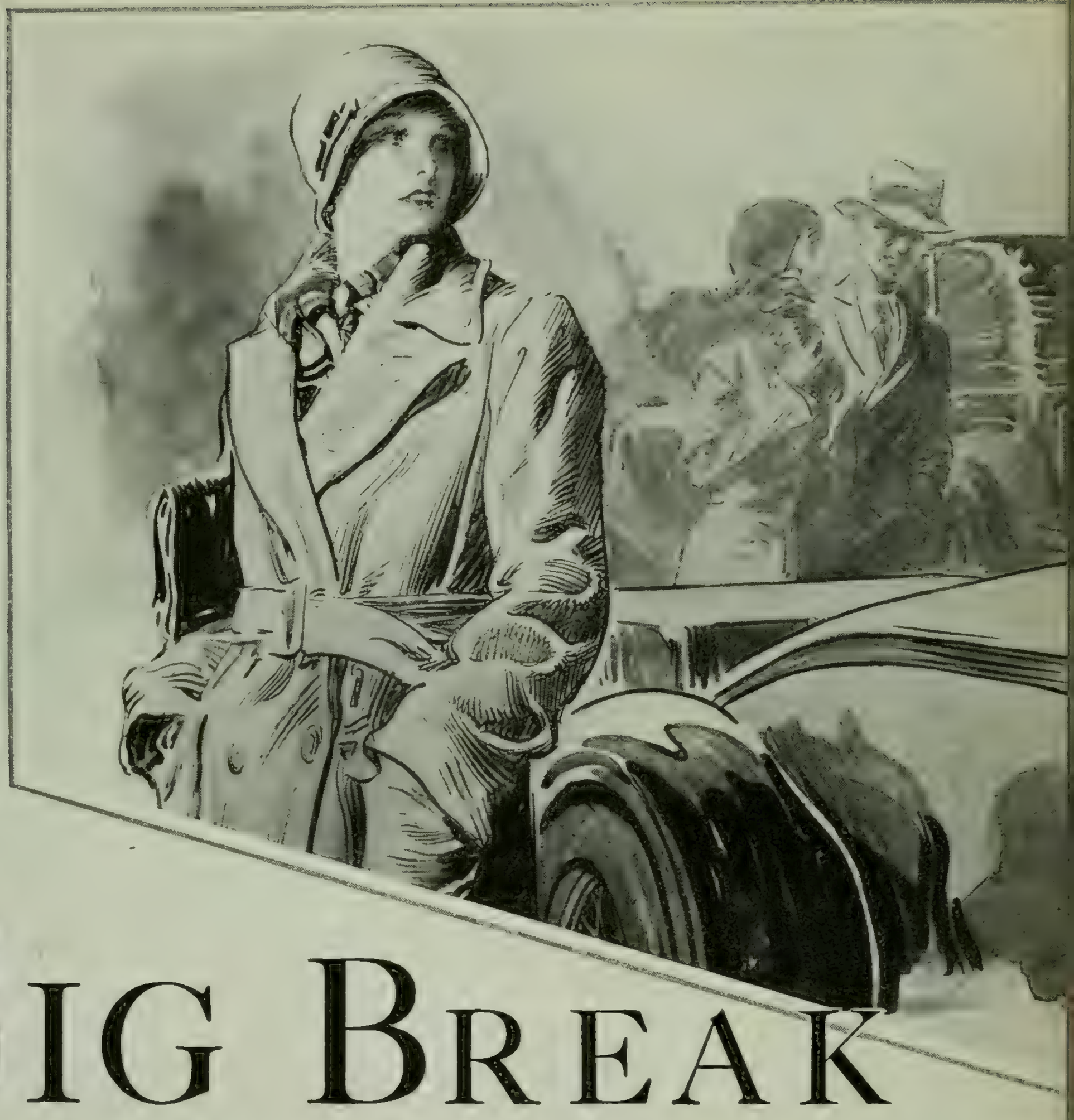
He keeps his scalp clean and in the pink of condition by brushing it several times a day. He uses an extra large brush with bristles of whalebone, about an inch and a half long. And he has been doing this for years.

He is still young, thirty-two or three, I should say, but is quite past the bounding juvenile stage (I'm sure that even at seventeen he was not a juvenile).

He is always master of himself in any situation whatsoever.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 145]

Walter Pidgeon, like John Boles, is a singer who gave up his voice to be a nonentity in silent pictures. Then, again like John, the microphone gave him his big shot. Now he's a hit in singies, and a social lion!



The Big Break

THE one year Mildred Cooley had bestowed on herself to make her way in Hollywood had stretched into three, and with her trunk packed and her mind made up, Mildred was going home the next morning.

Three years and not even a screen test. Not even one luncheon at the Montmartre, not a glimpse of the Cocoanut Grove or the Blossom Room. Not a single director had as much as looked at her, and toward the end there had even been a dearth of five-dollar extra work.

As she sat alone in her very small apartment on this, her last night, she could name not a single soul in Hollywood who might be called a friend, not even an acquaintance who would be interested in hearing her say good-bye.

It was 8:30, and Mildred decided to take one last stroll on the first and last thing she had loved in Hollywood—the Boulevard. It was a gorgeous night, the air heavy with orange blossoms, and the Hollywoodland sign blinking happily.

If anyone had bothered to look at Mildred, he would have noted she was really a very lovely girl. She was almost beautiful this night as she walked languidly along, her big polo coat wrapped about her carefully cultivated slenderness, her blue eyes full of unshed tears, and a ninety-eight-cent cloche perched on the red hair of a shade that is peculiar to Hollywood.

She was in the always damp and perfumed block where the Hollywood Hotel stands when she heard a horn softly sounded. It had been so long since Mildred had been honked at by anyone but delivery boys that she didn't turn. Again the horn sounded insinuatingly. She turned, and drawn up close to the curb was Paul Lenclos, idol of half the girls in America and Europe.

"Hello," said he, opening the door of his roadster. "I've been looking for you all over Hollywood."

Now Mildred knew all about Paul Lenclos. His amours, current and past, had been an interesting topic on many a set, for scandal concerning those high in the profession is the breath of life to a Hollywood extra. Yet even at that moment she assured herself that he was the handsomest man in the world.

"How could you be looking for me?" asked Mildred. "I don't even know you." No girl living would have missed an opportunity to at least talk with Paul Lenclos.

"Of course, I was looking for you—I'm lonesome, and I've been looking all over town for a pretty little girl—and you're the prettiest little girl in Hollywood."

MILDRED knew he had been drinking, and that Paul Lenclos would never be searching the streets of Hollywood for someone to assuage his loneliness if he were sober. Nevertheless, she was thrilled as she had never been thrilled before.

The scent of orange blossoms seemed to grow sweeter, and, after all, it was her last night in Hollywood. The tears she had been keeping back all evening started to fall. She tried to walk on, but he held her back.

"You're lonesome, too—why, you're crying! Come on, darling, and we'll comfort each other."

Slowly they drove out along the Boulevard, toward Beverly Hills. Paul didn't pay much attention to Mildred. He seemed more interested in listening to his own lengthy dissertations on

Mildred turned. In the car was Paul Lenclos, the star. He opened the door invitingly. "I don't know who you are," he said, "but I've been looking for you everywhere. You're the prettiest girl in Hollywood!"

By

Eleanore Griffin

The most charmingly ironic tale that ever came out of Hollywood's mad pursuit of fame

the sadness of life. Finally he began to deliver dissertations in French, and Mildred returned to her own sad plight. After all, the one thing she had wanted of life was to be an actress. And tomorrow she was returning, a failure, without ever having had a chance. A shabby and almost hungry failure, to boot. As she considered the past three years she concluded that this ride with Paul Lenclos was the only event that in any way approached the colorful, and he seemed to have completely forgotten her presence.

WHEN he finally glanced at her, it was to make known the interesting fact that he was hungry. Then he started a long argument with himself as to whether his hunger should be appeased at one of the many roadhouses in the environs of Hollywood, or whether he would prefer to dine at his home. He decided in favor of his home, and turned the car about.

Mildred decided to leave her disinterested host when they again reached Hollywood, but when they arrived at the corner on which she planned to say good-bye, one glance at the smooth and dusky contour of his cheek had an effect that made her want to see the adventure through. By this time tomorrow anything that might happen would be but a memory, she thought, recklessly.

They climbed the narrow streets of Whitley Heights, which looked as Mildred imagined villages in Italy must, and stopped at a green gate in a white wall over which red roses drooped.

"Well, here we are," said Paul as he helped her from the car in a most impersonal way.

"Any calls?" he asked the little Japanese boy who opened the door. Yes, there were many calls, and all from women. The most beautiful and sought after women in Hollywood.

They had supper on a little table before the fireplace. It was the sort of supper Mildred had always read about—caviar and champagne, and across the table Paul Lenclos. She didn't like caviar, and champagne was a disappointment, but just to look at Paul was feast enough for a lifetime, she felt. However, she couldn't flatter herself that she was making much of an impression. He hadn't even asked her name.

Once during the supper he looked at her and said, "You know you are a very pretty girl. How old are you?" And for the first time since she arrived in Hollywood, Mildred told the truth, "Twenty-four." He returned to his caviar.

"I'm leaving Hollywood tomorrow for good," she vouchsafed after an interval of silence.

"WELL, maybe you're wise," was all the response Paul offered. He didn't care to know where she was going, where she had come from, what she did, or who she was. Mildred sighed audibly, remembering that time on the set, when, dressed in dirty peasant rags, she had stood in the mob and cheered Paul as he passed on a white horse. How even the most blasé extras had been affected by the scene.

How remote he had seemed, and how much more remote he seemed now, though she was [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 154]

How I Would Manage Six Famous Husbands

Pretty Constance Bennett tells our Katherine Albert how she would whip, wheedle or coax a half-dozen Hollywood he-men

"IN order to hold a husband—if one wants to hold a husband—a woman must be amusing, and have charm, a sense of humor and intelligence."

Thus spake Constance Bennett over her demi-tasse. She had just returned from Paris with trunkfuls of new clothes, a new contract and a new divorce. Does any woman want more? Is there, after all, anything else that life has to offer?

Constance Bennett is as chic as monogrammed notepaper and as sophisticated as black velvet and diamonds. Hers is the true sophistication that masks itself behind a pair of naive eyes and doesn't flaunt itself nor get in her golden hair.

Daughter of the famous Richard Bennett, who has never been what you might call bucolic. Divorced wife of Phil Plant, dashing young millionaire. Center of a coterie of friends. You, too, could have a coterie of friends if you were as worldly as Connie. A coterie goes hand in hand with Paris gowns and modern novels and bacardi cocktails.

"If I were married to Eddie Lowe," says Connie, "I'd manage him just as his wife, Lilyan Tashman, does!" That's real praise!

Miss Bennett says she'd keep just as far from his professional life as possible, were she the spouse of Richard Barthelmess

"John Barrymore must be the Head Man of the family," Connie says. She thinks he likes a good listener, and lots of real comfort

And there she sat, the picture of everything that she should be the picture of, a young divorcee discussing marriage. "Aren't those four things really all that a woman needs to make a success of marriage?" she asked.

"Oh, do be specific," I said, for I'm that kind of a person. I like to know that if all the paper rosettes used on lamb chops were laid end to end they'd reach from the Algonquin to the Montmartre and that in the United States last year 89,675 college sophomores had 89,675 raccoon coats re-lined.

But Connie turned those blue, blue eyes upon me and went on, "Oh, all right. If I wanted to hold a husband I'd rather submerge my own personality. Not, mind you, to bolster up his ego. No man needs that. He was born with ego or he wouldn't be a man. I'd simply submerge myself a bit to make things go smoothly."

"And what would you do with a sense of humor?" I asked. "I used to have a sense of humor myself. It seems, if I remember correctly, that I once laughed at a man when I saw him in a ridiculous situation.

"After that I became just so much flotsam and jetsam on the sea of life."

"Certainly," said Connie, "and it served you right. The sense of humor must never manifest itself. It's for your own protection. To fortify yourself against all your husband's absurdities. You mustn't laugh at men. At least not before them. Save those laughs for evenings when he's at the club."

"To hold a husband," says Connie Bennett, "a woman must have charm, humor, wisdom!"

handle him in the same way as you'd handle a man like—well, Ronald Colman."

Connie knit her brows. They're probably the only things she has knit or ever will. "No," she said, "I guess you're right but only in a broad sort of way. I'd still want to be charming, intelligent, amusing and have a sense of humor, but I'd apply these differently to meet the needs of each man."

"All right," I said, "go ahead. How would you manage six different men? How would you be the successful wife of, say George Bancroft, Ronald Colman, Richard Barthelmess, Jack Gilbert, John Barrymore and Edmund Lowe?"

Connie settled herself comfortably, lit another cigarette and began.

JOHN BARRYMORE

"WELL, there's John Barrymore. Certainly he's a man in whom you must submerge yourself. When he sits down to tell a story you must listen to the story. You mustn't, indeed you mustn't, burst out with, 'When you're through with that one now I'll tell one.' You must put his interests first. He must be the most important member of the family.

"John's a man who needs and demands comfort. You must look out for that. If I were married to him I would have a smoothly running home. I'd never have any hitch in the domestic machinery, but I'd never ask his advice about how to run the house. I'd never let him in on the inner workings. Although Jack likes a home and hates going out to big parties, he is really not a domestic person. I'd never, never tell him about the troubles I'd just had with the cook or that the butler couldn't seem to make the salads right or that the second maid was in love with the milk man. Although Jack wants to be master in his own house, he'd never want the real 'little woman' type."

Ah, Ronnie Colman! If Connie were Mrs. Ronnie, she'd be very circumspect, because she believes him to be a real one-woman man

Connie Bennett would treat Jack Gilbert like a four-year-old boy, if she were his wife. She'd suggest, rather than domineer

If Miss Bennett were Mrs. George Bancroft, she'd act "the little woman," she says. Lots of clinging-vine technique for George

"I'm tired," I said, "of hearing women like you go on about husbands. The trouble with you is you're getting normal again. You include all men in your remarks. You imply that every man may be managed like every other man."

"Well, in a way, that's true."

"It isn't," I said. I was sort of in a huff by this time. "Anyhow, I've no intention of believing you. Don't tell me that if you were married to George Bancroft, for instance, you'd

GEORGE BANCROFT

"BUT George Bancroft—ah, I'd certainly play the little woman for him!

"I'd take a great interest in all his affairs and learn to listen and listen and listen. Oh, I'd be [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 124]

Big George Bancroft, left, carefully inspects the male beauty of Francis X. Bushman, so ardently adored fifteen years ago. And the title of George's new picture is "Ladies Love Brutes!"

Goodbye, Apollo!

By Tom Jennings

WHATEVER became of the fair young maiden with the cherished chromo of Sir Galahad, that hung in the honor spot in her boudoir?

She's writing scented fan letters to George Bancroft, Al Jolson and Jack Oakie. A year ago it was "Buddy" Rogers, Nils Asther and Charles Farrell. And before that it was Francis X. Bushman, William Farnum and J. Warren Kerrigan.

Something pretty terrible to contemplate has happened to this Greek God business. If Apollo and Adonis ever showed up at a studio they would be put to work shifting scenery from the stage back to the prop room. Without any warning whatever the boys with the profiles and the dreamy eyes have been given a race for the money by gents with little or no claim to manly beauty.

Blame it, as you will, on talking pictures, or the new long skirts, the past year brought some surprising changes in public fancy.

No longer does the hero have to be an apple-cheeked youth, and with-the-strength-of-ten-for-his-heart-is-pure. He can have a face that a mother would need dark glasses to view with any equanimity. And he can be all sorts of a dirty cuss, if he reforms before the picture ends. Let the chips fall wherever chips are supposed to fall, but the answers to a maiden's prayer of the year past have not been the matinée idol type.

George Bancroft draws the flaps to the box-office in droves. They like Lon Chaney. Jack Oakie is the new boarding school delight. Maurice Chevalier is another white hope. The sweet young things are for a Victor McLaglen rough-house, or Al Jolson songs about "Sonny Boy," and "Mighty Oaks from Little Acorns Grow."

Rough-hewn faces supplant the chiselled nose in the hearts of the fans

These lads are the ace-high heroes, despite the fact that George Bancroft has been a pretty tough *hombre* in his pictures. Lon Chaney is about as romantic as the Congressional Record, and Al Jolson always seems to be in some kind of cinematic mess, what with going to jail and such things. Victor McLaglen, in the fillums, is ardent enough, but even Pollyanna would know that he was out for no good. And Jack Oakie, perhaps the most sensational juvenile discovery of the past year, would not be chosen by Elinor Glyn as a sexy hero.

Youthful beauty and grace of person is no longer strictly necessary for screen success with either sex. It is strikingly true in the case of the men.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 122]

Film idols, 1915 and 1930 models. At the left is Victor McLaglen at his toughest; at the right, J. Warren Kerrigan of pious movie memory

Glory *By* Proxy

Laura Hope Crews helped Gloria Swanson to new fame in "The Trespasser"

By Harry Lang

She Breathed Her Genius Into Gloria Swanson

HERE *is* an unusual story, indeed.

It is of Laura Hope Crews. It reveals for the first time the odd—and splendid—thing that has come to pass for her.

Literally brought up on the stage, actress since before the dawn of the century, she never in all those years quite satisfied her own ambitions as an actress.

Now, almost overnight, she has achieved brilliant success in a strange field—as a motion picture executive. And here is the most interesting facet of the whole thing—those very hopes and ambitions she is now satisfying, not through her own acting, but through that of Gloria Swanson!

"I probably will never go behind the footlights again," she tells you. "All my own ambitions I seem now to have centered in Gloria Swanson. All I ever hoped for myself, I feel I want to do for her."

It's at the Pathe Studios in Culver City, where Gloria makes her pictures, that you'll find Laura Crews. She has a tremendous office. But there's nothing stagy about it. It's business, not show.

"Just what *is* your title?" you ask her.

"I haven't any. I just have a grand contract. It covers everything," she explains. "Producing, acting, writing plays, finding plays, coaching."

It's not for Swanson alone that Laura Crews functions. There are Helen Twelvetrees, Constance Bennett, Ann Harding—for all of these she reads plays and advises and suggests. It is said, and not denied, that nothing is produced at the Pathe lot unless she first has been consulted, and approves. There isn't another woman in the industry with a post as powerful and as important.

Yet, with all this achievement, it is not of herself but of Gloria she prefers to talk. In Gloria, she is utterly wrapped up.

"She is wonderful. A wonderful actress—and a wonderful woman. She is intelligent. She understands. She is not a puppet—to accept directions or suggestions blindly. You give her a suggestion, and she gives you back better than you had in mind when you suggested."

It was not Swanson, nor Pathe, that brought Laura Hope Crews to Hollywood. It was Norma Talmadge, seeking the best coaching talent she could find to help her with "New York Nights." In Miss Crews, she felt she had found that talent and experience. Born in San Francisco, making her stage début at the age of four at the old Baldwin Theater there, Laura Crews lived for the theater from then on. In 1900 she went to New York. For two seasons she was with the Murray Hill Stock Company, a famous organization. Then she joined Eleanor Robson in "Merely Mary Ann."

Then came the contract to which she attributes the first great portion of what she has learned in the theater—a ten-year-long association with Henry Miller. "The Great Divide," and "My Husband's Wife" were two of her outstanding plays of this period.

Then came more good fortune—association with John Drew, and later with David Belasco. Subsequently, she played opposite Leo Deitrichstein, and after that with the Theater Guild. "Mr. Pim

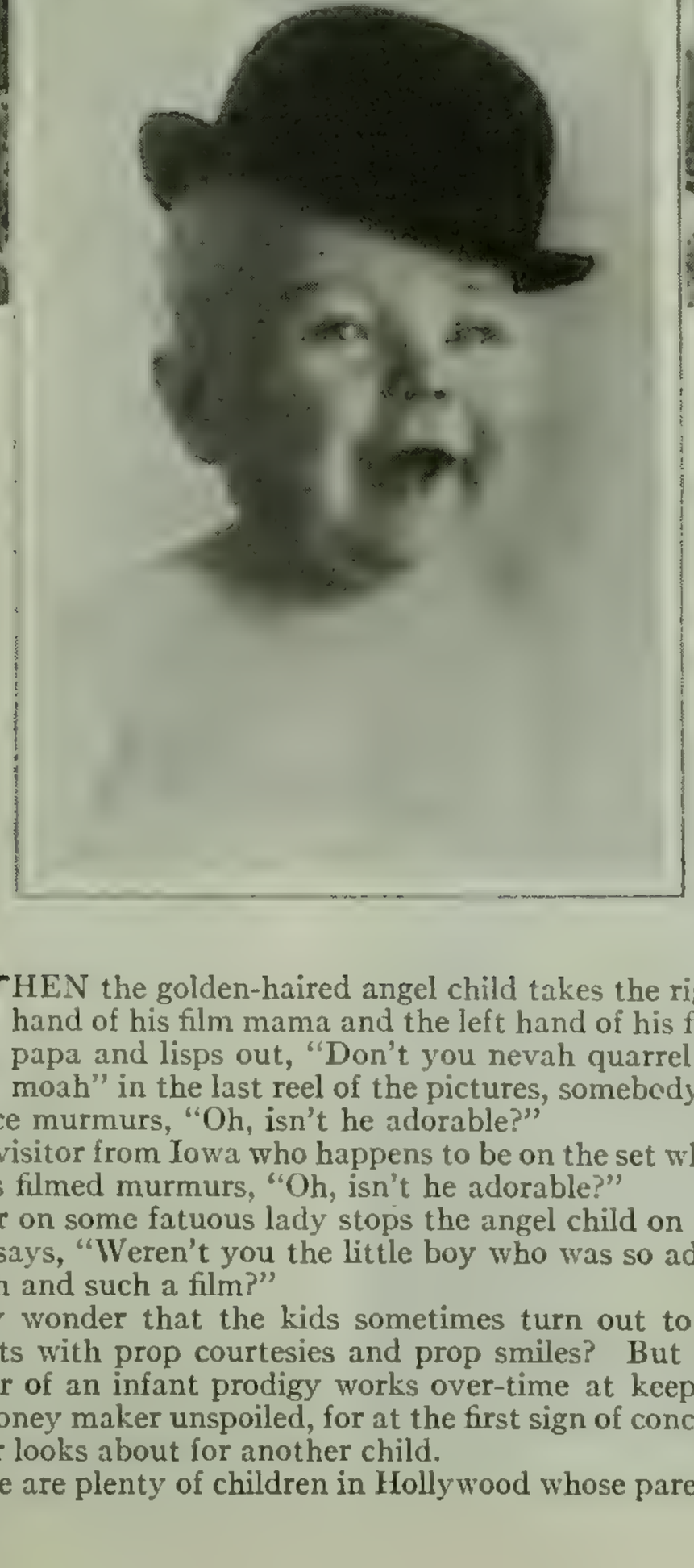
[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 112]

Gloria bids good-bye to her son—the most touching scene in "The Trespasser." This talkie brought Miss Crews her vicarious glory

Filmland is over-populated with camera-wise kidlets who know all the tricks

P. & A.

The famous Watson film family. Left to right, Papa and Mamma, Coy, Vivian, Gloria, Louise, Harry, Billy, Delmar and Garry. At left—Garry doing his well-known impersonation of Al Smith



WHEN the golden-haired angel child takes the right hand of his film mama and the left hand of his film papa and lisps out, "Don't you nevah quarrel no moah" in the last reel of the pictures, somebody in the audience murmurs, "Oh, isn't he adorable?"

And the visitor from Iowa who happens to be on the set when the scene is filmed murmurs, "Oh, isn't he adorable?"

And later on some fatuous lady stops the angel child on the street and says, "Weren't you the little boy who was so adorable in such and such a film?"

Is it any wonder that the kids sometimes turn out to be spoiled brats with prop courtesies and prop smiles? But the wise mother of an infant prodigy works over-time at keeping the little money maker unspoiled, for at the first sign of conceit, the director looks about for another child.

And there are plenty of children in Hollywood whose parents believe that if but given the chance, they would make Davey Lee look like a second-rate character actor.

Davey Lee, by the way, was arrested three or four times while on his vaudeville tour. The complaints have something to do with the child labor laws. He was also sued for breach of contract. And he's four years old. But he receives a big salary.

Some 2,239 children applied for permits to work at the Board of Education last year. Out of the lot only seven per cent worked more than seven days of the year. So don't bring the little one to Hollywood!

The children who do work, the ones of whom the directors are sure (an unknown child, by the way, is a bigger gamble than an unknown leading woman), keep busy.

It is the director's job to make them act. It is the mother's task to keep them simple, natural, docile and unspoiled. These requisites are much more important than beauty. Comparatively few of the regulars are radiantly beautiful. The little dolls you see parading up and down the boulevard are, for the most part, hangers-on.

It is surprising that the picture kids (and I'm not considering the Jackie Coogans and the Davey Lees, about whom you already know), brought up in the hybrid atmosphere of the studios, should be like every other kid.

They're a trifle brighter, perhaps, are usually a little ahead of their grades in school. Perhaps only their standard of interest is changed. It is much more thrilling to them, for instance, to watch a fire engine siren down the street than it is to see Mary Pickford. It is more fascinating to talk to a street car motorman than it is to talk to Douglas Fairbanks. And it

Don't Bring Your Child *to* Hollywood

By
Barbara Lawton

The Watson tribe, above, ranges in age from Coy, sixteen, to Garry, seven months at the time this photo was taken. All appear in pictures, their careers being managed by Pop Watson, who used to work in the studios

is more exciting to attend the public schools with a lot of other children than to be privately tutored on the set.

But little David Durand's ambition is to be a lieutenant in the aviation service and Jane La Verne, judging from her assortment of baby dolls, is going to turn into a Grade-A mother. So there you are.

Certainly they're as hardy, perhaps more so, than the average child, for the Los Angeles laws require that they be thoroughly examined by a physician once every three months. Certainly they are not beaten and scolded. It stands to reason that a mother isn't going to wear her meal ticket down to its warp and woof. Nor are they pampered darlings. Little Muriel McCormac, that amazing twelve-year-old child in "Dynamite," has a certain set of daily chores to do like any other twelve-year-old.

The only difference between them and other children is that they make a lot of money. Some of them support their parents. Others have their money put away for them in trust funds for their education.

I've talked to a number of the kids and their mothers. I've listened to innumerable xylophone solos, heard innumerable recitations and watched ardent little faces suffer through various popular ditties. I've also been pursued until if anybody so much as pointed a finger at me I'd shout, "No, no, I don't want to see any more children."

Word sort of got around until my life was a burden and golden-haired babies would tug at my skirts while fond mamas asked, "Are you the young lady from PHOTOPLAY who is writing about the children in pictures?" I finally got to explaining that I didn't speak English.

The children of the adult picture stars are kept from the public eye. They are shielded, sent to private schools and kept out of the studios where their parents work. The child who actually earns his living in pictures must be kept before the public, the director, the casting director and any others who might help him get a job. This is the mother's task.

You see the combed and brushed picture kids wherever you turn in Hollywood. The mothers put them on parade, keep them on the alert, when they are abroad. When [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 148]

The Johnson family, one of filmland's brightest. Left to right, Camilla, Cullen, Kenneth, Carmencita, Dick Winslow and Seesel Ann. All are true troupers

DRAW in a little closer, folks! We'll let you in on a studio secret. This is the way the picture magicians make those thrilling snow scenes—sometimes. At any rate, here is Patsy Ruth Miller skiing along fit to break a leg, for the benefit of the Warner cameraman. The snow is the nice synthetic kind. But the skis are real—and so, oddly enough, is Patsy Ruth

He Didn't Know How!

John Murray Anderson, who directed "King of Jazz"

But John Murray Anderson taught old movie dogs new tricks in making "King of Jazz"

By

Harry Lang

Paul Whiteman, big star of Universal's big revue

FIVE months ago he knew absolutely nothing about making moving pictures.

Then they came to him and said:

"See here, you. We want to make a picture that will make everybody in and out of moviedom sit up and yell for more. We want to do things with color and cameras and sound that have never been done before. We want to spend a million or two on it. We want *you* to direct it!"

Sounds crazy, doesn't it?—just like walking up to a paperhanger and saying to him: "Say, we're going to produce a grand opera and we want you to be the star."

But it wasn't like that, exactly. You see, the man to whom the amazing proposal was made was John Murray Anderson—though a tyro in movies, one of the outstanding stage revue producers of the age.

Anderson was flabbergasted at the proposition. He knew his ignorance of movie-making.

"Well," he finally said, "you're taking an awful gamble on me. I don't know a thing about pictures. If you want to be that crazy, though, I'll go. But I've got to have absolute charge of the picture!"

"O. K.," said Universal. And so, strange as it is, they gave outright command of making a two-million-dollar movie to a man who didn't know any more about it than an Eskimo knows about sausage-grinding in Bavaria.

And *what* a picture John Murray Anderson has just finished! You probably know about it by now—the Paul Whiteman "King of Jazz" revue. It takes sound-screen revues by the scruff of the neck and yanks them leagues forward in progress.

This story is about some of the things John Murray Anderson has accomplished in "King of Jazz"—and his own explanations, reasons, ideas and philosophy. For while it's conceivable, though hardly probable, that you won't like the picture, it's nevertheless certain that you'll be amazed at it. And you ought to know about them.

In the first place, the "tricks"...! Camera tricks, sound tricks, doubling tricks.

Anderson doesn't believe in this Hollywood hush about that sort of thing. He believes that the picture fan is intelligent enough to realize that if a picture is great, it's great no matter what was done in the studio to make it so. He doesn't "shush" everybody who tries to tell how this or that effect was produced. He tells you himself, and then tells you how it made the picture better.

And so he tells you that every musical number in "King of Jazz" is "ghosted." Another word for it is "dubbed." That is to say, the sound and the picture were shot at different times. When you see and hear Whiteman's band playing from the screen, or the *Rhythm Boys* hot-voicing it, you may as well know right now that the music or song you are hearing was recorded at an entirely different time and place than the picture in which you see them producing it!

Why?

"For two reasons," Anderson tells you. "In the first place, Whiteman, master of modern jazz music, felt that all sound recording should be done under the most perfect possible sound conditions. You can't get perfect sound conditions yet on a stage while you're shooting a big scene. There are poor acoustics, extraneous noises, the bad effect on the musicians produced by the watching off-stage workers.

"AND so when we made the sound-tracks we made them separately from the picture, just as we'd make phonograph records. We concentrated on making as perfect a record as possible. And we got sound results that will be evident to any hearer instantly.

"After we had the sound we shot the scene. With the sort of rhythm music in this picture, it was comparatively easy to get perfect synchronization. I defy anybody to detect, when 'King of Jazz' is seen, that sound and sight were *not* shot simultaneously.

"Another thing—the fact that the sound was already recorded when we made the picture gave me, as director, the same latitude the old-time silent picture director had. Though I was directing a sound film, I could nevertheless talk as much as I wanted to during shooting of the picture. Stage workers could make as much noise as they needed to; cameramen, technicians could all work undisturbed by the cramping necessity for silence. We were unhampered—and the result, I believe, shows as definitely in the excellence of the picture as in the perfection of the sound."

Anderson tells you about camera tricks. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 132]

THE Paul Whiteman picture, "King of Jazz," almost turned out to be another "Hell's Angels" for cost.

Universal hired Paul and his band before they had a story. Then they tried to write a love story around big Whiteman. Hollywood roared. Thousands of dollars dribbled out, and still no picture.

Then they hired John Murray Anderson, stage revue producer, who knew nothing about pictures.

Well, the "film ignoramus" has finished "King of Jazz." It cost $2,000,000, but Universal says they'll get their money back.

Read this story of John Murray Anderson and his $2,000,000 beauty!

Ruth Harriet Louise

THESE two pretty girls are not, as you suspect, sorority sisters talking about last night's "date." Believe it or not, they are mother and daughter. The lacy blonde, of course, is Leila Hyams, and the other is her mother, Leila, half of the noted vaudeville team of Hyams and McIntyre

Three's A Crowd!

By Marquis Busby

Just as Polly Moran and Mark Busby were settling down for a jolly chat about the Einstein theory, that vampish Marie Dressler came in and began wooing him with caviar

Our "Lone Wolf" is almost lured from Polly Moran by that Dressler Siren

POLLY MORAN was sitting, hunched-up, in the corner of William Haines' upstairs living room, looking exactly as if she had swallowed a woolly worm.

"I've got indigestion something terrible," she moaned. "If it had been anyone but you I'd called off this date."

I sympathized. There's nothing more unpleasant than indigestion—unless it's red flannel underwear.

"It's really a swell break for you," she continued. "I couldn't eat a thing for dinner. I'll be about the cheapest date you've ever had, and here I was all set for a steak smothered in mushrooms. It's all on account of that dill pickle I ate before breakfast this morning. Now I should know better than to eat a dill pickle before breakfast, and with my stomach. But they looked so good, and with such handsome warts on them, I've been sitting around home all day hanging on to a hot water bottle."

When Polly and I made the date she suggested that we go out calling, ring doorbells and tear off mailboxes. It would be a change from premières with June Collyer, evenings at home with Lupe Velez, Anita Page and Jetta Goudal, and dance places with Margaret Livingston.

An evening spent calling on Polly's pals promised a million laughs. Polly is a born comedienne, the life of every party, and her friends are just as gay. For general convenience all the way around we agreed to meet at the house of William Haines.

POLLY and Bill are the greatest friends. In fact Bill himself would rather step out with Polly than a whole season of Wampas Baby Stars. And, it's more than likely that Polly is invited to more parties than most of them combined, at that.

"I'll bet you never saw a house like this before," said Polly, boosting Bill's stock.

Bill tried to look modest.

"You get the personality of the owner the minute you come in."

Polly began to brighten up in a few minutes. The tummy ache didn't hurt quite so much after a few Haines wisecracks.

The friendship between Bill and Polly, pretty well publicized recently, is not always understood by the fans.

They seem to believe it is a firm, romantic attachment.

"I got a letter from a fan the other day," Polly said, "and she wanted to know what a handsome young fellow like Bill saw in a funny dame like me."

"It's your girlish figure," replied Bill.

Bill likes to further the impression of a romance. When a new fan writer comes to Hollywood, not familiar with his penchant for joking, he mentions the fact that he is engaged to Polly—"she's one of the Morans of Virginia, you know."

Polly and Bill together showed me over the house. It is a beautiful place.

"Just look at this wall paper in the dining room," said Polly. "You've never seen anything like it. It's hand-painted."

THE paper presented lovely landscape panels. One panel in particular caught Polly's eye. It was a high bridge, with a woman and child crossing over. Underneath the bridge was a hungry-looking crocodile, showing all of his teeth.

"That's 'Peg' Talmadge carrying little Norma," she informed me. "That crocodile looks familiar, too. I've seen that smile before. Oh, yes, I know. It's Roy D'Arcy."

From Bill's place we drove up to Marie Dressler's. We took Polly's car. She said no one could find the place except her chauffeur. Marie's house is on a winding hillside street. The dwellings are built flush with the street. You step from the car at the doorway, and climb a long flight of stairs to the living room floor. It is all very foreign, like a narrow, old street in Italy. Polly calls the place "Marie's Italian flat."

Marie herself met us at the door.

"You'll have to excuse the way I look," she explained. "I was tired this evening, so I just put on this *peignoir*."

"They're still wrappers to me," Polly volunteered.

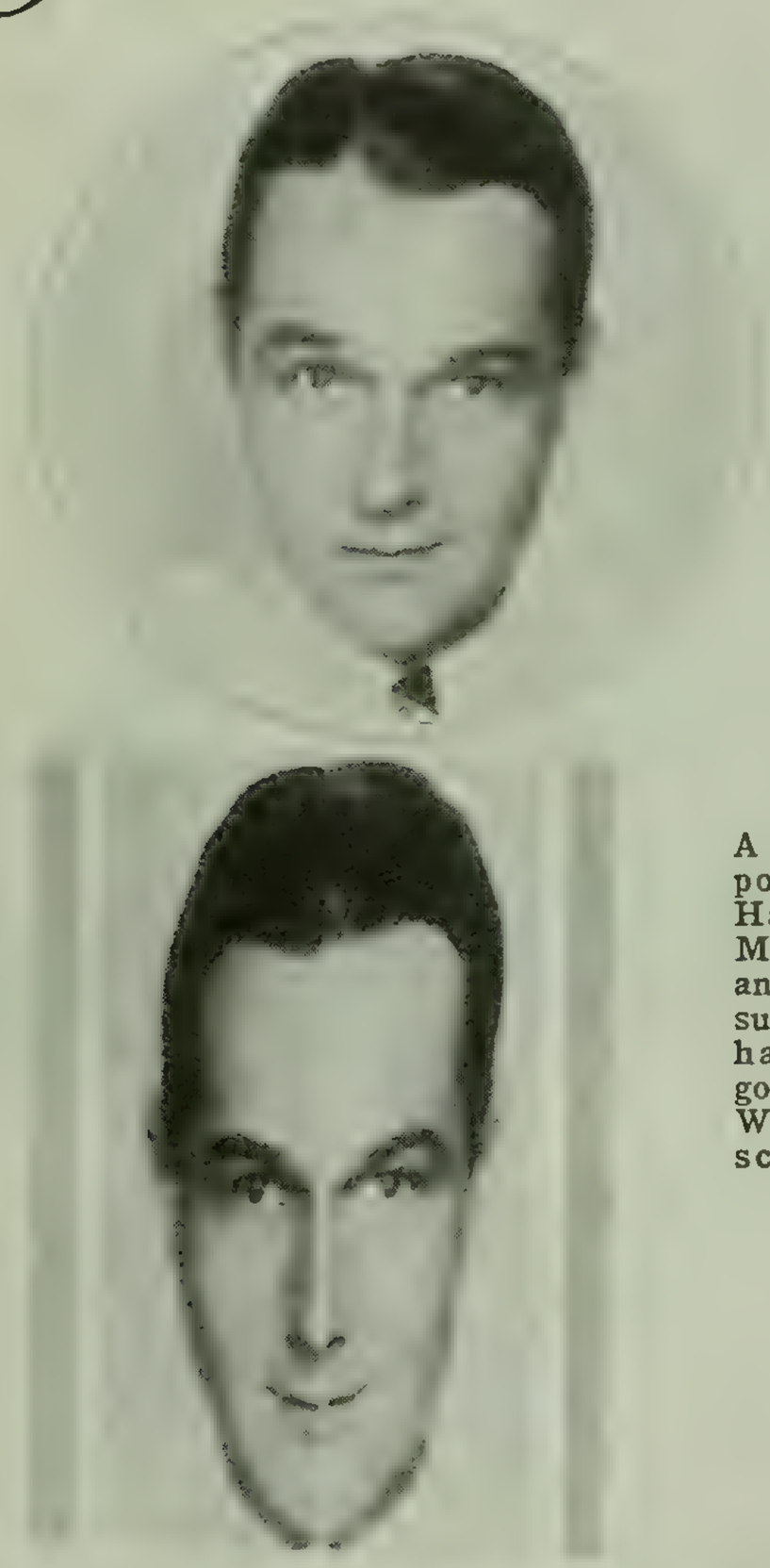
Marie's maid brought in a big selection of *hors d'ouvres*. There were caviar ones, devilled eggs with little pearl onions in the center, and some with tasty white fish. Polly calls them "those little biscuits."

"The fish ones are good," Polly said. "They are made from that whale they just caught down at Long Beach."

Perhaps if you've seen the Polly [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 114]

The Stars' Two Faces—

W. E. Benton, character analyst, tells what he finds in the faces of four more stars



A conventional studio portrait of William Haines, upon which Mr. Benton bends his analyzer, with the results shown on either hand. This is the good-looking, clowning Willie we know on the screen. See what Benton finds

This is the left, or subconscious, side of Haines' face. Benton finds that it shows the alert, athletic, somewhat combative side of the nature of the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer playboy

The right, or conscious, side of Wild Willie's face shows his sensitiveness and colorful personality. This is the Haines that appreciates and enjoys all the niceties of life

Buster Keaton's face, shown here in all its mournful glory, is going to surprise you. This portrait of little Sad-Pan is the one Mr. Benton chose for purposes of tricky analysis

The left, or "hidden," side of Buster Keaton's rather sad face. This, according to Benton, shows his humorous, friendly, talkative side. This Keaton would go for amiable teasing

The right side of Buster Keaton's face—the one the world knows best. This shows a quiet, thoughtful—even tragic—little fellow. But he has a keen sense of balance and proportion

And What They Tell!

THIS is the way Mr. Benton does what he calls character analysis by the face, as presented in these striking composite pictures. The right side of the face, he says, shows the conscious side of the subject, while the left displays the subconscious, or hidden characteristics of the person. He has taken a picture of each star, cut it in half, and has photographed two right sides and two lefts together. The results, with the original photographs used, are here published. This is the third and last of a series of these unusual experiments with the faces of our favorites. While PHOTOPLAY holds no brief for Mr. Benton's method of analysis—haven't these trick pictures been interesting?

The picture of Mary Pickford upon which Mr. Benton chose to operate with his little pocket analyzer. A pretty portrait of America's Sweetheart, taken at the time of "Coquette"

The right side of the Pickford face—that best known to her army of fans. It has all the sweetness, tenderness and charm that we have learned to associate with her screen rôles

This is the left side of Mary Pickford's face—the one we do not think of. This is Mary's aggressive nature—firm-jawed, businesslike. It shows Pickford to be a grand fighter

The left side of the Fairbanks face, the "hidden" side. This is the more tragic, more subdued, more artistic side of his face. Did you ever think of this part of his nature?

Douglas Fairbanks staring straight into the camera's eagle eye. A popular pose of Doug, whose strong face Benton takes apart in the two striking pictures shown on either hand

The right side of Fairbanks' face is the aggressive, business-like, keen-minded side—the Doug that is vigorous and fond of sport, both personally and for his pictures' sake

Child Movie Star: "I warn you, dad! One more smack and I cut your allowance!"

Reeling Around

with Leonard Hall

The Gentlemanly Usher

The gentlemanly usher with his gentlemanly bow
And his Chesterfieldian manner, is the cat's pajamas now.
His uniform's immaculate, without a spot or speck,
His smile is simply lovely, and he pains me in the neck!

The gentlemanly usher glides before me down the aisle
And snaps to smart attention in a military style.
How splendid is his bearing! How pleasing is his glance!
And how I'd like to swing my foot and kick him in the pants!

—Berton Braley

With a Leer

Life says that its idea of real news would be if a lion shot Martin Johnson. . . . Mae Murray, as you know, has been suing Tiffany films for $1,750,000, charging all sorts of high crimes and misdemeanors. Tiffany professes not to be worried. "Just Miss Murray's annual spring suit," says the Tiffany attorney. She filed it in plenty of time for the Easter Parade. . . . Feed box information says that Paramount theaters are selling $500,000 worth of candy a year. From what I hear when I go to the Paramount, New York, I judge that about $498,000 of that comes from the sale of peanut brittle. . . . Rob Wagner says that this is Hollywood good-fellowship—"Pal, if you ever need a friend, come to me! I'll look around and see if I can dig one up for you!" . . . English talkie joke, with thanks to "Punch"—Visitor at talkie studio: "What's that little man doing over there with the pop gun?" Director: "Ah, he's a very important guy around here! He's the noise in the big champagne orgy!" . . . Speaking of punch, Jim Tully, hobo-novelist-pugilist, is now writing dialogue on the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer lot. They also employ a fellow named Gilbert. Oh, boy! When they meet in the commissary for lunch, how the lettuce-leaves *will* fly! Clara Bow has a French double, Mireille Perrey, who is a musical comedy hit. Of course, we shall accept nothing but the original Brooklyn brand of it.

The Gag of the Month Club

This month's prize of a slightly soiled Roxy usher's uniform goes to a dialogue writer for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, who did the speeches for "The Woman Racket."

Two girls are emerging from one of these stuffy night clubs, where the atmosphere is 98 per cent smoke.

"What a funny odor!" says one, as she reaches the street.

"You sap!" says the other, "that's fresh air!"

Getting Personal

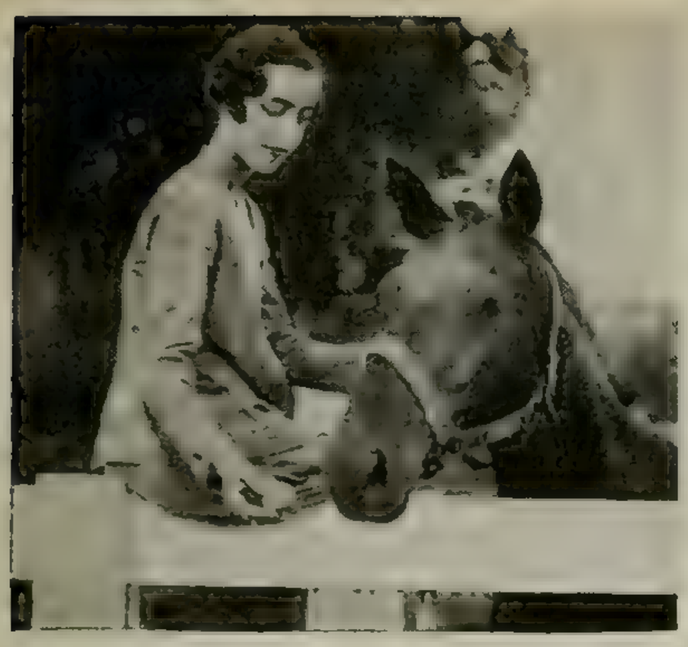
Marjorie Daw is the mother of a daughter. The father, Myron Selznick, is up and about. . . . Out of the mists of the past comes none other than King Baggot! The old Universal matinée idol is appearing in Fox's "Czar of Broadway"—his first film appearance in seven years. . . . In France Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell are known as "Jeannette Jaynor et Charles Fawel." . . . Six Detroit picture houses now stay open all night, all showing all talkies. Patrons must not use them as sleeping rooms. One snore and the bouncer heaves the customer into the street. . . . Mary Miles Minter has worked off thirty-five pounds and still wants to come back to pictures. . . . Betty Compson has the finest collection of Paisley shawls in Hollywood. . . . Pearl White is now living like a queen in Egypt, with frequent visits to Paris and the Riviera.

Barrymore Joke, No. 324,790

An extra man in a John Barrymore picture crashed a party where the star was a guest. After a few jolts of California moon, the extra came up to Jawn, slapped him on the back, and yelled, "How are you, Jack, old boy?"

Barrymore fixed him with a glare and pointed that beautiful nose.

"Don't be so formal!" said the star. "Just call me 'kid.' "



Miss

VIRGINIA CARTER RANDOLPH

"A SOUTHERN GIRL'S DUTY to mankind is to make herself charming." So says Miss Virginia Carter Randolph, of the historic Randolphs who came from England in the 17th Century.

Radiant young favorite of romantic old Warrenton, Virginia, she is a bonny wee thing, adorably pretty, with laughing blue eyes, sunshiny gold-brown hair, and skin as fair as an infant angel's, flower-like, fragile, exquisitely cared for.

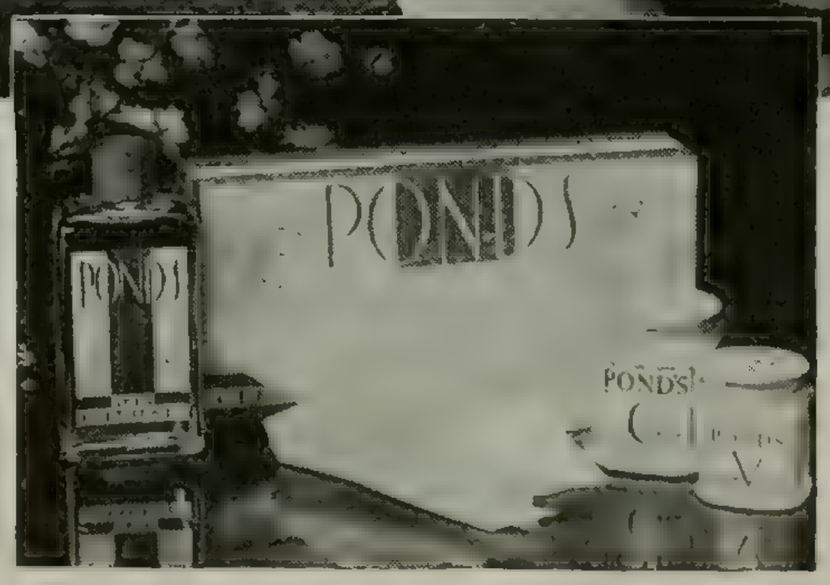
"A Southern girl *must* have a lovely skin," this popular young favorite declares. She says she has "used Pond's ever since she was a little girl.

"That lovely Cold Cream keeps your skin so marvelously clean and the ducky new Cleansing Tissues are perfectly divine . . . the Skin Freshener makes your cheeks as pink as roses, and a little Vanishing Cream before you powder will keep you pretty as a picture all evening.

"You're so much happier when you know you are looking your loveliest!"

FOLLOW these four steps of Pond's sure, swift Method:

During the day . . . *First*, for thorough cleansing, apply Pond's Cold Cream, several times and always after exposure. Pat on with upward, outward strokes, letting the fine oils sink deep into the pores . . . *Then*, with Pond's Cleansing Tissues, soft, absorbent, economical, wipe away all cream and dirt . . . *Next*, briskly dab with Pond's Skin Freshener to banish oiliness, close and reduce pores, tone and firm . . . *Last*, smooth on a delicate film of Pond's Vanishing Cream for powder base and protection. Use it also to keep your hands exquisite.



Pond's Two Creams, Cleansing Tissues, Skin Freshener.

MISS VIRGINIA CARTER RANDOLPH, *of the Virginia Randolphs, keeps her skin exquisite with Pond's four famous preparations.*

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You can keep *your* skin *lovely* just

98% of the lovely complexions cared for with

JOAN CRAWFORD, lovely M.G.M. star: "Lux Toilet Soap is a joy."

SUE CAROL, vivacious Fox Films' star: "I always use Lux Toilet Soap."

BETTY COMPSON, charming Radio Pictures' star: "Lux Toilet Soap is wonderful for smooth skin."

BETTY BRONSON, delightfully winsome star: "So wonderfully soothing!"

above BILLIE DOVE, lovable First National star.

right BEBE DANIELS, beautiful Radio Pictures' star.

NO SINGLE BEAUTY touches hearts as a petal-smooth skin does. People are subtly *drawn* to the girl who has it . . . cluster about her admiringly.

Nobody knows this better than do the girls who have won the hearts of millions . . . on the screen. For Hollywood directors found out long ago that unless a girl has the smoothest of skin for the all-important close-up, she can never hold her public.

As Raoul Walsh, famous Fox director, puts it: "Smooth, beautiful skin is the most potent charm a girl can have . . . and an absolute essential for stardom on the screen."

And you can keep *your* skin just as lovely as the screen stars do! Of the 521 important actresses in Hollywood, including all stars, 511 use Lux Toilet Soap. First, five or six of them began to use it . . . found out how perfectly smooth and soft it keeps the skin . . . and it wasn't long before 9 out of 10 famous stars were using this delightfully fragrant white soap.

MAY MCAVOY, popular little star: "Lux Toilet Soap is so refreshing."

MARY ASTOR, charming star: "Lux Toilet Soap is so soothing to the skin."

LUX TOILET SOAP

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

as 511 *Hollywood Actresses* do . .

you see on the screen are Lux Toilet Soap . . .

And, under the glaring lights of the close-up, only the slightest amount of make-up can be used . . . the skin of the stars must be *naturally* lovely.

9 out of 10 lovely stars use it

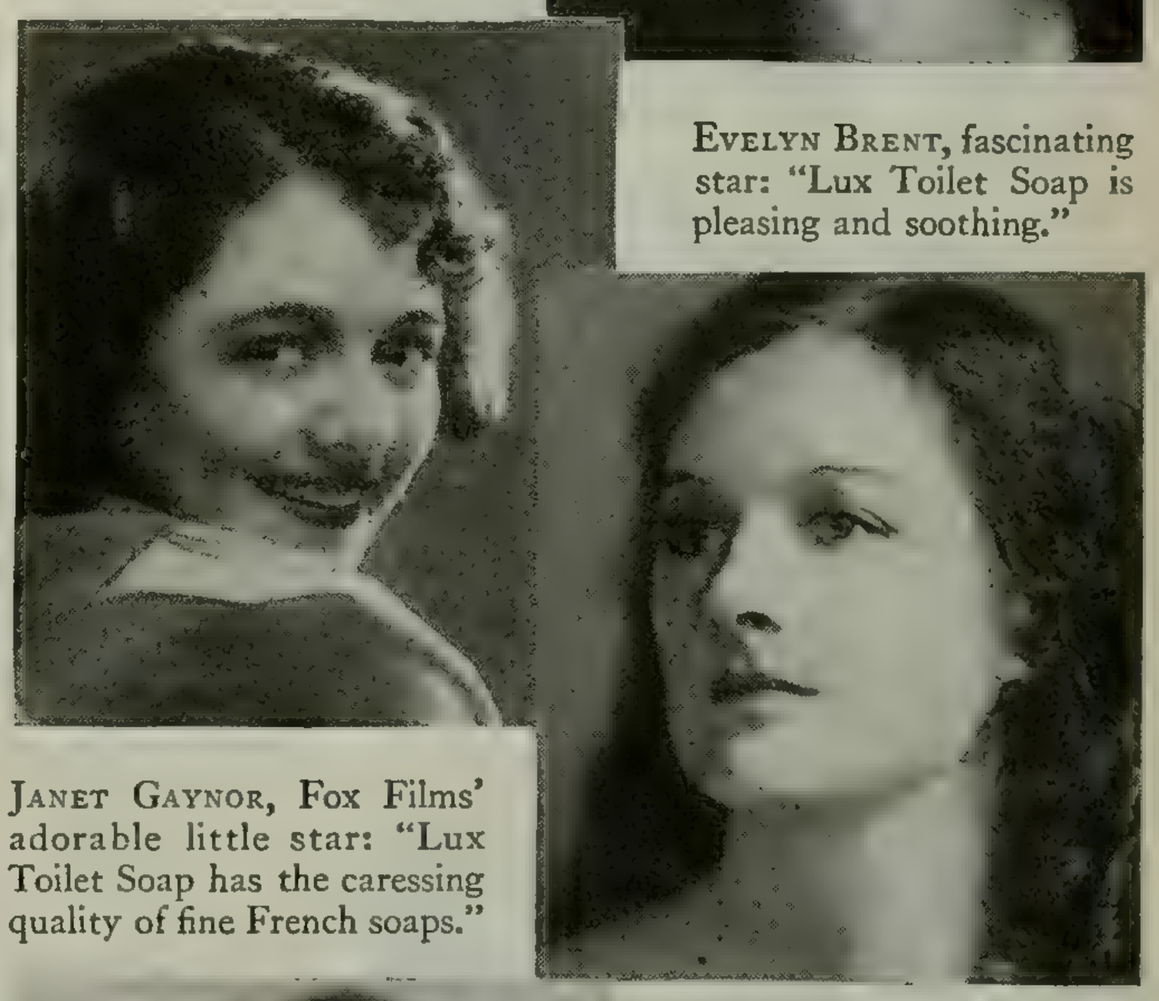
Not only in their own luxurious bathrooms do they use it, but on location. For at the actresses' request all the great film studios have made it the official soap in their dressing rooms.

The loveliest Broadway stage stars, too, are enthusiastic about the way Lux Toilet Soap cares for their skin . . . and oh, so grateful to it since so many of them have successfully passed the screen test for talking pictures!

And the European stars are now using it! In France . . . in England . . . in Germany.

If *you* aren't one of the millions of women who are already devoted to this dainty soap, order several cakes today. You will be delighted with the way it cares for *your* skin.

MARION DAVIES, charming M.G.M. star: "I am delighted with Lux Toilet Soap."



EVELYN BRENT, fascinating star: "Lux Toilet Soap is pleasing and soothing."

JANET GAYNOR, Fox Films' adorable little star: "Lux Toilet Soap has the caressing quality of fine French soaps."

DOROTHY MACKAILL, enchanting star: "It's certainly a wonderful soap."

MARION NIXON, Warner Brothers' exquisite star: "As marvelous as French soaps."

ELEANOR BOARDMAN, appealing beautiful star: "Lux Toilet Soap is excellent".

CLARA BOW, Paramount's scintillating star.

MARY BRIAN, ever beloved Paramount star.

First sweeping Hollywood—then Broadway —and now the European capitals . . . 10¢

That's Why
so many **SCREEN STARS**
have chosen

MEEKER MADE

Fine Leather Handbags and Underarms

ASK the motion picture director why this star and that star are outstanding in their success. Beauty? Only good looks are necessary. Histrionic ability? Many brilliant screen stars are only fair actresses. What then—Personality?

That is the secret—Personality! That, too, is the secret of success for Meeker-Made Fine Leather Handbags and Underarms and Men's Billfolds, etc. . . . PURSE PERSONALITY. An answer to the question "Why have so many Screen Stars chosen Meeker-Made Fine Leather Handbags and Underarms?"

THE MEEKER CO., INC.
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At your Jeweler's, the better Department and Drug Stores and at Leading Leather Goods Dealers

The Best Records *from* New Pictures

By Maurice Fenton

John McCormack Records Four Songs

THE BEST SELLERS

"The One Girl," from "Song of the West." "Cryin' for the Carolines," from "Spring Is Here." "Nobody's Sweetheart," from "The Vagabond Lover."

THE big news of this month is that John McCormack has newly recorded, on Victor Red Seal records, four of his numbers in "Song o' My Heart." They are:

The Rose of Tralee
Ireland, Mother Ireland
I Feel You Near Me
A Pair of Blue Eyes

The four numbers are on two double-faced discs. They are as good as any records John has ever made, and Victor has a tremendous list of them, exclusively.

LOVE COMES ALONG

Until Love Comes Along	Bebe Daniels Lee Morse and her Blue Grass Boys	Victor
Night Winds	Bebe Daniels	Victor

Bebe is getting better, disc by disc. These two numbers from her musical picture are beautifully sung.

MAMMY

To My Mammy	Gene Austin, tenor	Victor
Let Me Sing, I'm Happy	Gene Austin, tenor Waring's Pennsylvanians	Victor Victor
Looking at You	Gene Austin, tenor Waring's Pennsylvanians	Victor Victor

While we are waiting for Al Jolson to put his latest movie music on the wax, these numbers, sung by Gene Austin and played by Fred Waring's band, will do nicely.

They are all Irving Berlin's songs, from the score of Al's latest singie, and are all in the old master's best popular manner. And that's plenty good.

PARAMOUNT ON PARADE

Sweepin' the Clouds Away	Coon-Sanders Orchestra The Photoplayers	Victor Columbia
Anytime's the Time to Fall in Love	Phil Spitalny's Orchestra	Victor

Last month we told of the arrival of a Dennis King record of "Nichavo," one of the songs from the big Paramount revue.

Here are two more hits therefrom, done by dance bands. Phil's effort is particularly fine, he having a smart band and being a smart boy. More records from "Paramount on Parade," one of the Spring's really big pictures, are on the way.

HONEY

In My Little Hope Chest	High Hatters Photoplayers	Victor Columbia
Sing, You Singers	Photoplayers Charleston Chasers	Columbia Columbia

Two of the frothy, light numbers from Nancy Carroll's latest picture—"Sweetie's" successor. The first is a ballad—the second, a chorus piece. The Columbia Photoplayers get better with each record.

PUTTIN' ON THE RITZ

Puttin' on the Ritz	All by Brunswick
There's Danger in Your Eyes, Cherie	
Singing a Vagabond Song With You	

Well, here you are—Harry Richman himself singing the hit songs of his United Artists picture for the wax.

Richman sings mighty well. And you'll be interested in hearing Clara Bow's boy-friend (ex?) singing the numbers he does on the screen. Burtnett's band accompanies him.

HOT FOR PARIS

Sweet Nothings of Love	Merle Johnson and his Columbia Ceco Couriers	

A piping hot number played with the lid off by Johnson and his blistering band. Hot like the McLaglen talkie.

THE GRAND PARADE

Molly	Charles Lawman, tenor	Columbia
	Ipana Troubadours, band	Columbia
	Huntley's Orchestra	Brunswick

A nice Irish number, in waltz time. A smooth, easy and pretty piece, getting very popular. From Pathe's minstrel picture.

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Sal Hepatica

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Fred Marches On

Frederic March gives other screen lovers a fast run these days

By

Phillip Merton

Fred March got a real baptism of fire in his first talkie. He played Clara Bow's professor-crush in "The Wild Party," and what she didn't do to his academic dignity just isn't in the curriculum!

WITHOUT having much to say about it, Frederic March is being elevated by the fans to the rank of a great lover. Such a sighing he creates among the ladies when he looks "that way" at Clara Bow or Ann Harding, Colleen Moore or Ruth Chatterton.

He has been compared to John Gilbert by people who once mastered the old parlor trick of proving that black is white. Really, there isn't much basis for comparison. Gilbert is all fire and drama. He can tell a woman that he loves her in one breath, and with the next inform her that he hates her, without even shifting into second. March confines his acting to the stage and the screen.

The one is a dynamo of emotions, the other is an intellectual. Not the kind of intellectual, however, that disdains to wash behind the ears.

March admires Gilbert tremendously. He would like to do the Gilbert type of thing without heavy stress on the big time loving. He likes rôles that savor of character, as do many of the Gilbert acting assignments.

"If the audience gets tired of seeing a man always looking the same, and with his hair parted always in the same place, think how the actor feels about it," he said. "On the stage I liked rôles like 'Liliom,' 'The Guardsman,' and 'Hell Bent for Heaven.' In 'Tommy' I even played an uncle who looked like Abraham Lincoln."

During his college days at the University of Wisconsin he found time to go out for track, manage the football team, be president of his class, and win a scholarship. This wasn't quite enough to keep him busy. He also went out for dramatics. Strangely enough, nothing in college was to mean quite so much to him in the future as that scholarship in commerce. The scholarship took him to New York, and the nation's foremost theater mart.

The president of the National City Bank of New York offered scholarships to one man each from twenty universities. After college days were over they were to serve an apprenticeship in the New York banking house, and then be sent to posts in foreign countries. The idea of counting *pesos* in some South American bank sounded good to a young college boy.

Heads of banking institutions change, and when the change came to the National City Bank the new president was not so hot about running a travel bureau for collegiates. The boys were put to work in the bank, per agreement, and they stayed there. Freddy, looking the field over, saw men who had been there for three or four years, with the prospect of becoming assistant cashiers if they were good boys and kept away from Ziegfeld stage doors.

"The chances seemed pretty slim of ever being sent to a foreign city," he explained, "so I told them at the bank I would like to try something entirely different. I asked for a year's leave, as I didn't want to burn my bridges completely. What I really wanted to do was have a try at the stage and to find out if I could make a go of it.

"MY first job was as an assistant stage manager in the Belasco production of 'Deburau,' starring Lionel Atwill. I played two minor rôles in the show as well. In one act I was all made up to look like Victor Hugo. It was just a start, but I knew that it was the sort of thing I wanted to do."

The most important engagement of his career was a summer season at the old Illitch Gardens in Denver. His leading lady was Florence Eldridge. Frederic thought that she was a particularly nice person. During the following summer at the same theater he saw no reason to change his original opinion. In fact, he thought a great deal more of her. They were married.

Both Frederic and Florence gave up promising New York engagements to try the Coast. Florence was the first to achieve a reputation in Los Angeles. [PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 151]

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Buddy Conquers Broadway!

When we say that Buddy Rogers was a riot in New York, we mean it. Here is Mr. Rogers being boosted into the Paramount Theater's stage door by cops and attaches

By
Alice Ingram

Young Mr. Rogers of Olathe and Hollywood captures the Big Town's heart

"PUT your head out that window again and I'll pinch you!"

That's what the New York cop said to Buddy Rogers.

The scene was the Paramount Theater where Buddy was acting as master of ceremonies. Hundreds of flappers, not content with watching their idol in the theater, had crowded around the stage door. Buddy smiled at them from his dressing room window, thinking they would go away. Instead they stayed and, every time Buddy smiled, more collected. At last they became a traffic menace and the law stepped in.

Buddy had found that it was impossible to make the trip from the theater to the Ambassador Hotel without being mobbed, so he moved into the Astor, right across the street. Even then, he had to take a taxi and drive around the block several times before he dared to get out.

Buddy is Hollywood's contribution to Broadway. He's the one and only Western master of ceremonies to knock the White Way cold, break theater box-office records and set the flappers wild.

Strangely enough, it was Buddy's idea. He didn't know what he was letting himself in for.

He had played the rôle of a jazz band leader in "Close Harmony" and the pep and personality stuff got into his blood. Thanks to a hurry-up teacher he had learned to play the piano, pretty loud and pretty jazzy, and to sing. He had bought a little organ for $60 and, between scenes in his dressing room, wheezed out a melody or two. Saxophone and cornet weren't hard and he didn't feel embarrassed with a baton.

BUT when he suggested going to New York for a week's engagement, officials shook their heads. "Too much competition in the big town, my boy," they said sagely. But Buddy persuaded them to let him try.

He felt perfectly at ease on the stage. He has camera fright every time he begins a new picture, but the theater held no terrors for him. The flaps caused him all the trouble while he filled his engagements, a week in New York and a week in Brooklyn.

He made his first entrance by coming up from the pit playing the organ. He lost six handkerchiefs a day, for every time he appeared some girl in the first row would snatch the hankie from his pocket and dash from the theater with her trophy.

From eleven A. M. until midnight, Buddy remained at the theater. The house was packed every performance, but most of the girls arrived at the first show and stayed through. This annoyed the manager. He couldn't make money like that, so he announced after every performance that Buddy would appear at the stage door. There was always a stampede.

Then they had to buy another ticket to get back in.

There was one young lady as persistent as an insurance agent. Every show found her seated in the front row and she was always first in line at the stage door. She followed the actor to Brooklyn and when he left the theater on the last night she shouted after him, "I'll be seeing you in Hollywood, Buddy." He expected to discover her at the station upon his return.

Several girls rushed on the stage during the performance. Once, in Brooklyn, a little boy marched up on the stage and insisted on reciting a little speech. He said it six times before Buddy could shut him off.

EVERY night when Buddy returned to his hotel there were hundreds of messages for him. "Call Dorothy Mackaill at such and such a number," or "Dick Arlen is in town. He wants you to give him a ring." At first he believed and called. Always a feminine voice answered the phone. "Oh *please* forgive me. I'm not Dorothy Mackaill, but I just wanted to hear your voice again."

Many got to see him by insisting that they were sent by their school papers to interview him. Invariably the list of questions ended with:

"Now how can *I* get in pictures?"

Buddy has returned. He looks thinner and there's a trace of world weariness in his face. He sighs when you ask him about those hectic weeks.

"Gee," he says, mopping his brow, "I'm glad to be back in Hollywood where nobody knows me!"

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Elin Dahlstrand

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"This fine facial soap," she goes on to say, "keeps the surface of the skin well protected. It is bland and neutral. Use it with warm water, for careful cleansing; then rinse with cold water (water of icy temperature is good) to prevent relaxation of the skin or sagging."

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Mary Brian
Clive Brook
Nancy Carroll
Robert Castle
Lane Chandler
Ruth Chatterton
Maurice Chevalier
Chester Conklin
Gary Cooper
Kay Francis
Richard "Skeets" Gallagher
Harry Green
Paul Guertzman
James Hall
Neil Hamilton
O. P. Heggie
Doris Hill
Phillips Holmes
Helen Kane
Dennis King
Jack Luden
Paul Lukas
John Loder
Jeanette MacDonald
Frederic March
David Newell
Jack Oakie
Warner Oland
Guy Oliver
William Powell
Charles Rogers
Lillian Roth
Regis Toomey
Fay Wray

At Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Renee Adoree
Nils Asther
Lionel Barrymore
Wallace Beery
Jack Benny
Charles Bickford
Edwina Booth
John Mack Brown
Lon Chaney
Joan Crawford
Karl Dane
Marion Davies
Mary Doran
Duncan Sisters
Josephine Dunn
Cliff Edwards
Greta Garbo
John Gilbert
Lawrence Gray
Raymond Hackett
William Haines
Marion Harris
Leila Hyams
Kay Johnson
Dorothy Jordan
Buster Keaton
Charles King
Carlotta King
Gwen Lee
Bessie Love
Nina Mae McKinney
John Miljan
Robert Montgomery
Polly Moran
Conrad Nagel
Ramon Novarro
Edward Nugent
Elliott Nugent
Catherine Dale Owen
Anita Page
Basil Rathbone
Duncan Renaldo
Dorothy Sebastian
Norma Shearer
Sally Starr
Lewis Stone
Lawrence Tibbett
Ernest Torrence
Raquel Torres
Roland Young

At Fox Studios, 1401 No. Western Avenue, Hollywood, Calif.

Frank Albertson
Robert Ames
Mary Astor
Ben Bard
Warner Baxter
Rex Bell
El Brendel
Warren Burke
Sue Carol
Helen Chandler
Marguerite Churchill
Mae Clark
Sammy Cohen
William Collier, Sr.
June Collyer
Joyce Compton
Fifi Dorsay
Louise Dresser
Nancy Drexel
Charles Eaton
Stuart Erwin
Charles Farrell
Stepin Fetchit
John Garrick
Janet Gaynor
William Harrigan
Richard Keene
Lola Lane
Dixie Lee
Ivan Linow
Edmund Lowe
Sharon Lynn
Farrell MacDonald
Mona Maris
Kenneth McKenna
Victor McLaglen
Don Jose Mojica
Lois Moran
Charles Morton
Paul Muni
J. Harold Murray
Barry Norton
George O'Brien
Paul Page
Tom Patricola
Sally Phipps
David Rollins
Arthur Stone
Nick Stuart
Norma Terris
Don Terry
Marjorie White

At First National Studios, Burbank, Calif.

Richard Barthelmess
Bernice Claire
Doris Dawson
Billie Dove
Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.
Alexander Gray
Corinne Griffith
Doris Kenyon
Dorothy Mackaill
Marilyn Miller
Colleen Moore
Antonio Moreno
Jack Mulhall
Donald Reed
Milton Sills
Alice White
Loretta Young

At Universal Studios, Universal City, Calif.

Lew Ayres
John Boles
Ethlyn Claire
Kathryn Crawford
Lorayne DuVal
Robert Ellis
Hoot Gibson
Dorothy Gulliver
Otis Harlan
Raymond Keane
Merna Kennedy
Barbara Kent
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Natalie Kingston
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Laura La Plante
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Glenn Tryon
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Sally Blane
Olive Borden
Betty Compson
Bebe Daniels
Frankie Darro
Richard Dix
Bob Steele
Tom Tyler

At Pathe Studios, Culver City, Calif.

Robert Armstrong
Constance Bennett
William Boyd
Ina Claire
Alan Hale
Ann Harding
Carol Lombard
Eddie Quillan

At Warner Brothers Studios, 5842 Sunset Blvd., Hollywood, Calif.

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Monte Blue
Betty Bronson
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Louise Fazenda
Audrey Ferris
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May McAvoy
Edna Murphy
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Fannie Brice
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Dolores Del Rio
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Harry Richman
Gilbert Roland
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At Columbia Studios, 1438 Gower Street, Hollywood, Calif.

Belle Baker
Evelyn Brent
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Ralph Graves
Sam Hardy
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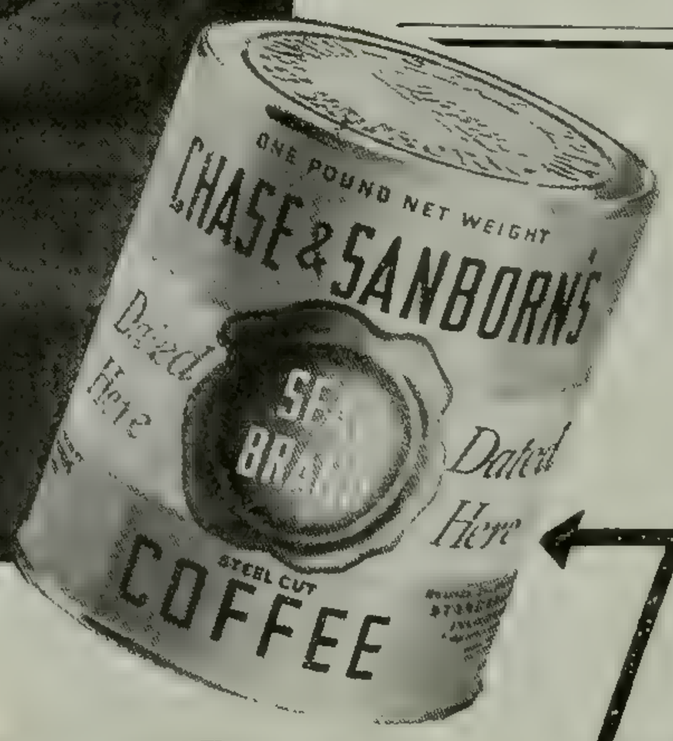
IRVIN COBB, author, states his preference for Chase & Sanborn's Coffee: "I think Chase & Sanborn's Coffee is as near to being perfect as anything in this imperfect world ever gets to be."

ERIC DREXEL, distinguished sportsman, noted huntsman, comments appreciatively on Chase & Sanborn's Coffee: "It is great coffee. Has a tang all its own—because of its freshness, I dare say."

GRAHAM McNAMEE and Radio grew up together. There are very few people who do not know his pulsing, eager voice which makes words leap to glowing pictures. "Chase & Sanborn's Coffee," he says, "reaches the top of coffee flavor. It is undeviatingly mellow and rich and full-flavored."



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These New Faces

Watch for This Each Month

JOAN PEERS ("Applause," Paramount) broke upon our delighted gaze in the Helen Morgan picture as one of the best young actresses ever to break into talkies. She is the daughter of Frank Peers, manager of the Adelphi Theater, Chicago, and made her first appearance on the stage at the age of three. Paramount took her to Hollywood. She now works for Columbia.

RICHARD KEENE ("Happy Days," Fox) is another young song and dance man lured from the Broadway stage by the singies. Dick appeared in innumerable musical shows in New York, but Fox snared him and put him under contract. He made his picture début in "Big Time," and since that big time has played in "Why Leave Home," "The Big Party" and "The Golden Calf."

"GINGER" ROGERS ("Young Man of Manhattan," Paramount) is an Independence, Mo., girl who was discovered by Paul Ash, and was a sensation singing in Publix presentations. Then she went into "Top Speed," a Broadway musical show, and scored again. Paramount, who found Helen Kane the same way, lost no time in getting "Ginger" on the dotted line.

HARRY RICHMAN ("Puttin' on the Ritz," United Artists) has been in the headlines for months as the "fiance" of Clara Bow. Harry got his start in New York singing in night clubs, several years ago. Then for two seasons he scored heavily singing the hit songs in George White's "Scandals." Now he has his own night spot, "The Club Richman."

JUDITH VOSSELLI ("The Rogue Song," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) is another talkie débutante from the stage. Born in Spain, she was brought to America when two years old. She has had a distinguished career in the American theater, usually playing menaces—also her forte in films. She made her talkie début in Ina Claire's Pathe picture, "The Awful Truth."

ALLAN PRIOR ("Bride of the Regiment," First National) has for some years been one of the leading lights in American operetta, notably those produced by the Messrs. Shubert during the recent operetta vogue. He did his best singing in "The Song of Love," done five years ago. With the present musical craze in pictures, it was certain Allan would be heard.

JOBYNA HOWLAND ("Honey," Paramount) is one of the best known comediennes on the comedy stage. Over six feet tall, she was first famous for her work in Belasco's stage production of "The Gold Diggers," with Ina Claire. Later, she went to London for the same rôle. She played in the Eddie Cantor show, "Kid Boots," for three entire seasons.

SCOTT KOLK ("Marianne," Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer) began his entertainment career as trap-drummer and dancer with a popular jazz band in Washington, D. C. Then followed an engagement in musical comedy, with his picture chores following in due course. His full name is Walter Scott Kolk. He will be seen soon in Universal's "All Quiet on the Western Front."

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. . . they may say it about you

WHAT a pity it is that so many otherwise fastidious men and women give no thought to keeping their breath beyond reproach.

The case of this attractive Boston girl is typical. Her charm is undeniable. Her clothes are the envy of less fortunate women. Actually, she's one girl in a thousand. Yet her women friends, if they invite her to parties at all, invite her out of courtesy. As for men, they call once and that is the end of it. Halitosis (unpleasant breath) is too high a hurdle for sensitive people.

You yourself cannot be sure that at this very moment you are free of halitosis. The damnable thing about this condition is that while obvious to others, the victim herself is seldom aware of it. So many every day conditions are responsible for halitosis that few people escape it entirely—food fermentation in the mouth, defective or decaying teeth, pyorrhea, catarrh, or other mild infections of the mouth, nose, and throat. Also stomach derangements caused by excesses of eating or drinking.

The swift, certain way to put your breath beyond suspicion is to rinse your mouth with full strength Listerine, the safe antiseptic, morning and night, and between times before meeting others. Keep a bottle handy at home and office for this purpose.

Being a safe but active germicide*, full strength Listerine checks decomposition and infection which cause odors. Then, being a powerful deodorant, overcomes the odors themselves. The breath is left sweet, clean and wholesome. Lambert Pharmacal Company, St. Louis, Mo.

***Full strength Listerine kills 200,000,000 Staphylococcus Aureus (pus) and Bacillus Typhosus (typhoid) germs in 15 seconds —fastest time science has accurately recorded—20 times faster than required by U.S. Government to qualify as a germicide.**

Listerine *ends* halitosis

NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—*of* Stars *and* Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 53]

if ever one fell into a trouper's lap. It is dramatic, romantic, tender, gentle, fiery, poetic and thoroughly beautiful.

It was this part that made Eva LeGallienne famous among women of the stage. And yet they say that, in spite of the pleas of Frank Borzage and Charlie Farrell, Janet wouldn't touch it with a poker, and went sailing off to Honolulu.

Janet, would you mind telling a puzzled old man just why?

HARRY LANGDON says while he was working at the old Sennett studio he came across something pretty interesting from an archeological standpoint.

One day a plank was ripped up from an old stage, and underneath was discovered—a petrified pie!

AMATORY Advices—

. . . Clarke Twelvetrees jumped out of a hotel window and his wife, Helen Twelvetrees, divorced him. . . . Carmen Pantages announces termination of her betrothal to John Considine, Jr., who is seen everywhere with Joan Bennett . . . but Carmen and John say they're still good friends. . . . Marilyn Miller, who was Mrs. Jack Pickford No. 2, says she will marry again, and Jack Pickford, just returned from a world tour with Doug and Mary, is seen places with Mary Melhearne, once of the Follies. . . . Lola Lane definitely asserts that her much-published engagement to Mervin Williams, young stage and screen actor who walked for a year with a broken back in a plaster cast, is off. . . . Composer Nacio Herb Brown's wife sues for divorce and says Nacio got that way about Doris Eaton . . . and Doris says the charge is "too ridiculous!" . . . Lina Basquette's daughter is legally adopted by the Harry Warners . . . Lina, now married to Pev Marley, one-time DeMille cameraman, used to be Mrs. Sam Warner and the child, now three and a half, has been living with the Harrys.

Paramount's three young aces—the boys who mean millions to their company and great joy to their fans. Buddy Rogers, Dick Arlen and Gary Cooper pose for their picture on the old home lot out West

What the well-dressed girl golfer is wearing on the links this spring, or the stars in stripes forever! Thelma Todd, who for some time has been toiling in Roach comedies, moves into features for Paramount. This is one of her costumes for the musical "Follow Thru"

AND then there's the story of Monte Blue's near-sighted friend who looked out of Monte's living room window and saw the patio fountain.

There's a cute stone figure of a nude little boy—you know the kind.

The friend—remember, he was near-sighted or something—turned and wagged a reproachful forefinger at the actor.

"Monte," said he, "those two sons of yours are nice little lads, but . . ."

"But what?" asked Blue.

"But listen, Monte; when you let 'em play in the garden, you should put anyway pants on them!"

THERE'S more than make-believe tragedy in "Sarah and Son," the Ruth Chatterton picture.

Fuller Mellish, Jr., played her worthless husband. His last scene in the picture was his death-bed bit.

And that was his last scene on any screen. Two months after it was made he died suddenly in his Eastern home.

But "Sarah and Son" opened at a great theater on Broadway, as Mellish lay dead a few miles away. And those who were aware of it all, felt more than a little ghostly as Ruth Chatterton sang an old lullaby near the bedside of the dying man.

JACK OAKIE'S sweat shirt has attained to the eminence of a Hollywood institution.

When Oakie appears wearing something besides a sweat shirt, everybody gasps and wonders what's happened. They even did when he attended a permeer recently in a tux.

"Aw," he explained, "the laundry lost me sweat shirt!"

GRETA GARBO'S first talkie, "Anna Christie," has been a complete triumph.

The picture, during its first week at the great Capitol Theater, New York, smashed the house record by $10,000. Enormous lines stormed

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 96]

"We are advertised by our loving friends"

Ruth and Naomi Hosto, Dupo, Illinois

These Beautiful Twins
were fed on

Mellin's Food and Milk

Their excellent health, their happy expressions and their activity furnish convincing evidence that the nourishment they received during the entire period of bottle feeding was in every way suitable for normal growth and development of early life.

Write today for a Free Trial Bottle of Mellin's Food and a copy of our book, "The Care and Feeding of Infants"

ACCEPTED AMERICAN MEDICAL ASSN. Committee on Foods

Mellin's Food Co., Boston, Mass.

When you write to advertisers please mention PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE.

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 94]

the theater—even for the nightly midnight shows It was a sight to see.

Some have said that they didn't like her voice, or that to hear her talk dissipated much of the glamorous mystery that has made her famous. The great majority, I think, say that her deep, resonant and expressive voice was all that was needed to make her a great and complete artist in pictures.

That's how Cal feels. And he's palpitating for her second, "Romance."

HOLLYWOOD'S great, star-thronged openings are something to wire the pater about —but there's nothing quite like a premiére that brings Al Jolson back to Broadway.

For Al is Broadway's own—its beloved and favorite son. For years, in musical extravaganza, he packed the famous Winter Garden, and became known as the greatest single entertainer and personal showman on the American stage.

And how the big street did take him to its heart at the New York opening of "Mammy!" Al, brown as a nut, ran down the aisle after the showing, perched on a piano, sang songs and made a little Jolsonian speech.

Lowell Sherman and Helene Costello snapped in grinning mood after their recent marriage. This is Helene's second try, and Lowell's third. His second wife was little Pauline Garon

International

It was a homecoming for him, and for his thousands of old friends, and believe me, it was a heart-warming night. He's peculiarly Broadway's own. Hollywood just borrows him.

GOSSIP hounds of Hollywood are rubbing their hands in uncontrolled glee and preparing to spend a lot of merry hours on the "Follow Thru" set.

Nancy Carroll is in the picture. So is Zelma O'Neal. Both are red heads. The picture is in Technicolor. Nancy's hair photographs red. Zelma's doesn't. Or it didn't until Zelma went and had it dyed so that it would be just the right color. And there's an unwritten law in Hollywood that one red head to a picture is the absolute limit. Heigh-ho! There'll be some temperamental days and hectic nights on that little fillum.

CORINNE GRIFFITH, the screen's most dignified beauty, occasionally unbends.

At her own terribly swank dinner party, she spent most of the evening dancing in a gentleman guest's patent leather pumps. Her own shoes were too small.

The patent leathers were far too large, for that matter, but at least they were comfortable.

OF course, everyone knew in advance that the marriage of Edith Mayer, daughter of Louis B. Mayer, to William Goetz, would not be an ordinary garden variety of wedding.

The gala occasion of the wedding of a daughter of the reigning house at M-G-M was solemnized in the gold ballroom of the Biltmore Hotel, with just about everybody that is any-

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 99]

Cosmo

This gentleman is Doug Fairbanks, Jr.'s, stepfather, no less. Jack Whiting, the musical comedy juvenile, who is married to the first Mrs. Douglas Fairbanks, Sr., waves good-bye to Broadway as he heads West for motion picture work

A Remarkable Kodak for $9

A Wonderful Commencement Gift

HANDSOME, dashing, colorful...very much the gay cavalier is this crack picture-taker. Not alone for its fine clothes and engaging air will this camera be famed . . . the Pocket Kodak Junior is as easy to use as a Brownie.

Opens quickly, ready for pictures.

A swagger companion for any man or woman who enjoys taking pictures, Pocket Kodak Junior makes the ideal Commencement gift. With case to match, it comes in attractive hues of blue, brown and green; also in black.

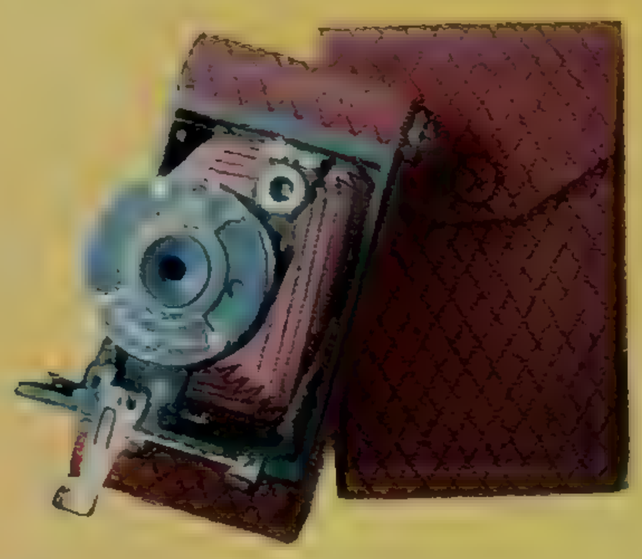
As remarkable as the camera is the price. For No. 1, making 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, $9; with case, $11. For No. 1A, making 2½ x 4¼ pictures, $10; with case, $12.50.

See the Pocket Kodak Juniors at any Kodak dealer's.

Eastman Kodak Company, Rochester, New York.

Pocket Kodak JUNIOR

Always ready for adventures in picture-taking. Two sizes, four colors.

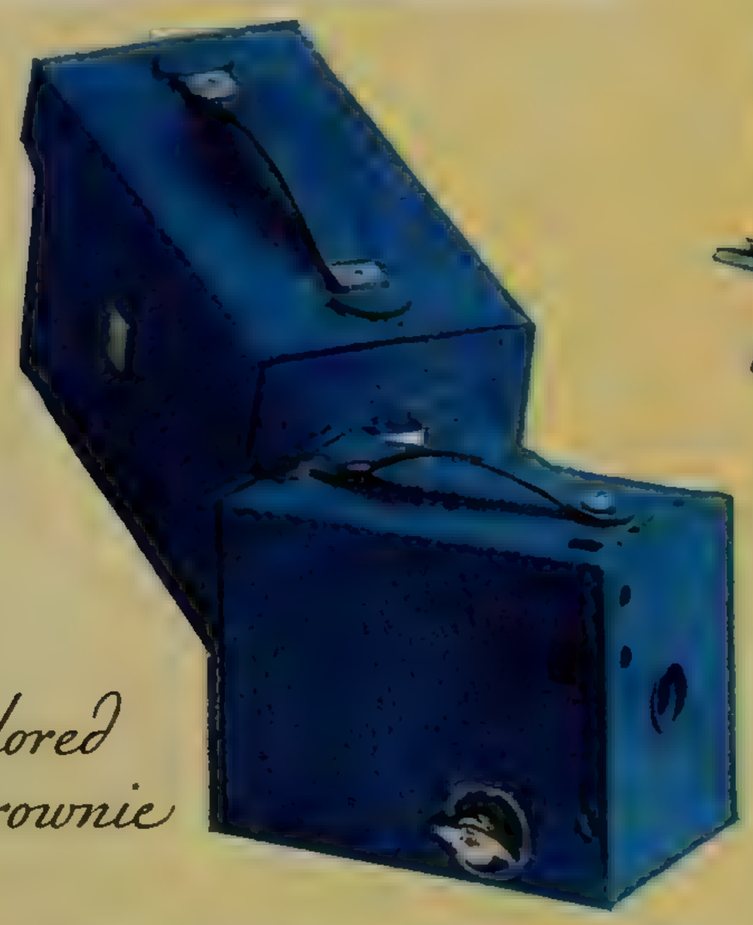


Kodak Petite

KODAKS PETITE—
Exquisite creations that are gay as Seventeen...smart as a new French hat. COLORS: blue, gray, rose, lavender, green. Picture size: 1⅝ x 2½. Price: with case to match, $7.50.

• • •

COLORED BROWNIES—
The ideal Graduation Gift for a child. COLORS: red, green, gray, brown, blue. No. 2, making 2¼ x 3¼ pictures, is $3; with case, $5. No. 2A, making 2½ x 4¼ pictures, is $4; with case, $6.



Colored Brownie

Take these 3 easy steps to INSTANT Loveliness . . .

WHEN purchasing Maybelline Eve Shadow, select Blue for all shades of blue and gray eyes; Brown for hazel and brown eyes; Black for dark brown and violet eyes. Green may be used with eves of all colors and is especially effective for evening wear. Encased in an adorably dainty gold-finished vanity, at 75c.

Maybelline preparations may be obtained at all toilet goods counters. Maybelline Co., Chicago

Millions of women instantly gain added charm and loveliness with these three delightful, easy-to-use Maybelline preparations. They use *Maybelline Eye Shadow* to accentuate the depth of color of their eyes and to add a subtle, refined note of charming allure. Four colors: Black, Brown, Blue, and Green.

Then—they use *Maybelline Eyelash Darkener* to instantly make their lashes appear dark, long, and beautifully luxuriant—to make their eyes appear larger, more brilliant and bewitchingly inviting. There are two forms of Maybelline Eyelash Darkener: Solid form and the waterproof Liquid; either in Black or Brown.

The third and final step is a touch with *Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil* to artistically shape the brows. You will like this pencil. It is the clean, indestructible type, and may be had in Black and Brown.

Take these three easy steps to instant loveliness *now*. Begin with the Eye Shadow, follow with the Eyelash Darkener, and finish with the Eyebrow Pencil. Then, from the height of your new found beauty, observe with what ease you attained such delightful results. This radiant transformation is achieved only by using genuine Maybelline products. Insist upon them.

Maybelline

EYELASH DARKENER • EYE SHADOW • EYEBROW PENCIL

Instant Beautifiers for the Eyes

NEWS!—VIEWS!—GOSSIP!—*of* Stars *and* Studios

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96]

The attendants of Edith Mayer, daughter of Louis B., when she married William Goetz. Bessie Love, Marion Davies, Corinne Griffith, the bride, Irene Mayer, Carmel Myers, Katherine Bennett and May McAvoy

body at all among the guests. Only the most popular and experienced bridesmaids were in the party. In the all-star cast in the parade to the altar were Bessie Love, Marion Davies, Corinne Griffith, Irene Mayer, sister of the bride; Carmel Myers, Catherine Bennett and May McAvoy.

Wedding presents poured in from all over the world. Among the first gifts to arrive was a big parcel from the White House. L. B. Mayer is a friend of President Hoover, and was a staunch supporter during the past election.

The bride wore a white satin gown with a long court train. Her veil was of duchesse and rose-point lace, and her bouquet was of white orchids and lilies of the valley. The maid of honor wore yellow crepe romaine, and the bridesmaids wore gowns of turquoise blue romaine and carried sheaves of pink camellias.

Anyway, it was one of the most brilliant weddings of this or any other Hollywood season.

HELENE COSTELLO recently changed her name to Mrs. Lowell Sherman at a quiet wedding, minus the fuss and feathers usually attending such events in Hollywood. Brother-in-law John Barrymore gave the bride in marriage, and Evelyn Brent was the maid of honor. Dolores Costello missed the celebration on account of the interesting family event awaiting the Barrymores.

About the only really unusual aspect of the whole thing was the fact that the bride wept copiously throughout the ceremony. In a way, the wedding was not such a happy event.

The mother of the Costello girls died not long ago, they are estranged from their father, Maurice Costello, and even Dolores could not be present.

WHEN Norma Talmadge completes "DuBarry," her second talking picture, she will make only two more screen appearances.

Then she will retire. It has long been Norma's wish to live in Europe. Fame means very little to her now, after all the years that she has been at the top of the ladder. Perhaps no star in Hollywood lives as quiet a life as Norma.

Conrad Nagel will probably be the leading man in "DuBarry." It will be the first time in two years that Norma has made a picture without Gilbert Roland in the leading male rôle.

Roland has been borrowed by M-G-M at a salary said to be three times his United Artists pay check. Metro is also considering him for a long-term contract.

THEY pay a cruel price for fame. The picture industry makes strange demands. The Goddess of Entertainment must be served.

Little Edwina Booth, who went to Africa to be the white goddess in "Trader Horn" has not yet recovered her strength. The sunstroke, the fever and the languor of the jungle have left her broken in health. She and her mother have taken a house at the beach (the studio, by

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 134

The business of home-building, by one of Hollywood's happiest couples. Ann Harding and her husband, Harry Bannister, working on their new house. The little daughter is carrying a hod somewhere offstage

In dieting for the fashionable figure, be sure your diet is well balanced with a regular supply of roughage

Grace that is natural and always attractive

DOROTHY MACKAILL
First National Pictures, Inc.

TODAY, to be really beautiful, one must be radiantly healthy, yet desirably feminine. Youthfully slender, but with never a trace of the "flatness" of yesterday.

How many girls, dieting to achieve this fashionable figure, have destroyed both health and charm!

And so unnecessarily!

By following a few simple rules it is comparatively easy to control the weight—and be healthy and more beautiful while doing so.

Eat balanced menus—designed to reduce safely. Avoid the two great dangers of dieting—anemia and improper elimination.

One delightful product that *is not fattening* will help avoid both of these dreaded dangers. It is Kellogg's ALL-BRAN.

Add it to any reducing diet. It furnishes the roughage your system needs to keep it clean and healthy.

Improper elimination is one of beauty's greatest foes! It is the most frequent cause of pimples, sallow complexions, lines of age, listlessness and disease. Just two tablespoonfuls of Kellogg's ALL-BRAN daily is guaranteed to eliminate this danger.

In addition, it helps prevent dietary anemia by adding iron to the blood. Iron brings glorious color to the lips and complexion. With milk or fruit juices, important vitamins are introduced to balance the diet.

You can eat Kellogg's ALL-BRAN in so many delightful ways—*without adding many calories to the diet.* In fruit juices—sprinkled on salads, in soups. Cook it in bran muffins, omelettes, breads. New processes have improved ALL-BRAN—both in texture and in taste. Recommended by doctors.

Always ask for Kellogg's ALL-BRAN—in the red-and-green package. Made by Kellogg in Battle Creek.

SEND FOR THE BOOKLET

"Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce"

It contains helpful and sane counsel. Women who admire beauty and fitness and who want to keep figures slim and fashionable will find the suggested menus and table of foods for dieting invaluable. It is free upon request.

KELLOGG COMPANY, Dept. P-6
Battle Creek, Mich.

Please send me a free copy of your booklet, "Keep Healthy While You Are Dieting to Reduce."

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Food *that* Satisfies

Those who aren't watching their starches and sugars (and we aren't all!) will enjoy these new recipes. Evelyn Brent is a serious-minded cook, and Warner Baxter an accomplished taster

EVERYBODY in Hollywood doesn't diet to keep thin. But we hear so much talk about reducing diets, and so much of it emanates from screen circles, that we are apt to forget there are plenty of hearty appetites left to relish good substantial food.

Evelyn Brent's Chicken Pie is not for those who weigh themselves daily and wince at each additional fraction of a pound gained.

But it's a satisfying dish for a hungry family.

This is her recipe:

Chicken Pie

DRESS, clean and cut up two fowls. Put in a stewpan with one onion, cover with boiling water and cook slowly, until meat is tender. If you like, you may add a few small pieces of salt pork.

When chicken is half cooked, add one-half tablespoon salt and one-eighth teaspoon pepper.

Remove chicken, strain stock, skim off fat, and then cook until reduced to four cups.

Thicken stock with one-third cup flour diluted with enough cold water to pour easily. When boiling point is reached add three tablespoons butter, bit by bit, and more salt if necessary.

Place a small cup in center of baking dish; arrange around it pieces of chicken, removing some of the larger bones; pour over gravy and cool.

Cover with pie crust in which several incisions have been made, that there may be an outlet for escape of steam and gases.

Wet edge of crust and put around a rim, having rim come close to edge.

Bake in a moderate oven until crust is well risen and browned. Roll remnants of pastry and cut in diamond shaped pieces, bake, and serve with pie when reheated. If puff paste is used, it is best to bake top separately.

WARNER BAXTER contributes his recipe for a dish for the non-dieters. It's tempting, so if you want to keep your girlish figure, better not read any further!

Huckleberry Cake

1 cup granulated sugar — 1 egg well beaten
¾ cup butter — 2½ cups sifted flour
1 cup milk — 2 teaspoons baking powder
1 quart huckleberries

Rub the butter and sugar into a cream. Add next beaten egg, then stir in milk. Gradually add flour, having baking powder thoroughly mixed in the last half cup of flour. Beat all together thoroughly, and last, lightly stir in the huckleberries, cleaned and dry. Bake in a cake pan in a good oven.

It is better to put the pan on the bottom of the oven first so that the cake will rise to its required height, then change to a higher shelf so that it may get done on the top. Otherwise the top gets hard before the baking powder has done its work.

Serve hot. Eat with butter.

LAST month I gave you Ruth Roland's recipe for Pineapple Icebox Cake. She has sent me two more of her cherished recipes, to pass along to you.

Egg Plant

Soak egg plant one half hour in salt water; then slice in pieces one-quarter inch thick. Grease a casserole well, and place a layer of tomato, onion, celery and peppers at the bottom. Then cover with a layer of the sliced egg plant, alternating layers until the casserole is filled.

Bake one hour. Fifteen minutes before finished, put a layer of bacon strips across the top, returning to the oven to finish baking.

Fruit Jumbles

Take one-half pound chopped dates and one-half pound shelled walnuts, and rub together with one and one-half cupfuls flour.

In another dish beat one-half cup butter, three-quarters cup sugar, two eggs, one teaspoon vanilla, and one scant teaspoon baking soda.

Then mix all well together, drop from spoon on ungreased pan, making small cakes. Bake in moderate oven.

CAROLYN VAN WYCK

PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE
750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

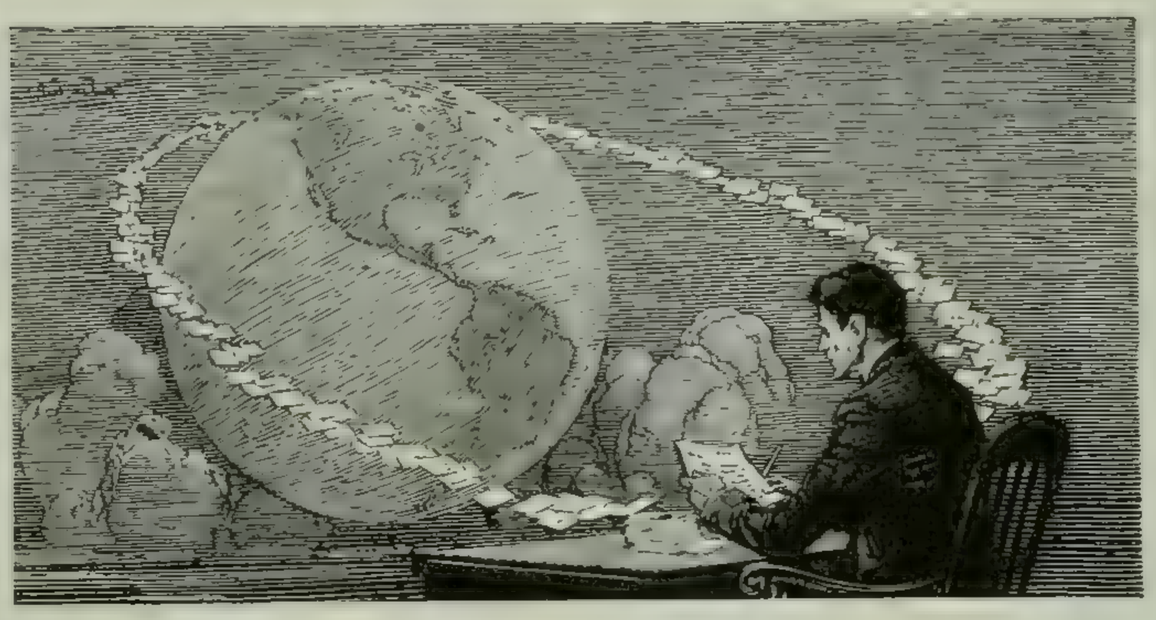
Please send me a copy of PHOTOPLAY'S FAMOUS COOK BOOK, containing 150 favorite recipes of the stars. I am enclosing twenty-five cents.

Be sure to write name and address plainly.
You may send either stamps or coin.

QUESTIONS & ANSWERS

Read This Before Asking Questions

You do not have to be a reader of PHOTOPLAY to have questions answered in this Department. It is only necessary that you avoid questions that would call for unduly long answers, such as synopses of plays or casts. Do not inquire concerning religion, scenario writing, or studio employment. Write on only one side of the paper. Sign your full name and address; only initials will be published if requested.



Casts and Addresses

As these often take up much space and are not always of interest to others than the inquirer, we have found it necessary to treat such subjects in a different way than other questions. For this kind of information, a stamped, addressed envelope must be sent. It is imperative that these rules be complied with in order to insure your receiving the information you want. Address *all* inquiries to Questions and Answers, PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, 221 W. 57th St., New York City.

PHOTOPLAY is printing a list of studio addresses with the names of the stars located at each one.

Don't forget to read over the list on page 90 before writing to this department.

In writing to the stars for photographs PHOTOPLAY advises you to enclose twenty-five cents, to cover the cost of the picture and postage. The stars, who receive hundreds of such requests, cannot afford to comply with them unless you do your share.

LESTIA WASHINGTON, PIEDMONT, S. C.—Any relation to George and Martha? Beth Sully, now Mrs. Jack Whiting, is Douglas Fairbanks, Jr.'s, mother. While I am here I would like to straighten out a little matter of much controversy. Doug, Jr., was born Dec. 9, 1907 and his wife, Joan Crawford, March 23, 1908. So help me Allah, I didn't mean to misquote these dates on so many previous occasions. Mary Philbin is still single. Alice White will be 23 years old July 25. Jean Richey, who is now one year old, had the distinction of making her first squawkie at the age of two weeks. She appeared with Winifred Westover in "Lummox."

FRANCES AYDELOTTE, CALUMET CITY, ILL.—Helen Morgan, stage star and night club favorite, hails from Danville, Ill. Is that far from your town? June Collyer and Don Terry played the leads in "Me, Gangster," which was released a couple of years ago.

L. B. W., MOOSE JAW, SASK., CANADA.—You're right. Charlie Chase does his own vocalizing, and how that boy can tum-teddle-tum-tum. Claud Allister played the part of *Algy* in "Bulldog Drummond" and *Spoofy* in "Three Live Ghosts." Maybe they'll call him Percy in his next. Dorothy and Dixie Lee are not related.

FRANCES LAURICELLI, BUFFALO, N. Y.—You might say you were only kiddin' when you started that argument. Well, anyway, your friend wins. Dolores Costello is Mrs. John Barrymore and has been since November 24, 1928. Her sister Helene, divorced wife of Jack Regan, recently married Lowell Sherman, ex-husband of Pauline Garon.

J. T. C., HONG KONG.—No speakum velly good Chinee. Mary Duncan was born in Luttrellville, Va., Aug. 13, 1905. Incidentally, Buddy Rogers celebrates his birthday on Aug. 13 too, but he is one year older than Mary.

VIVIAN WERTZ, ABERDEEN, S. D.—It must be the step-child of Aberdeen, Scotland. No, Vi, I don't know where you can get free pictures of the movie stars. It costs thousands of dollars annually to have photos made and the studios have asked the stars to charge 25 cents for each photo so that they may cut down expenses a little.

H. A. LAURELDALE, PA.—Heigh-ho, they are after Rudy again. He attended the University of Maine and later went to Yale. Sh-h-h-h! Someone just whispered that he picked up the sax in Maine and started crooning in jail—I mean Yale. He has blond hair and blue-grey eyes. His marriage to Leonia McCoy was annulled.

JACK HENSON, GREENSBORO, N. C.—I think a person who is as psychic as you are ought to make lots of money in the stock market. Now let me predict a few things. The beautiful face you saw in "The Girl from Woolworths" belongs to Rita Flynn. She is a newcomer and you will see her again in the latest Fannie Brice picture, "Be Yourself." I'm with you. Three cheers for the Talkies, Technicolor and all the Stars.

V. M. JAKLE, UINVERSITY CITY, MO.—As far back as 1918 Will "Beech-nut" Rogers was rope-swinging in the movies. His next picture will be "So This Is London."

GENEVIEVE LEIGH, TORONTO, CANADA.—I never consider it work to answer questions about Stanley Smith. Stan is 5 feet, 11½, weighs 160 and has blond hair and blue eyes. He claims Kansas City, Mo., as his birthplace and January 6, 1907, as the date.

ELEANOR ATKINSON, FULTON, MO.—I am not certain whether I should just heave a big sigh, or come out there and crown you. We'll have to let it stand that way for the present. After all the stories, articles, titles, sub-titles, and what have you? I never thought I would be obliged to give out the Great Garbo's measurements again. For the benefit of those who have not been listening, may I repeat that Greta is 24 years old, stands 5 feet 6, weighs 125 and has light golden brown hair and blue eyes. That will be all for today, children.

C. M., VIRDEN, ILL.—Dun't call me Ignatius, I dun't like it. It doesn't appeal to my a—er—artistic nature. The only part of Jack Oakie that's Scotch is his hair—it's SANDY. Whoops, m' dear.

F. C. B., BRATTLEBORO, VT.—You got your streets mixed up a little. The picture was called "Gold Diggers of Broadway" and not "Gold Diggers of New York." Conway Tearle played the part of *Uncle Steve*. At present House Peters is living in California and not doing anything in pictures.

A. L. B., BREWSTER, MINN.—Bernice Claire and Alexander Gray, stars of "No, No, Nanette," are both from the stage. ZaSu Pitts was born in 1898 and Louise Fazenda in 1899.

LEO GALLO—The theme song of "Romance of Rio Grande" was "You'll Find the Answer in My Eyes." I wouldn't state definitely, but maybe Ben Turpin was the inspiration.

CELIA SCHAEFER, W. ORANGE, N. J.—In "Rio Rita" the bad, naughty Kinkajoo turned out to be *Ravenoff*, who in private life is known as George Renevant.

EVELYN ANDERSON, RICHMOND, VA.—Despite your predictions, I didn't pass out. I'm here stronger 'n ever. Your big moment, Nick Lucas, was born in Newark, New Jersey, of Italian parentage, Aug. 22, 1897 and christened Nicholas Lucanese. He is 5 feet, 8, weighs 150 and has dark brown hair and blue eyes. Married and has one daughter.

V. TAUTJIAN, JR., OAKLAND, CALIF.—How some folks get their favorites mixed up! Gosh, wouldn't Clara Bow laugh if she heard this one. Clara's eyes are brown, both of 'em. It is Colleen Moore who has one brown and one blue eye.

THE "Y" BOYS, LYNN, MASS.—Youst one beeg, heppy familee, eh? The beautiful blonde who played opposite John Gilbert in "His Glorious Night" was Catherine Dale Owen of the stage. Her most recent pictures are "Such Men Are Dangerous" and "The Rogue Song."

C. BEEBE, BROOKLYN, N. Y.—Your favorite, Jean Arthur, who is twenty-two years old, has changed her name several times. She was christened Gladys Greene, but when she went into the movies she became Jean Arthur. Next she was Mrs. Julian Ancker, then a divorce, and presto—she's Jean Arthur once more. I assure you that all these aliases haven't spoiled Jean one bit. Phillips Holmes, son of Taylor Holmes, well-known stage star, is about 23 years old.

ANNA K. FULTON, EUTAW, ALA.—I think I would make a lot of money if I went in the music publishing business. In "Devil May Care" you heard the following songs—"Charming," "Shepherd's Serenade," "If He Cared," "March of the Old Guard." Ramon Novarro, star of the picture, was born in Durango, Mexico, Feb. 6, 1899, and christened Ramon Samaniegos. Lloyd Hughes, your other handsome hero, hails from Bisbee, Arizona, where he was born, Oct. 21, 1897. He has dark brown hair and dark grey eyes.

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 104]

Clearer, healthier!

MY CREAM HAS A SINGULAR GIFT FOR MAKING YOUR SKIN..

BY *Frances Ingram*

MY Milkweed Cream does quite a bit more for your skin than any other face creams I know. Like all good creams it cares exquisitely for the skin's surface, because it is a marvelous cleanser.

But, in addition, it is devoted to the health of your skin; it has the unique effect of making the skin texture finer. "Clears my complexion" . . . "So much smoother", are the phrases I meet most often in my correspondence with women who use Milkweed Cream.

The secret lies in the formula of Milkweed Cream. Its special ingredients care for the skin's health . . . its delicate oils cleanse and purify gently. Dullness and lines go. Youth comes to your skin!

My mannequin's six "stars" show the places where skin beauty is controlled. Study them in your own mirror, and start tonight, with Milkweed Cream, to have a healthier, lovelier skin.

The Milkweed Way to Loveliness

First, apply Milkweed Cream generously. Leave upon the skin a few moments to allow its special cleansing and toning ingredients to penetrate the pores. Then pat off every bit. Next, apply a fresh film of Milkweed Cream and, following the six starred instructions below, pat the cream gently into the skin.

All drug or department stores have Milkweed Cream—50¢, $1 and $1.75. If you have any special questions on skin care, send for my booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", or tune in on "Through the Looking Glass with Frances Ingram", Tuesday 10:15 A.M., (E.D.T.) on WJZ and Associated Stations.

LET MY MANNEQUIN AND HER SIX STARS PROVE THAT

"Only a healthy skin can stay young"

★1 THE FOREHEAD — *To guard against lines and wrinkles here, apply Milkweed Cream, stroking with fingertips, outward from the center of your brow.*

★2 THE EYES—*If you would avoid aging crows' feet, smooth Ingram's about the eyes, stroke with a feather touch outward, beneath eyes and over eyelids.*

★3 THE MOUTH — *Drooping lines are easily defeated by filming the fingertips with my cream and sliding them upward over the mouth and then outward toward the ears, starting at the middle of the chin.*

★4 THE THROAT — *To keep your throat from flabbiness, cover with a film of Milkweed and smooth gently downward, ending with rotary movement at base of neck.*

★5 THE NECK — *To prevent a sagging chin and a lined neck, stroke with fingertips covered with Milkweed from middle of chin toward the ears and patting firmly all along the jaw contours.*

★6 THE SHOULDERS — *To have shoulders that are blemish-free and firmly smooth, cleanse with Milkweed Cream and massage with palm of hand in rotary motion.*

Frances Ingram, Dept. A-60
108 Washington St., N. Y. C.

Please send me your free booklet, "Why Only a Healthy Skin Can Stay Young", which tells in complete detail how to care for the skin and to guard the six vital spots of youth.

*Name*_____

*Address*_____

INGRAM'S Milkweed Cream

Adds Glossy Lustre, Leaves Your Hair Easy to Manage

IF you want to make your hair . . . easy to manage . . . and add to its natural gloss and lustre—this is very easy to do.

Just put a few drops of Glostora on the bristles of your hair brush . . . and brush it through your hair . . . when you dress it.

You will be surprised at the result. It will give your hair an unusually rich, silky gloss and lustre—instantly.

Glostora simply makes your hair more beautiful by enhancing its natural wave and color.

Sets Hair Quickly

It keeps the wave and curl in, and leaves your hair so soft and pliable, and so easy to manage, that . . . . it will stay any style you arrange it . . . . even after shampooing—whether long or bobbed.

A few drops of Glostora impart that bright, brilliant, silky sheen, so much admired, and your hair will fairly sparkle and glow with natural gloss and lustre.

A large bottle of Glostora costs but a trifle at any drug store or toilet goods counter.

Try it!—You will be delighted to see how much more beautiful your hair will look, and how easy it will be to wave and manage.

Glostora

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 102]

MRS. E. W., DETROIT, MICH.—Lowell Sherman and Pauline Garon were married Feb. 15, 1926 and divorced in August, 1927. Lowell recently married Helene Costello, sister of Dolores, but Pauline has managed to dodge Cupid so far. Ralph Graves' first wife was Marjorie Seamon, who passed away in 1923. He is now married to Virginia Goodwin, a non-professional. Ralph's real name is Hofheimer and he has one son by his first marriage.

MABEL ROGERS, LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—Annotha winnah, Mabel, you were right. It was John Barrymore and not Lionel who had the lead in "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde." Where do I come in on the bargain?

J. L., MELBOURNE, AUSTRALIA.—I agree with you that Morton Downey has one grand voice. He is in his late twenties and is married to Barbara Bennett, sister of Joan and Constance. Ruth Chatterton was born in Li'l Old New Yawk. Barbara Kent was born in Gadsby, Alberta, Canada, Dec. 16, 1909. Her real name is Barbara Cloutman. In "Flight" Jack Holt played the part of *Panama* and Ralph Graves was *Lefty*. Ralph is really very clever. He wrote that story, you know.

SONNY BOY, LOUISVILLE, KY.—Are you the original "climb upon my knee" or just a carbon copy? I am so glad that you like the new way we are doing the rotogravure in PHOTOPLAY. Here are some other Kentuckyites—Robert Agnew, Joyce Compton, D. W. Griffith, Norma Lee, Mary Nolan, Sally Rand and Francis MacDonald. I almost forgot your other question. John Holland was born in Kenosha, Wis., June 11, 1899. He is 6 feet, 2½; weighs 185, and has brown hair and blue eyes. 'Tis reported that he likes Mae Busch very much.

N. O., SEATTLE, WASH.—Norma Shearer is 25 years old and Robert Montgomery is 26. Bob is still single. I really don't know how he stays that way. Clara Bow's next picture will be "True to the Navy" and, believe it or not, she has seven leading men. Did I hear someone whisper "let her have the whole navy"?

CURIOUS PEGGY, TAMPA, FLA.—To settle all disputes and so forth, let me announce that Loretta Young was born, Jan. 6, 1913. Her mother has withdrawn her annulment suit and Loretta and her husband, Grant Withers, are living happily together.

DIANE, ARAPAHOE, NEBR.—Why all the secrecy? Cops after ya? At last I have some information about Lew Ayres, target of the Garbo kiss. Lew, son of Mr. and Mrs. Lewis Ayres, was born in Minneapolis, Minn., Dec. 28, about twenty years ago. He is 5 feet, 11, weighs 155, and has dark brown hair and dark blue eyes. For three years prior to his movie début, he played and sang with various dance orchestras. He is under five-year contract to Universal and plays the lead in "All Quiet on the Western Front" which is reviewed in this issue of PHOTOPLAY.

GLADYS SULLIVAN, BOSSIER CITY, LA.—I think your questions were downright sensible. Ken Maynard is married to a very charming lady. She is a non-professional and her maiden name went into complete oblivion when she took the name of Maynard. Arthur Lake, who reaches 6 feet in altitude, was born in Corbin, Ky., in 1905. The lad has light hair, blue eyes and is still single.

M. REINHARDT, STAMBOUL, TURKEY.—And plum pudding and we're still months away from Thanksgiving. Now to get down to business. Among the blond heroes, we have Stanley Smith, Conrad Nagel, Charles Eaton and William Boyd. You will have to write to the Fox Studios for the information you desire on the songs of the "Fox Follies." In "Submarine" the boys sang "Pals, Just Pals." The theme song of "The Trail of '98" was "I Found Gold When I Found You." Had I been consulted, I would have suggested "Dig a Little Deeper."

PEGGY KAZELL, HOLLYWOOD, CALIF.—Living right in the midst of the movie industry you really should know a great deal about the stars. Eddie Nugent was born Feb. 7, 1904, and is 6 feet, 1 inch tall. That's his own name and he is still a bachelor. If you will look elsewhere in this issue you will find Robert Montgomery's address.

SO AND SO, EVERETT, MASS.—I'll bite; how long is a short circuit? You asked just exactly thirteen questions and as I'm a superstitious, old duffer, I'm going to leave off a few for luck. Here are the birthdates—Louise Fazenda, Jan. 25, 1899; Bessie Love, Sept. 10, 1898; Mary Duncan, Aug. 13, 1905; Charles Rogers, Aug. 13, 1904; Lupe Velez, July 18, 1909 and Gary Cooper, May 7, 1901. Next time I see Lupe I'll tell her you object to her cussing so much. Rosetta is the comedienne of the Duncan Sisters team. Vivian is reported engaged to Nils Asther.

B. M. C., SEATTLE, WASH.—You're a great little story writer. The name of the picture you described was "Drag," with Richard Barthelmess. Alice Day and Lila Lee appeared with him, Alice being the one he married in the film. Ronald Colman was born Feb. 9, 1891; and is 5 feet, 11 inches tall.

CAROLYN J. ALEXANDER, CHARLESTON, W. VA.—It would be hard for me to tell you just who Robert Montgomery prefers in his pictures, as he has appeared opposite such favorites as Joan Bennett, Norma Shearer, Sally Starr and Joan Crawford. Bob hails from Beacon, New York, where he was born May 21, 1904. He is 6 feet, weighs 160, and has black hair and blue eyes. His latest picture is "The Divorcee" in which he again appears opposite the beautiful Norma. Oooooh yeh, he's still single.

IVA BLANC, BEAVER DAM, WIS.—Goshdam, I swear right back at you. Your home state has the distinction of claiming Lillian Leighton as one of its fair daughters, the place of her nativity being Auroraville. There are only two things you can do about that cousin of yours. Either write him again or just forget him. Sound advice, eh?

C. L., WILKINSBURG, PA.—In the "Show of Shows" Frank Fay's solo contribution was called "Your Love Is All That I Crave." Really all that I crave is my schnaps. The Great Swedish Invasion was christened Greta Gustafsson. An' if I have to repeat that again, well. . . . .

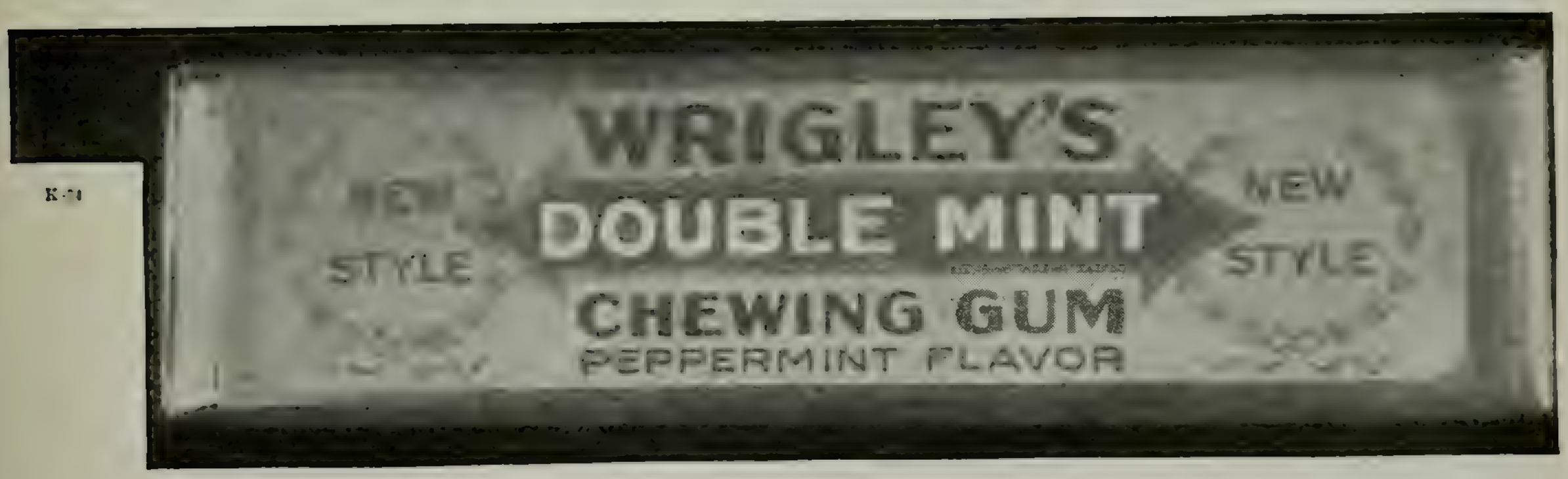
FELICE MARTY, PITTSBURGH, PA.—I believe I would be afraid to live on Squirrel Hill. Can you guess why? Huh, huh, that's the reason exactly. Clive Brook is a very proficient violinist, having studied the instrument for eight years. Now you see I am not kiddin' when I say that he did his own playing in "The Return of Sherlock Holmes." Clive hails from merrie ol' London. His latest picture is "Slightly Scarlet." You will also see him with the rest of the gang in "Paramount on Parade."

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 106]

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

AN OLD BEAUTY SECRET

NANCY CARROLL
and her billion candle power personality!
From Paramount.



ACCORDING to Biart, the historian, the Aztecs rarely lost their teeth. And, their lips stayed marvels of youthful loveliness even into old age. Could this signify that you are only as young as your lips? Was it this that caused the Spanish conquerors to remark about the prettiness of the Aztec women? But how to keep lips young? It is now known that these wily enchantresses chewed gum. Doubtless this was their great and inexpensive Beauty Secret—since chewing is so very important for the attractive shaping of the mouth. Wrigley's is the same sort of chewing gum as the Aztecs', only more perfect. Chew it at least ten minutes a day and watch the new charm added to your lips. Try Double Mint, the delicious new peppermint flavor.

For Natural Loveliness

In an amazing way, Tangee changes color as you put it on . . . blends perfectly with your individual complexion — whether blonde, brunette, or titian. For Tangee brings out Nature's own color.

Tangee leaves no trace of grease or pigment . . . nothing except a lovely glow—so beautiful, so natural, and so lasting.

Unlike other lipsticks, Tangee has a solidified cream base. It not only beautifies the lips, but actually soothes, heals and protects.

Tangee *Lipstick*, $1. The same marvelous color principle in *Rouge Compact*, 75¢ . . . *Crême Rouge*, $1. *Face Powder*, blended to match the natural skin tones, $1. *Night Cream*, both cleanses and nourishes, $1. *Day Cream*, protects the skin, $1. *Cosmetic*, a new "mascara," will not smart, $1.

SEND 20¢ FOR TANGEE BEAUTY SET

(Six items in miniature and "The Art of Make-up.")

THE GEORGE W. LUFT CO., DEPT. P. 6

417 Fifth Avenue New York

Name .....

Address .....

Questions and Answers

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 104]

INTERESTED PHOTOPLAY READER, TORONTO, CANADA.—You're right when you say that you are just one of countless hundreds of John Boles admirers. His latest releases are "Song of the West" and "Captain of the Guard." The latter is reviewed in this issue of PHOTOPLAY. Don't miss this, girls. Jawn's next will be "Moonlight Madness." Hey! Hey!

ELIZABETH MYERS, GETTYSBURG, PA.—Here's another speech for Gettysburg and all points North, South, East and West. In a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY, Cal York stated that John Bond, German voice doubler, was heard as John Boles in "Rio Rita." This statement has brought many letters of inquiry to my desk. Now, if you children will all get out your books and read aloud the paragraph in question, you will note that Mr. Bond spoke and sang *only in the German version* of "Rio Rita." Evidently Mr. Boles no speaka da Deutsch.

VERA BERG, MADISON, WIS.—If, at first, you don't succeed—luck is with you this time, m' dear. Ruth Chatterton celebrates her birthday on December 24. Oh boy, what a Xmas present she was! She has brown hair and grey eyes and has been married to Ralph Forbes since 1924. Her latest release is "Sarah and Son."

MAY BELL JACKSON, MONTEREY, TENN.—You have a very good memory. In 1926, Vera Reynolds and Edmund Burns made a silent picture titled, "Sunny Side Up." Janet Gaynor and Charles Farrell recently made a talkie version of it.

D. L. M., POCOTELLO, IDAHO.—Being rather a bashful sort of chap, I cannot get up enough courage to send you clippings about myself. Al Jolson calls Ruby Keeler "Mammy." They were married Sept. 21, 1928. John Harron played opposite Betty Compson in "Street Girl." Greta Nissen and Vilma Banky are not related. Greta hails from Norway and Vilma from Sweden.

QUAKER GIRL, PHILADELPHIA, PA.—The beautiful Jeanette MacDonald is a product of your home town, where she was born June 18, 1907. She is 5 feet, 5, weighs 122, and has red-gold hair and greenish-blue eyes. You will soon see her in "Let's Go Native" with James Hall and Jack Oakie.

S. AND K., SAN BRUNO, CALIF.—I was quite right when I said that Gary Cooper was the young aviator who was killed in "Wings." Gary played the part of *Cadet White* who was killed in an airplane collision in the first part of the picture. Dick Arlen died toward the end of the picture when he was brought down in a German plane he had stolen from the German airdrome. Now, does that refresh your memory? Gary Cooper had the lead in "The Legion of the Condemned."

MARY OATMAN, OVERLAND, MO.—You have made a grave error by getting your heroes mixed up a little. James Murray was the hero in "The Crowd." You did not see Ralph Forbes in that picture.

GIUSEPPE AJELLO, PALERMO, ITALY.—The theme song of "The Divine Lady" bore the inspired title "Lady Divine." Bet it took a lot of studio conferences to think that one up!

E. NIED, HOBOKEN, N. J.—During my last visit to Hoboken a line from Wordsworth about something or other came to me, but after it came I didn't know what to do with it and life has never been the same since. Jean Arthur is about 23. Dolores Costello made her début in Pittsburgh 25 years ago. Basil Rathbone played the part of *Philo Vance* in "The Bishop Murder Case," but Bill Powell will be *Philo* again in "The Benson Murder Case."

M. CONSTANTINO, WOODHAVEN, L. I.—Take my hand and let's see if we can't get together on this: Dorothy Gulliver, an alumna of "The Collegians," played the other feminine rôle in "Night Parade." Anita Page was born Aug. 4, 1910. Helen Kane first started to boop-boopa-doop on Aug. 4, too.

BEATRICE GEORGE, EAST PITTSBURGH, PENNA. — No movie scrapbook is complete without the information that J. Harold Murray was born in South Berwick, Maine, Feb. 17, 1891. And that, furthermore, he has light hair and blue eyes, is 5 feet, 11 inches tall and not only does he look as though he'd weigh 160 pounds but he does weigh 160 pounds.

R. B. C., ELM CITY, N. C.—Paul Muni, who is going Lon Chaney one better by accumulating the title of "The Man with a Thousand Voices," was born in Vienna, Austria, Sept. 22, 1897.

DON ABBOTT, ROCKINGHAM, N. H.—Having seen *Philo Vance* I deduce that by the "baby-face" in "Gold Diggers of Broadway" you mean Helen Foster. Bebe Daniels originally dwelt in Dallas, Texas; Gloria Swanson comes from Chicago, and Billie Dove is a native New Yorker. Alberta Vaughn's latest pictures are "Show of Shows" and "Under a Texas Moon." Carmel Myers was *Flo Palfrey* in "Sorrell and Son."

F. D., TULAROSA, N. M.—Richard Arlen heroed in "She's a Sheik."

H. T. M., CHICAGO, ILL.—Lon Chaney made his first face April 1, 1883. The Great Garbo was originally entitled Greta Gustafsson. Richard Dix is engaged to marry Maxine Glass. Dolores Del Rio, whose Mexican family bore the name of Asunsolo, was divorced from Jaime Martinez Del Rio in June, 1928; he died six months later.

V. A. A., WOOLSTOCK, IOWA.—I've often mused, in my quiet way, upon the fact that children in comic-strips never grow up. But they do in the movies, for little Mary Kornman, who used to be the blonde heart-interest in "Our Gang," is now a dignified, but still blonde, ingénue of sixteen. A young man by the name of Clifford Stark is reported engaged to Anita Page, who is so strictly chaperoned by her parents that the engagement, if true, will probably take in the entire Pomares family.

HOT AND TOT, CHARLESTON, W. VA.—I saved my dimes for years to be able to listen to Lawrence Tibbett sing in the Metropolitan Opera Company, but Catherine Dale Owen got paid while Tibbett warbled to her in "The Rogue Song," her latest release. Ann Pennington was first noticed to have dimpled knees Dec. 23, 1896. The late Jeanne Eagels played opposite John Gilbert in a picture called "Man, Woman and Sin."

H. G. M., POCOMOKE CITY, MD.—The little Byron girl—who is called "Peanuts" because her name is Marion—is 19 years old; she was the smallest of the *Three Musketeers* in "Broadway Babies," and is in "The Forward Pass" too. Betty Compson sang a piece called "Let Me Have My Dreams" in "On With the Show." And Ethel Waters, the dark-skinned blues singer, warbled "Am I Blue?" in that one, too.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

"*Please* tell me ..."

JEAN CARROLL'S *Page on Hair Beauty*

What to do for oily hair

Dear Miss Carroll: I have naturally wavy hair and for the first days after a shampoo it looks lovely, all soft and wavy. But, this soon passes off and in a little over a week, it becomes excessively oily and stringy. Added to this is the fact that it comes out in handfuls when I have it shampooed and every time I comb it I lose quite a lot. This is very discouraging, because I have decided to let my hair grow. But at this rate it will be just ages before there's enough of it to do up.—M. S., New Rochelle, N. Y.

Dear M. S., Don't be discouraged. Think what a problem you'd have if you were trying to grow *straight* hair! But to go on to your troubles—you say your hair gets oily in a little over a week. That's a fairly usual trouble. And the first rule is—shampoo your hair *oftener* than once a week. The next rule is—use a special shampoo for oily hair.

I'm going to tell you about a shampoo for oily hair—Packer's Liquid Pine Tar Shampoo. This shampoo is safe and gentle—it is made of pure vegetable oils—but it is also slightly astringent and tends to tighten up the relaxed oil glands. Use it every four or five days at first.

Then for falling hair... If you shampoo your hair regularly with this healthful pine tar shampoo, I think you'll notice an improvement. The gentle stimulation you get from the astringent quality of the shampoo tends to tone up the scalp.

In addition, you should use a little daily massage. The good rich blood will come racing up to nourish the hair follicles and keep them strong and healthy.

One thing more—often that combination of oily hair and falling hair means *dandruff*. If you have noticed any of those little flaky bits that speak of dandruff will you read what I have written in answer to the last letter on this page? It would be very hard for me to exaggerate the importance of scalp massage.

A special shampoo for dry hair

Dear Miss Carroll: Can you tell me which of the Packer Shampoos will be best for my hair? Every time I wash my hair it is so flyaway afterwards that for several weeks I cannot keep it in place. It snaps and seems to tangle about the comb, so that it is very difficult to do anything with it.—Mrs. J. R. F., Oxford, Michigan.

Dry hair *is* difficult to manage. It often breaks off, too. I'd suggest a little daily massage. Then, I'd use a special shampoo for dry hair that I'm going to tell you about.

This is Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo, one of the nicest shampoos I've ever tried. It's a lovely golden liquid, very easy to use because it's so lathery and rinses so easily. It is a pure vegetable oil soap, with softening, soothing glycerine that leaves your hair softer and easier to manage.

Every two weeks I'd use this special shampoo, and then between times I'd drop a little oil of sweet almonds on the scalp with a medicine dropper. I'm sure these simple rules will make your hair more manageable.

And for dandruff—

Dear Miss Carroll: Everyone tells me that I have beautiful hair and yet even though I wash it once a week it gets oily about the fourth day and then does not look pretty. I also have a great deal of dandruff.—Miss R. W. M., Strathcona, Alberta, Canada.

Dandruff and excessively oily hair often go together. Experts, and by that I mean doctors who specialize in the care of the hair, call it *seborrhoic dermatitis*, and they agree that it is an infection—and *very* dangerous.

So I'm going to urge you to start in right away to shampoo once a day for three days with Packer's Tar Soap. This famous soap has long been a standard remedy in cases of dandruff. These frequent shampoos are antiseptic. They bring the healthful piney lather of Packer's Tar Soap into frequent contact with your scalp—and dandruff germs *hate* pine tar.

After you've had your three every-day shampoos, you ought to be able to control the dandruff by shampooing twice a week, and then once a week—unless your dandruff is serious. If it is, I suggest that you go to see a good dermatologist.

JEAN CARROLL

Tune in—*radio talks* by Miss Carroll on hair-beauty every Tuesday 10:45 a. m. (Eastern Daylight Time) over the Columbia Broadcasting System. If you have any of the difficulties described above, one of the Packer products will help. If you have a special problem, write Miss Carroll, personally.

Send for samples

(10c for one; 25c for all 3)

JEAN CARROLL, The Packer Mfg. Co., Inc. Dept. 16-F, 101 W. 31st Street, New York.

Please send me your Packer Manual on the Care of the Hair, and sample of the Packer Shampoo I have checked.

I enclose_____cents (enclose 10c for 1 sample; 25c for all 3—coin; not stamps).

☐ Packer's Pine Tar Shampoo (Oily Hair)

☐ Packer's Olive Oil Shampoo (Dry Hair)

☐ Packer's Tar Soap (Dandruff)

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY STATE

Ten Years Ago in PHOTOPLAY

JUNE, 1920, was a month unusually notable in the history of motion pictures and their magazines.

For it was in that month that PHOTOPLAY began the great business of debunking the studio press-agents—of taking the gloss off the stars and showing the human beings beneath the tinsel and war-paint.

One of our stories was devoted to Theda Bara, who some years before had come out of the mists of Egypt to startle the fans with her man-handling.

In June, 1920, Theda had been appearing on the New York stage in a preposterous play called "The Blue Flame." And we tell the true and simple story of Theodosia Goodman, of Cincinnati, who came to New York and played small parts as Theodosia de Coppet, and then became the screen's first and most vicious vampire as Theda Bara—or "Arab Death," respelled.

So ten years ago the game of truth began in earnest—the game that was to make our favorites, not demi-gods, but real men and women with virtues—and flaws.

IN another part of the magazine is a story called "The Lonely Princess."

It tells the touching story of Mary Miles Minter, the second-run Mary Pickford of a decade ago.

It related how the little blonde thing has a palace, a blue automobile, a lot of servants in a big palace—and no romance and no fun. Nothing ever happened to Mary Miles but work.

All very sad. But we can save our tears. It wasn't long until a lot of things began to happen to the lonely princess—and not all of them were pretty.

THESE are the pictures of the month that are luring us to the movies after dinner. . . . John Barrymore gets cheers for his "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," and so does its director, John S. Robertson (still prosperous and busy). In this picture one Anita Dooley did a bit that shone. You know her as Nita Naldi. . . . D. W. Griffith crashes out with South Seas stuff, "The Idol Dancer," with Dick Barthelmess and Clarine Seymour, whose hula-hula was admired. She died soon after this picture was shown. . . . Connie Talmadge appears in "In Search of a Sinner." . . . Dorothy Gish in "Mary Ellen Comes to Town." . . . Wally Reid in "Excuse My Dust," one of his series of racing yarns. . . . Tom Moore and Naomi Childers in "Duds." . . . Charlie Ray in "The Village Sleuth," another of his barefoot boy series. . . . Mr. Jack Dempsey, having massacred Mr. Jess Willard, appears in "Daredevil Jack." . . . Harold Lloyd's two-reeler, "Haunted Spooks," is cheered, and our reviewer says his new leading lady, Mildred Davis, is just as nice as Bebe Daniels ever was.

NORMA TALMADGE becomes fashion editor of PHOTOPLAY this month.

And she's awfully grateful to Mr. Quirk for asking her. In her first piece, Norma blames the rapidly changing styles, with international flavor, on the war. (It was a little too early to blame them on prohibition!)

And we see, in the headline, what is more than ever true—namely, that the movies are creating fashions and not merely following the commands of Paris. We knew it ten years ago, when we hired Norma Talmadge.

A BIG piece of Broadway's royal family, the Barrymores—still ruling, though the two boys, Lionel and Jack, are Hollywood fixtures.

In 1920 all three were still stage stars, dabbling in films. Ethel made a picture now and then, Lionel had been in many, and Jack had just clicked with "Jekyll and Hyde."

Of the trio, only Ethel still rules in the theater.

Lionel does noble directing for Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, while poor John struggles along on $900,000 a year from Warners.

THE roto section has pretty pictures of Helene Chadwick, Dotty Gish and Jane Novak. . . . And we go into the early trials and triumphs of Colleen Moore—Kathleen Morrison, of Port Huron, Mich.—from the days when D. W. Griffith gave her her first film jobs to June, 1920, when she is toiling in Christie Comedy specials. Even then, Colleen had one brown eye, one blue. . . . And a story on Katherine MacDonald, "The American Beauty" whose career was to be comparatively short and rather unsuccessful. The piece is called "Beauty—Her Great Handicap." Later she was found to have others. . . . Fatty Arbuckle stars in "The Round-Up," famous play which featured a fat and jolly sheriff. In the cast were two men now directors, Eddie Sutherland and Irving Cummings. And Guy Oliver, now playing his five hundredth and some film rôle.

Katherine MacDonald, "The American Beauty" of ten years ago. Her screen reign was brief and unexciting. But what a peach!

WE give our readers the real lowdown on the romance that ultimately resulted in the splicing of Mary Pickford and Doug Fairbanks.

The famous pair first met when both were working on the old Lasky lot—Mary the most famous woman in pictures and Doug a comparative newcomer to stardom. But the romance didn't get white-hot until the pair went out to peddle Liberty Bonds to keep the Germans from landing at New York and blowing up the Times Building.

Then came never-ending stories of hot hate between Doug and Owen Moore, then Mary's husband. But finally there was a divorce, and the wedding bells rang out for the couple.

And for ten years Mary and Doug have sat on a Beverly Hill and looked down at the kingdoms of the world—some of which they possess.

THIS month we run a contest on "What Motion Pictures Mean to Me."

First prize is corralled by one who signs herself "An Old Maid." She says the movies help her forget her age by letting her re-live the past; they intensify her sympathy and understanding; they stimulate her love of youth and romance. And she wins the $25.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

It's the tuck that tells

If the human body never moved, well fitting undergarments would be easy to make. But for a body in action the ordinary garment soon becomes baggy, uncomfortable, ugly. We have eliminated superfluous fullness with a clever tuck. Snug fitting underdress always—no matter what the position may be! A short front, with a longer, expanding back, enables you to wear one full size smaller. Fits the body in motion. Gives greater freedom in action—eliminates bulkiness. A boon to women! That's the reason for its great success. A full line in all smart designs and materials. Beautifully made—by the Winget Kickernick Company, Minneapolis. Don't buy until you have seen them. At better stores everywhere. Send for booklet.

Kickernick

PATENTED UNDERDRESS

"It absolutely banishes shiny noses — this wonderful new French-process Mello-glo Face Powder" says Miss Dorothy Flood, 10 Maple St., Brooklyn, N. Y., Ziegfeld star, noted for her beauty.

"It's just like the bloom of youth — this wonderful Mello-glo face powder, made by a marvelous new French-process" says lovely actress Miss Kae English, 7218 Thirty-fourth Ave., Jackson Heights, Long Island, N. Y.

© 1929, M.-G. Co.

Beautiful Women Laud New Wonderful Powder

MELLO-GLO *face powder—stays on longer and prevents large pores*

There are definite REASONS why MELLO-GLO is the face powder the world's most beautiful women prefer above all others! It is sifted and sifted through fine silk meshes—mixed and re-mixed until it presents perfect uniformity, and gains that amazing power of STAYING ON longer!

Its color has passed the rigid tests of the United States Government—a delicate shade that blends magically with your complexion, giving it the lovely bloom of *youth*.

It is the smoothest powder made. Created by a marvelous new French process, it *prevents large pores*—protecting the skin against the rough aged look. MELLO-GLO does not irritate the skin, or cause a pasty, flaky look.

For a smooth girlish complexion—use MELLO-GLO. There are no substitutes. Only MELLO-GLO has this secret formula and the new process. One dollar at all stores.

Liberal trial size of this new wonderful face powder will be sent upon receipt of 25c. Address Mello-Glo, Dept. 17, Statler Bldg., Boston.

Warm Weather Charm

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 12]

Wash silks, and cottons that iron like a handkerchief, are nice. One doesn't mind an occasional evening over the ironing board, or a few dollars for laundry, in the worthy cause of looking one's prettiest.

Of course, these are just suggestions. Your own shops and your own needs will be your best shopping guide.

Stock up on plain underwear, the sort that requires little pressing. Have enough corselettes and girdles so they can be tubbed or dry-cleaned often.

And don't try to economize on handkerchiefs. Let your motto be:

"Always a clean hankie!"

IN-BETWEEN baths, a bottle of delicately scented toilet water or cologne and a box of fleecy powder are wonderful fresheners. Along with a light cleansing cream or lotion, a skin freshener, and a package of cleansing tissues, they should be a part of every girl's desk equipment.

I can't tell you how often they've buoyed up my drooping spirits, to say nothing of my bedraggled appearance!

A deodorant for the underarms, used as often as necessary, will help to preserve your poise on the hottest day.

Freshly washed gloves, tucked away in your desk for emergencies, will give you a dressed-up air some evening when you're feeling particularly tired and grimy.

It seems so much more difficult to keep nails attractive in hot weather, when hands are plunged into water so often. So we have to give them a little extra care.

And perhaps most important of all, excepting a clean, clear complexion, is our hair. Neat hair is always the basis of charm, but never so much as in summer.

A messy head can wreck the daintiest ensemble.

Be sure and keep your hair well brushed and glossy.

Shampoo it as frequently as necessary. If it is bobbed, keep the neckline clean-cut.

Spic-and-span cleanliness, superlative neatness, refreshing daintiness—that's any girl's warm weather charm.

SALLY:

Your normal weight is about 135 pounds, so you are slightly underweight. To improve the line of your hips, you need corrective exercises, rather than a reducing diet. I'll be happy to send you my booklet of exercises, if you will forward a stamped, self-addressed envelope and request the booklet.

These colors should be becoming to you: black, if your skin is fair enough, or if relieved by white or cream at the neck; golden brown, most blues and blue-grays, dark purple, soft rose and pale pink.

EMILY J.:

You're in distinguished company! Janet Gaynor, Bessie Love, Mary Pickford, Shirley Mason, and Alice White are all just your height, five feet.

So a good way to choose the type of clothes and the skirt length most becoming to you is to see as many pictures as possible in which these stars appear, and to note what they wear and how they wear it!

MARY AND MOLLIE:

Use a lighter cream for cleansing your skin. The one you mention is a skin food and tissue builder, and is designed to be used in conjunction with cleansing cream.

MRS. J. M. Q.:

You can wear all shades of brown, dark blues, pale green, rose taupe, amber tones and pale yellow, flesh pink, black, cream and ivory white, and the pale blues and green-blues that are such popular colors this season.

Use a pale rose lipstick for daytime, to accentuate the fairness of your skin and to harmonize with it. At night you can use a slightly deeper tint.

DOROTHY ELEANOR:

These are your best colors: black of high lustre, oyster white, dark brown and bronze, peacock, navy and delft blues, pale and dark green, pearl and dove grays, soft violet and wistaria, pale yellow and delicate pink.

GEORGINE:

You are trying to do too many things at once. A business woman, who is her own housekeeper besides, should not attempt also to be her own dressmaker.

Even though you don't like the clothes you buy as well as those you make, it is better to sacrifice quality in material and to safeguard your health and vitality.

Buy fewer and better garments and choose them with care, and I am sure you can find the things you want among the ready-mades.

MRS. J.:

If you are Lupe Velez' type and want to bring out vividness, then I think the choice of a red chiffon dance frock is a good one. And that happens to be Miss Velez' favorite color for evening wear.

MYRTLE:

If you don't like heavy scents, there are many delicate floral and bouquet odors from which to choose. These are particularly nice for warm weather.

And if you prefer, you can use a mild toilet water, instead of the perfume.

There are also some lightly scented colognes that are especially agreeable in summer. And sachet, tucked in your underwear drawer between layers of cotton, will give just that dash of fragrance you like.

BRIDE-TO-BE:

Your gloves can be of white suede or glace kid, long enough to wrinkle down gracefully and softly, to correspond with the femininity of your gown.

Yes, I think a long string of pearls will be just the right touch in jewelry.

CLARA S.:

You need to watch your diet and general physical condition, besides taking better external care of your complexion. Send a stamped, self-addressed envelope for my skin leaflet, which will set you on the right road towards complexion beauty.

JEANNETTE:

Instead of cutting the cuticle with a nail scissors, use one of the excellent cuticle removing liquids.

In addition, you may need to apply a softening cuticle cream at night. If you will send me the required envelope I shall be glad to mail you a reprint of my article on the care of hands and nails.

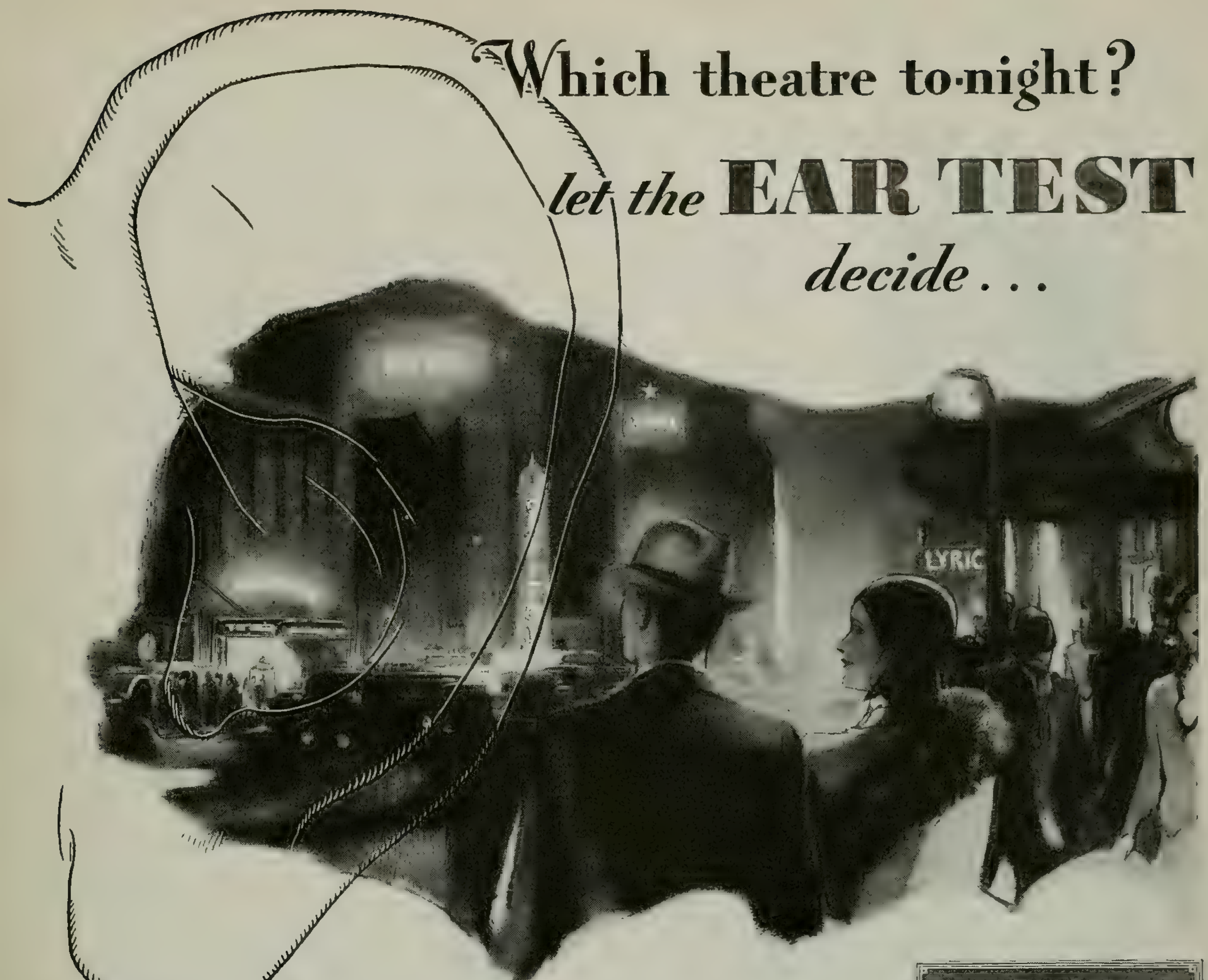
MRS. S.:

Talking pictures are going to be of great assistance to you in learning the correct pronunciation of words and in improving your vocabulary. In addition to attending as many pictures as possible, continue your reading and consult your dictionary as frequently as necessary. The librarian in your local library will probably be glad to help you compile a list of books on subjects that are interesting to you.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Which theatre to-night?

let the EAR TEST *decide . . .*



Hear *talking pictures reproduced* NATURALLY
. . . . look for this sign in the lobby

"That's my favorite theatre too. Their talkies always sound so natural."

You'll say the same thing about theatres equipped with the Western Electric Sound System. It is made by the makers of your telephone—people who for more than 50 years have known how to build good sound reproducing apparatus.

Don't simply ask what picture is playing or who is the star. Select your theatre by EAR TEST. Enjoy all the art that producers and actors put into the dialogue and the music.

Find out which houses in your neighborhood are using Western Electric equipment —look for the identifying sign in the lobby.

Western Electric SOUND SYSTEM

THE VOICE OF ACTION

Northern Electric in Canada

MADE BY THE MAKERS OF YOUR TELEPHONE

When your daughter asks this question

Let her read "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene"

IT should be a source of happiness for any woman to have her daughter's confidence. Far better that she should go to you with an intimate question than to casual friends and acquaintances. Far safer that *you* should tell her about feminine hygiene, knowing that the correct information may save her from future distress. Telling your daughter is made easy by this frank yet scientific booklet called "The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene." Send for a copy. Let her read it herself.

Warning against caustic poisons

In the past, the only germicides powerful enough for feminine hygiene were caustic and poisonous. Even though doctors realized the importance of surgical cleanliness, they looked with grave doubts at the women who insisted upon using bichloride of mercury and the various compounds of carbolic acid.

Now there is Zonite. *Far more powerful than any dilution of carbolic acid that may be allowed on the body.* But safe. Safe as pure water. Zonite will never cause hardened membranes and scar-tissue nor interfere with normal secretions.

Complete information in this book

Send for this book today. The whole truth about feminine hygiene given freely and frankly. Mail coupon. Zonite Products Corporation, Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.

Use Zonite Ointment for burns, abrasions, tender feet or skin irritations. Also as an effective deodorant in greaseless cream form. Large tube 50c.

In bottles: 30c, 60c, $1 *Both in U.S.A. and Canada*

ZONITE PRODUCTS CORPORATION PH-06
Chrysler Building, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free copy of the Zonite booklet or booklets checked below.

☐ The Newer Knowledge of Feminine Hygiene
☐ Use of Antiseptics in the Home

Name.....
(Please print name)

Address.....

City.....State.....
(In Canada: 165 Dufferin St., Toronto)

Glory By Proxy

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 71]

Passes By" was one of her great successes. Another was "The Silver Cord"—written for her.

And "The Silver Cord" is the one play that may change her mind about never acting again, she admits.

"I'd rather like to do that in talking pictures," she explains.

"It was written for me. And what's more, in it I can be as old as I like. And that's so nice, now."

It was in January, last year, that Miss Crews came to California to coach Norma Talmadge.

Six weeks later she was "loaned" to Gloria Swanson for "The Trespasser."

She helped write and direct that master picture, as well as coach Gloria for dialogue and "theater." She is now working on Gloria's next.

"AS a matter of fact, I have Gloria's next three pictures roughly in mind now," she adds. "I haven't selected them, you understand; it is just the basic idea that is formed. Gloria must not be a one-rôle actress. In her next three pictures, each of her rôles will be totally unlike any of the others. She is an actress of amazing capabilities."

It was the brilliant success of "The Trespasser" that really solidified Laura Crews' new success.

She is modest about what she did. She will not tell you what lines, what business, what action were the result of her work. She prefers to let you believe that it was all Gloria, after all. But she does tell you of how, after "The Trespasser," the Pathe heads came to her without any advance information —"led me to this office, and simply installed me!"

"My contract expired the first of the year. Now I have a new one. It runs indefinitely. And on Christmas, they handed me a package of bonds—a little bonus."

"IN spite of all this, don't you miss the theater?" you ask her.

"Up to now," she replies, "I haven't had time to!" Then she tells you of the time it takes to read through plays and stories, to find those that are suitable for her stars, and for Swanson.

You ask to know, then, whether after her many years of the theater, her new activity isn't a colossal change, requiring great readjustment.

"NO—after all, even though you see me here behind a business desk, in a business office, I still know I have not left the theater entirely.

"The talkies find the theater fits in very closely. Tempo means much in pictures now, as in the theater.

"Act? Naturally, I still have some desire to act. But it is not great enough or strong enough to tempt me back, out of this. I love finding plays for others to star in."

"You *have* played in pictures, haven't you?" you ask her.

"Oh, yes. And I loathed it. It was 'Charming Sinners.'

"I did a night shift. I had to get up at 4 A.M. and be funny.

"But I couldn't do it!"

"What of the theater do you miss most?"

"I miss the audience."

"What, if anything, makes up to you for that?"

"In achieving my own hopes and ambitions through the work of others. In seeing a scene I have worked over being done as perfectly as I'd want to do it myself, if I could. From that, I get the same thrill I used to get from an audience.

"When I see Gloria Swanson in scenes we've worked over together—see her doing the thing as beautifully as I'd want to—I get the same joy that I hope I've given at times to my audiences."

"Are you here now to stay, Miss Crews?"

"I DON'T think I'll ever go back to the theater. I don't see when I'll ever have time.

"Out here, I seem to have forgotten that I've ever had any other life besides this.

"Why, last October I went to New York for six weeks to see some plays. I thought when I went that I'd find myself homesick for the footlights and the stage. But I was wrong. You couldn't get me to stay there! And yet, I'd never stay in Hollywood without a trip to New York every so often, to sort of keep myself on my feet, alive. In the tropics, when you're dying you *know* you're dying. In Hollywood, you just die!"

Two Kings—One Throne!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35]

"Chevalier has an appeal that the ladies love."

"Tibbett is the possessor of a film personality that even in the days of the silents would have catapulted him into the first ranks of virilely romantic actors."

"Chevalier will become a world idol."

"Tibbett is the personification of what Hollywood insists it wants—a new screen type."

PARAMOUNT is not slow to advance the claim that in Chevalier they have the greatest male personality in captivity.

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer is not at all backward in saying that the name of Lawrence Tibbett will become a household word as representing the high watermark of phonoplay entertainment.

Perhaps these two men stand facing careers such as other stars have not dared to dream. It may be that they represent a new era in the realm of talking shadows.

Certainly they represent new types, past the age of extreme youth, not handsome, but representatives of that much maligned word, sophistication.

They have an almost equal start on the climb to highest Olympus. Smashing triumphs to their credit.

It will be a race worth watching. What will be written a year from today?

At least the rival camps are drawn up in full battle array.

The ammunition is extravagant praise for their chosen favorites.

"Chevalier forever!"

"Tibbett for king!"

THE only real difficulty is that there is so much to be said on both sides. But still there is room for but one on the throne of the All-High.

What do you think about it, anyway? Let the editor of PHOTOPLAY know your favorite!

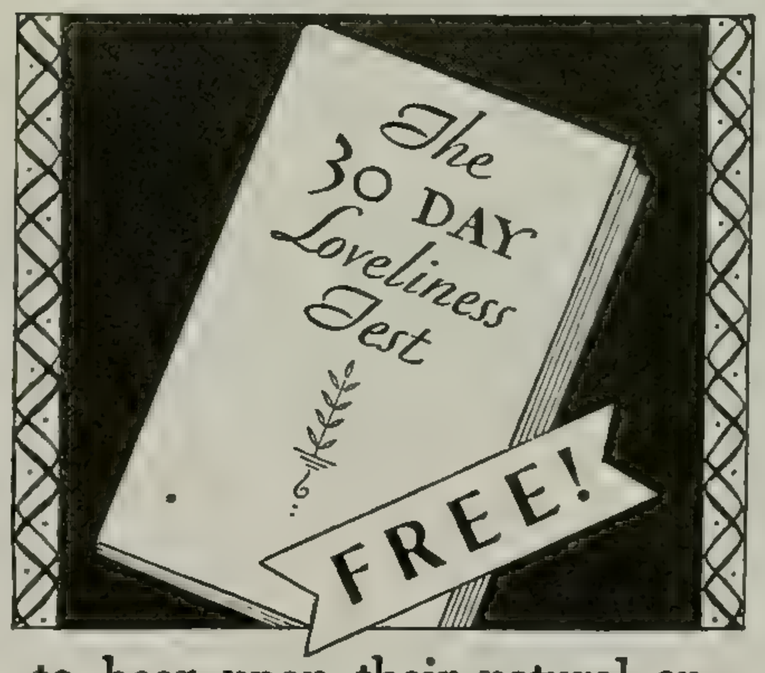
Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test

"WOULD you try a thing once if you heard it was good? Would you try it twice if you found you liked it? Would you try it a week if you got results? And a month if you became convinced it was the grandest formula that had ever come your way?

"What is it that every woman yearns for, hoards, and regrets most bitterly when it passes? Beyond all question it is loveliness. *Yet loveliness is within every woman's power.*

"Take away the mystery. Think of loveliness seriously. The glamorous ones have never been merely the ladies with perfect noses and bodies built to scale. They have been those who have brought skill and determination



to bear upon their natural endowments, and have *willed* themselves to be admired . . . ."

The startling yet convincing statements above are from the opening paragraphs of one of the most interesting booklets published for women in many a day, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test."

Most women know, or should, the principal things that contribute to feminine loveliness: like cleanliness of body, a clean and clear complexion, nice hands, nice hair, nice arms, immaculacy as to dress, accessories that are neat and trim. But where oh where to begin! . . . to find a definite program . . . a plan you *know* will bring you each day nearer to true personality, to poise and lovely charm!

If this has been your plea and problem, if you are interested in splendid information and in simple instructions that anyone can carry out, then we earnestly urge that you send for this most unusual booklet, "The Thirty Day Loveliness Test." Remember, it is being offered *free!*

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE

Established to promote public welfare by teaching the value of cleanliness

45 EAST 17TH STREET, NEW YORK, N. Y.

Important: Perhaps you also would be interested in "The Book about Baths", or "A Cleaner House by 12 O'Clock." These, too, are free...a part of the wide service of Cleanliness Institute.

CLEANLINESS INSTITUTE, P-1
45 East 17th Street, New York, N. Y.
Please send me free of all cost, "The Thirty-Day Loveliness Test."

Name .....

Address .....

Three's A Crowd

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 77]

Moran-Marie Dressler comedies about the Irish you would expect Marie's house to smell like cornbeef and cabbage. You're wrong. It is a charming home. There are rare things in it, collected from all over the world. A picture of the late Lillian Russell, lovingly inscribed to "Marie," was on the grand piano.

A HUGE patio opens from the living room. At the end of the patio is a swimming pool, and there is an amazing view of Hollywood and Los Angeles, a vast, living carpet of lights, stretching away to the sea.

Marie was terribly proud of an editorial that had just appeared in a San Francisco paper. The writer had been everywhere and seen about everything excepting the signing of the Magna Charta and the sinking of the Maine, but the greatest acting he had ever seen was her work in "Anna Christie."

I told her that she would find another great tribute in the April PHOTOPLAY, not yet out at that time.

A real estate man, a friend of Marie's, dropped in to call. He was looking for a house for a Broadway star. She was willing to pay one thousand dollars a month.

"She can have mine for a hundred," said Polly; "airedale hairs and all."

La Moran's own house is modest, but as the quaint saying goes, it's home to her. Not long ago an Eastern visitor, with a letter of introduction, came to call. She drove to the house, had a look at it, and drove away. She couldn't believe that a movie star would live in any such place.

"Well, it's my own," was Polly's philosophic answer. "I told her she should see the sunken gardens and elegant Roman pools in the rear. It's somebody else's, but it's a view just the same."

Polly decided it was time to go. She said that Marie was a dangerous woman with the men, that if I stayed any longer the story would be all about Marie.

It being by now all of nine-thirty I was feeling the pangs of hunger.

The *hors d'oeuvres* had just sort of teased my appetite.

"I couldn't eat much," Polly worried, "but let's go to the Roosevelt for a while, anyhow. I'll listen to you eat soup."

On the way from Marie's to the hotel, Polly told me how she had said "No, Mr. DeMille."

DeMille had wanted her for a rôle in "Madam Satan." She had agreed, and was asked to be on the set at nine the next morning. Because she had been working so hard on a previous picture she persuaded him to postpone the call until ten.

At ten the next morning she was still pounding the pillow, sleeping the sleep of the worn-out just.

The phone rang. A secretary's voice said that Mr. DeMille wanted to know where Polly Moran was.

"Tell him I need my sleep," Polly yawned.

Pretty soon the phone rang again.

"Mr. DeMille says you can take a nice, long sleep. He's changed his plans."

For a lady with indigestion Polly made a strange choice of food. She had a lobster cocktail. The waiter tried to suggest everything else on the menu.

"That's all I want. I know it's your business to try and sell the hotel, but I don't want any, today. Tell that to Mr. Roosevelt."

I went in for some heavy eating.

We watched the dancers circulating about the floor. Laura LaPlante, in dark glasses, sat at a table nearby.

A very grand lady was sitting at a table across the floor. From her shoulder a crimson wrap trailed to the carpet.

"I haven't my glasses," Polly explained. "Is that a Swift's Premium ham she has hung on her shoulder?"

She commented on the dancers.

"That fellow talks a good dance.

"Do you see that oldish fellow dancing with the red hot mama? I'll bet she's his stenographer, and his wife is staying home with the kids.

"There's a number with red hair. She's been getting ready for that heavy sugar daddy since nine o'clock this morning."

BY the time the lobster had been interred, Polly was having indigestion again.

"Wouldn't you know that I would take something like that? I start the day with a dill pickle, and wind up with a lobster cocktail. I think I'll have to go home."

The check was just $3.20. It was so small, and the evening had been so large, that I tipped seventy-five cents.

"Take me along on another date," Polly asked. "I'll take shorthand notes for you."

PHOTOPLAY *is* First Again!

Beginning in the JULY Issue:

"A CHEVALIER *of* FRANCE"

—The Romantic and Exciting Life Story of Maurice Chevalier— Man, Soldier, Artist

MAURICE CHEVALIER is the new romantic idol of the world's film fans. Beginning with the July issue, Ida Zeitlin tells you the thrilling story of his life—his boyhood, his gallant war service, his first Parisian triumphs, his capture of America.

This is the story you've been wanting—and here it is! Don't miss the life story of Chevalier

Begin it in the July Issue of PHOTOPLAY—On all Newsstands June 15

Rings Styled by
TRAUB

More than 400 ring styles in iridio-platinum or gold, jeweled and unjeweled, priced as low as $12— all readily identified by this tag.

To Mark Milestones IN MEMORY

Life's really BIG moments are all too few and fleeting . . . they deserve recognition in gifts of enduring beauty. To mark such milestones fittingly in memory, choose from the new line of diamond rings Styled by Traub. Their smartness will be a source of lasting pride . . . their craftsmanship will bring growing satisfaction. The better jewelers everywhere display GENUINE Orange Blossom . . . readily identified by the Traub trade=mark, which proclaims quality in both gems and precious metals, and guarantees unequalled value in engagement, wedding and gift rings.

Our delightful booklet "Wedding Ring Sentiment", free on request.

TRAUB MANUFACTURING COMPANY
1933 McGraw Avenue Detroit, U. S. A.

TRAUB

The Only Genuine Orange Blossom Rings

(201) © T. M. Co., 1930

No ring without this trade-mark is Genuine Orange Blossom

TRADE ORANGE BLOSSOM MARK

"Such priceless zip!"

says JUNE COLLYER,

charming young favorite of the silver screen.

"It's the first time in all my days I've known a perfume that could keep step with a whiz of a sport frock . . . and a love of a dance frock, too . . .

"Seventeen is mine . . . All around the clock I wear it . . . I tell people that I think it was just made for me!"

Seventeen

If you're a modern . . .
SEVENTEEN is for you

A perfume . . . newer than the newest small talk! More modern than your swiftest motor car. More daring than your latest thought.

Yet subtle too . . . naive . . . and elfin . . . Like a dryad's darting shyness . . . springtime . . . April . . . taken in crystal draughts.

SEVENTEEN *is* you . . . a whisper of your own verve and personality . . . the accent for your modern, sparkling *different* charms.

« « «

Try *Seventeen* today . . . you will find it wherever fine toiletries are sold

And how delightful to know that every rite of the dressing table can be fragranced with *Seventeen!* The *Perfume,* in such exquisite little French flacons . . . the *Powder,* so new and smart in shadings . . . the *Toilet Water,* like a caress . . . the fairy-fine *Dusting Powder* for after-bathing luxury . . . the *Talc* . . . the *Sachet* . . . two kinds of *Brillantine* . . . and the *Compact,* gleaming black and gold . . . like no other compact you've seen. You will *adore* them all!

"I'm No Ladies' Man!"

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 55]

a day doing extra parts. He used to come to me and ask: 'Dick, why is it that I can not make a go in the pictures?' That's how far back I knew him. After he became famous as the world's champion sheik, he and I were still friends. People knew it. From that, they gathered the idea that I, too, must be a sheik. I don't know how else they'd get the idea.

"I hate to go to parties and have people look at me as though I were Exhibit A—The Great Lover. I'm tired of having husbands and brothers keep an eye on me. I'm tired of having women look at me as though to say: 'Please don't, but if you must, don't be too rough!' I'm tired of getting the air at parties because people have read all these heart-breaking feats I'm accused of. I'm just a normal every-day man—and I pride myself on being a man's man. I pride myself on the true friendship I have among the men who work with me.

"That for the heart-breaker stuff. Now for these press-agent stories!"

HE yanked open the cover of the press-book he had gotten from the studio publicity department and pointed to a harrowing tale that told how Dix almost fell to his death leaping a twelve-foot chasm.

"—shuddered as he gazed on a tiny, ribbon-like river, 200 feet below," the article read; "... measured the distance across the crevasse ... at least twelve feet.... The director ordered him to leap.... 'Are you yellow?' he asked.... Dix breathed a prayer and ran and leaped.... His body crashed against the other wall and his hands and nails dug into the earth and rock a few inches below the surface ... then he dug his feet in, and inch by inch climbed while cameras ground ... his knees, hips, chest, shoulders were bruised, and the flesh was torn from his palms and fingers ... turning, he cursed the director and shouted: 'There—now am I yellow?' ..."

Dix finished reading the epic and said:

"That is a lot of garbage!" He said other things about it. "Listen. I wouldn't jump a twelve-foot chasm for four thousand jobs! If some stunt man wants to make ten dollars doing it, that's his business."

He dragged out another clip. It was from Ted Cook's famous Coo-coo newspaper column. Under the heading BULL-etin, was a paragraph culled from a Dix press-agent story: "Richard Dix does all his stunts himself. He never will consent to the use of a double.

"Ted Cook was right to head that BULL," he said. "That's all it is. A girl interviewer once asked me: 'O, Mith-ter Dixth, do you really dwive a hundwed mileth an hour in thothe auto pictureth?' I told her no—and then the little fool went ahead and printed a story that I actually drove one hundred and twenty-five miles an hour and wouldn't use a double.

"I've been called 'sucker' too, because of these gift stories. I'm supposed to be giving people something all the time. There was a story that I gave away my beach house to Eddie Cronjager, my cameraman. Oh, yeah? Here's the facts: I had paid $1,000 on a beach lot, but couldn't get together with the developers on what I wanted to build. I got sore and decided to give up the lot, forfeit my $1,000. About this time, I was going to make a present of a cigarette case to Cronjager, in appreciation of the fine photography he had done with me. He heard about the beach lot, and said as long as I was going to lose the equity why not transfer it to him. So I did—and saved the price of the cigarette case.

"They say I'm a sucker on the market. It's said that I lost $100,000 in the late Wall Street affair. Well, for those who are interested, let me say that my 'losses' are only paper losses—and that I haven't lost a cent in actual money.

"All sorts of lies have been printed about me under the excuse of publicity. They weren't harmful, but I want people to get me straight. For one thing, it's been said that I hate California and want to work in New York. As a matter of fact, I loathe New York. It's been printed that I was selected over eighty other famous stars to play the lead in 'The Christian,' which was my big hit. The fact is that I was lucky to get the part, because they couldn't find anybody willing to take it. Barrymore, Kirkwood, H. B. Warner—they all turned it down.

"There was another story that, in 'The Quarterback,' I showed up a lot of famous football stars by outplaying them. Raspberries! —we had thirty-three college players, some of them All-Americans. I was scared stiff to go in and play with them—on the muddy field and the cold day the picture was shot. I was afraid they'd muss me up so I never could play in pictures again.

"SO in spite of the rule against liquor, I got a case of good stuff. I said to the football squad: 'Look here, fellows. Keep this quiet, but it's a wet cold day, and you might like a little something to keep you warm. Well, here it is. And listen—you can smear my face, and I'll be out of pictures for life, but if you sort of lay off my funny nose and give me a chance, I'll still get along.' And that gang of murderers never even scratched me!

"Lots of other blah—that I learned the entire Indian language while making 'Redskin'. All I can really say is *Ya-ta-hay*, which means hello. They say I'm a night owl; that I go to all the night clubs and things like that. The fact is that when I'm working on a picture, you can't get me out at night. I'm in bed early nights, and every morning—believe this or not—I'm at the studio at 6:15, working out. I've got to keep this—"(and he thumped his equator) "—down, you see. When I'm working on a picture, you can't even get me to take a drink. Not even one cocktail."

"But when you're between pictures?" I asked.

"Well, I've got a mountain place, without even a telephone in it. Only a few very good friends know where it is. We go up there and —well, we tell 'em we're working on the next story, or something."

Stars *of the* Photoplay

Your copy of STARS OF THE PHOTOPLAY, the beautiful and artistic new edition of portraits of famous motion picture stars now being prepared by PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE, will soon be ready. It will contain more than 250 of the very latest and best portraits and short biographical sketches of favorite screen players.

Place your order NOW for the limited first edition

STARS of the Photoplay will be printed in rotogravure on special paper and very handsomely bound in a red and gold cover. You will be proud to own this beautiful book and will want it for your library.

Stars of Photoplay Dept.,
Photoplay Magazine,
750 North Michigan Avenue,
Chicago, Ill.

Please place on file my order for one copy of the new, 1930 number of Stars of the Photoplay, for which I enclose $1.75. It is understood that this order will be filled at the earliest possible time.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

(Remittance should be made by check, or postal or express money order.)

P-J

In the same time it takes to powder

IT'S applied in an instant.

It can't do any harm.

You can—and should—use this snowy, soothing cream for every occasion.

Mum offers *permanent* protection from underarm offense, for it is something you can *always* use.

Make the use of this dainty deodorant a daily habit. Morning and evening. Then you're always safe. Never at a disadvantage. No hour of the day or night can ever be ruined by that arch-enemy of charm—body odor.

That's the beauty of Mum! The utter simplicity of its use. You need not plan ahead, nor make elaborate preparations for its application. Nor wait for it to dry, or fear its effect on skin, or dainty fabrics. The moment you've used Mum, you're ready to go! And absolutely safeguarded against perspiration odors.

Mum is as bland as any face cream and is, in fact, beneficial to skin. Perfectly harmless to fabrics. Its only action is to neutralize those odors caused by the chemistry of the body.

Keep your jar of Mum on your dressing table. Use it freely, and be serenely confident of yourself all the time. All toilet-goods counters 35c. Or nearly three times the quantity for 60c. And you use so little each time! There's no waste.

Short Subjects *of the* Month

THIS month PHOTOPLAY inaugurates its newest department, designed to make your talkie shopping easier and happier.

Each month we shall review outstanding short subjects of the hour. The coming of talkies has brought astounding advances in the field of short pictures, particularly in the comedy line.

This month we review the first comedy made with Mack Sennett's own natural-color process.

RADIO KISSES

Sennett-Educational

Not only is this Master Mack's first comedy made with his own Sennett-Color process, but he turns composer and writes its theme song, "Radio Kisses." The color is soft-toned. About a radio love-adviser who gets her own man.

DON'T BELIEVE IT

Paramount-Christie

A howl, thanks to the excellent comedy work of the ever-dependable Jimmy Gleason. James plays a quizzically plastered gent who, instead of going to a show called "Florida," is put aboard a boat for that state. One of the very funniest of recent short comics.

BRATS

Hal Roach-M-G-M

A double-barrelled novelty, packed with laughs. Laurel and Hardy play their own sons as well as themselves—using, for the kid parts, enormous sets and props that make the comedians look tiny. There is no story, but a great succession of gags that are really rich.

HELLO, THAR!

Warner Vitaphone Variety

Eddie Buzzell, the little singing comedian, is the star of this two-reel satire on the Yukon's gold-rush days. It has a bit of a story, tied together with Eddie's well-told gags, old and new. Eddie even stops satirizing long enough to sing a song. Above average.

HONEYMOON ZEPPELIN

Sennett-Educational

A genuine top-notch comedy—especially good since it gives us thrills and laughs both. Nick Stuart is the star. He plays an aviator in love with a girl whose papa owns a dirigible. And the good old Sennettian thrills come with transfers from plane to blimp in mid-air.

THE STRONGER SEX

Paramount-Christie

A farce about marriage—old ideas versus new. Carmel Myers is lovely in lounging pajamas, as the author of sophisticated don't-get-married books for flappers. Bert Roach does the best he can with comedy based on the idea that it's funny to sneeze loud and often.

COLLEGE HOUNDS

Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer

This is the second experimental comic played entirely by dogs, with the human voice dubbed in. And it's tremendously funny, being a canine burlesque on that good old Plot No. 4,520—the college movie. The hero of this is that football star, "Red Mange." See it!

THE PEOPLE VERSUS

Warner Vitaphone Variety

Brief, punchy drama. It only runs six minutes, which is just right for one dramatic smash idea. Frank Campeau, the grand villain of silent days, plays a murderer.

A TIGHT SQUEEZE

Pathe

Really another photographed vaudeville skit, with Jimmy Conlin doing comedy and the late George LaMaire, its producer, playing straight. There are some very pretty girls in the picture, but they are only atmosphere, and the comedy is mild to fair, and no more.

SISTER'S PEST

Universal

Another excellent two-reel comedy starring that grand baby comedian, "Sunny Jim." This little boy's pictures are perfect entertainment for children. This one has him being pestiferous around the old home for quite a while, and then causing the arrest of two bad men.

DAD KNOWS BEST

Jack White-Educational

When and if they give Taylor Holmes some real farce stories for this veteran and first-rate dress suit comedian, we'll have something. This one starts well, but ends dismally when he and the elderly gal get tight. Holmes is always clever.

ALL TEED UP

Hal Roach-M-G-M

This is another golf comedy, but not at all technical, and Charley Chase fans will enjoy the adventures of their hero among the mashie niblicks. Thelma Todd, the so-beautiful, plays the daughter of the golf club president. Plenty of laughter, and a sizzling finish

LET ME EXPLAIN

Paramount-Christie

Taylor Holmes, again, trying hard with material that is none too hot. It's a matrimonial triangle, with Holmes, in his familiar rôle of a hubby, accused of doing a little quiet

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 120]

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

When you've seen yourself in a Bradley

you've seen yourself at your bathing-suit best . . . For there's a snap to Bradley's colors and styles that makes mermen of mere men—and that adds a something even to the loveliest siren of the silver screen.

Slip into a

BRADLEY

and out-of-doors

In these two beautiful books (one for men and boys; one for all the family) are shown many of the host of new Bradley styles. Your dealer has a free copy for you. Or write to Bradley Knitting Co., Delavan, Wisc.

© B. K. CO., 1930

NEW—LIPSTICK REDS! NAIL POLISHES IN THE SMART LIPSTICK COLORS ARE ANNOUNCED EXCLUSIVELY BY GLAZO

Glazo's smart colors never vary in evening light

SURELY, you have told yourself, a nail polish that looks lovely in frank sunlight will be even more charming at night. And then, when the party lights went on — you found a disappointing difference.

For under artificial light the gleaming daytime smartness of many polishes fades — or takes on a yellow tinge or a lavender hue. Glazo, alone, remains unaffected by varying lighting conditions. Its pure modish color is lovely by sunlight, lovely by lamplight, lovely in dim light and lovely in brilliance.

The color of your nails must be perfection — always

And now, when fashion dictates new vivid reds to give chic accent to the evening mode, it is more important than ever that the color of your nail polish remain unchanged and constant under any light.

Prove Glazo's constancy of color to yourself. You will see that Glazo has the same lovely tone by artificial light that it has in the sun.

Glazo goes on evenly and it never peels or cracks. It lasts for more than a week.

No matter what you think you like in nail polishes, try Glazo. With Glazo you are sure that your nails will always be lovely.

See the new Lipstick Reds —in three shades, perfumed!

Nothing quite so chic has ever sparkled on feminine fingertips as these new Lipstick Reds of Glazo's—Flame, Geranium and Crimson. They are lovely reds!—brilliant and dramatic. And in the new Paris manner they harmonize, respectively, with *light, medium* and *dark* lipsticks in a smart symphony of color.

They are delightfully perfumed — but so delicately that they will not conflict with any favorite perfume you may wish to use.

Besides the perfumed Lipstick Reds, Glazo Colorless and Glazo Natural may also be found at all good toilet goods counters.

If you wish samples of Glazo, send the coupon with six cents for each shade requested.

· · · COUPON · · ·

THE GLAZO COMPANY, Inc., Dept. GQ60
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

☐ Natural ☐ Flame
☐ Geranium ☐ Crimson

Please send me the samples of Glazo I have checked above. I enclose six cents for each sample requested. Total amount enclosed.....cents.

Name .....

Address.....

City ..... *State*.....

GLAZO

©1930

Short Subjects of the Month

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 118]

two-timing. Thanks to Taylor's talents, this is more than just two talky reels.

MARTINELLI

Warner-Vitaphone

While this is just ten minutes of "Faust" music by one of the leading tenors of the Metropolitan, it is worthy of note because it is another of the excellent and very popular Martinelli numbers. The tenor here is supported by two other singers as *Marguerite* and *Mephisto.*

WESTERN KNIGHTS

Mermaid-Educational

A labored effort at Wild Western comedy, with little Eddie Lambert as a tenderfoot and Al St. John as an India-rubber cowhand—both beset by villainous cattle rustlers. Not very funny, though Lambert has a few good lines and situations.

THE DRESDEN DOLLS

Paramount

The old collector's figurines come to life and cut up high jinks at midnight. "Gamby," toe dancer, formerly of Roxy's gang, a duo of comical eccentric dancers, and a bit of melody make this a bright one-reeler.

MICKEY'S MASTER MIND

Radio Pictures

None other than Mickey McGuire uncovers graft in the high places. The Toonerville "kids" keep things moving. They publish a newspaper, and Mickey goes to a party as a split-pint Julian Eltinge. The children will love it.

WHAT A LIFE

Warner Vitaphone Variety

Prison life as the reformers would have it. The convicts actually weep when their terms are up. Pretty cretonnes in the cells, with gangsters knitting socks. Good farcical satire. Virginia Sale turns in a neat performance as a reforming lady.

EVENTUALLY BUT NOT NOW

Radio Pictures

A barnstorming reform politician gets on the same train with a touring girl show. His speech to two Indians while the town voters are getting an eyeful of the girls is a comedy highlight. Alberta Vaughn is featured.

ABSENT-MINDED

Warner Vitaphone Variety

If you're absent-minded, all the memory courses in the world won't do you a bit of good. Wallace Ford is a handsome, breezy comedian and looks promising for longer features. There are a few good snickers in this reel.

—AND WIFE

Warner Vitaphone Variety

A gay grass widower marries his first wife, and leaves prospective wife, number two, swooning into her bridal bouquet. Noel Madison and Bernice Elliott are featured. Miss Elliott has a grand microphone voice.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

inconspicuous

MODESS COMPACT

Thinner— for the fitted silhouette

THE SLIM, classically long, unbroken lines of evening and afternoon frocks render doubly acceptable the concealing thinness of Modess Compact. Its inconspicuousness is attained without sacrifice of efficiency or the gracious softness which has so commended Modess to women.

Modess Compact is simply regular Modess, gently compressed. It has exactly the same amount of material, the same absorbency, the same yielding pliancy. Yet it is thinner by half.

This refinement is made possible by the wholly different construction of Modess and by the fluffy, cotton-like, disposable filler.

To provide an assortment adapted to the range of gowns of smartly dressed women, three Modess Compacts, in a special wrap, are included in every box of regular Modess.

We have convincing evidence that every woman who tries Modess prefers it to the kind she had been using. The obvious superiority of Modess will, we are confident, impress you.

Johnson & Johnson
NEW BRUNSWICK, N. J., U. S. A.

World's largest makers of surgical dressings, bandages, Red Cross absorbent cotton, etc.

modess

DORIS DAWSON
POPULAR STAR

What Has She Done?

What has this clever girl done to make her hair so lovely? How does she keep those exquisite soft tones—those tiny dancing lights in her hair?

Her secret is Golden Glint Shampoo. You'd never think a single shampooing could make one's hair so beautiful, so radiant—and do it so easily! You'll be delighted with the soft loveliness—the "tiny tint"—it imparts. At your dealers', 25c, or send for free sample.

FREE

J. W. KOBI CO., 604 Rainier Ave., Dept. F
Seattle, Wash. * * * * * *Please send a free sample.*

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Color of my hair _____

Goodbye, Apollo!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 70]

To a lesser extent it is true of the women. Ruth Chatterton has gone like a house afire, and La Chatterton is a mature woman of the world. Ina Claire, Helen Kane, Kay Johnson, Irene Bordoni and others, were not of the type to make much headway on the old pantomimic screen. The silent heroine had to look eighteen if she had a son playing fullback on the college varsity. If she didn't—"raus."

For some strange reason or other, in those days, mature romance was considered a bit vulgar, like saying "legs" for limbs. The only heart throbs possible took place between two pretty youngsters who should have been home doing their algebra.

IF you don't believe it, look what happened to Elsie Ferguson, Alice Brady, William Faversham and Billie Burke when they attempted a screen career. The fans were curious enough to go once or twice, but after that they burned the pavement across the street to see Tottie Two-shoes and Harold Lovelace in "Young Hearts Athrob." Geraldine Farrar made better headway for a time, but Gerry was such a vivid, flame-like creature, and don't forget, Wallace Reid helped some.

But now comes the dawn of the golden day for the strong, silent gent and the chap with the face like a relief map of the Rockies.

In a national poll of theater owners, Lon Chaney was at the top of the list. "Hoot" Gibson was near the top. And Bancroft was running a good race. Only "Buddy" Rogers was holding his own near the top of the ladder, and perhaps he's the exception that proves the rule. The fans were still loyal to Clara Bow and Colleen Moore. Feminine fashions haven't changed as much, but it's on-with-the-new with the men.

Of the newer men in the talkies, not many are handsome. Charles Bickford is Garbo's lover in "Anna Christie." Well, well, and Garbo used to be necked by such decorative boy friends as John Gilbert and Nils Asther. Bickford is rugged looking, and seems thoroughly capable of settling a race riot, but he is not the old bandoline favorite of yore.

Lawrence Tibbett, who burst across the film horizon in "The Rogue Song," is virile and dynamic but he is not handsome, that is, if you judge by the old standards for Hollywood male pulchritude. But how he can sing, and he does a good job of wooing Catherine Dale Owen in the picture. Even the advertisements for the opus state—"He takes what he pleases, and he pleases what he takes." You've gotta be good to do that.

Heresy this may be, but Gary Cooper is scarcely the accepted handsome type. Good looking in the strong, silent way, but the gentleman from Montana is in the position of being one of the coming great stars of the screen. Paramount, who hands out Gary's pay checks, intends to keep him in the classification of strong, silent men. Gary is not the matinée idol type, popular as he is, and he probably has never heard of an amethyst thumb ring. That was Francis X. Bushman's idea, and it was just the stuff that the girl fan of several years ago read with bated breath, instead of helping ma with the dishes.

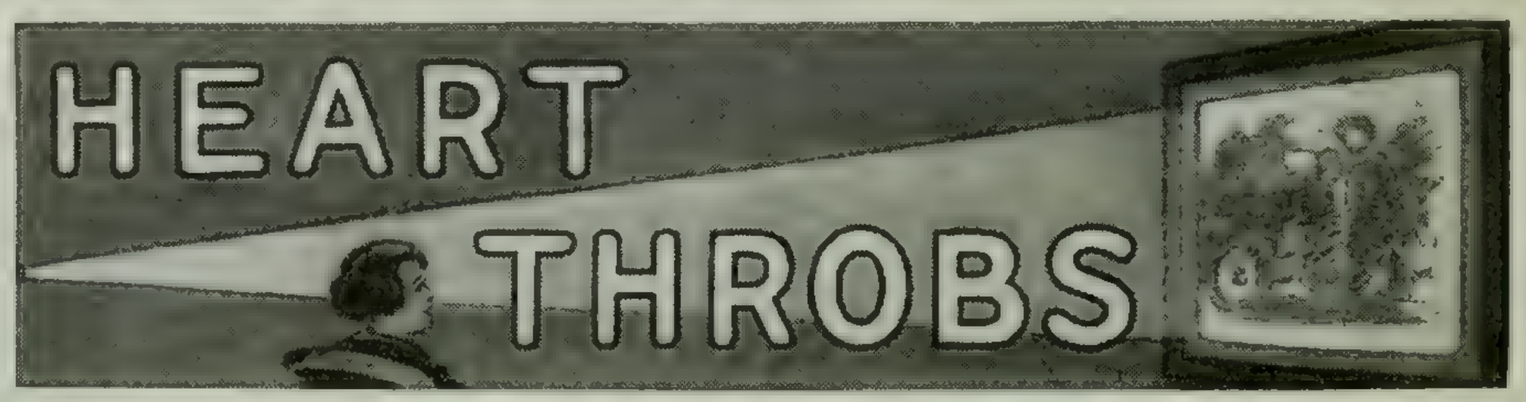
Of course no one ever said that comedians had to be good looking. Buster Keaton, Harry Langdon and Lloyd Hamilton have funny faces and should be glad of it. But along comes a new entry into the ranks of the great funmakers. El Brendel, who came mighty near copping the honors from Messrs. McLaglen and Lowe in "The Cock Eyed World," isn't handsome either, but he is being groomed for eventful stardom at Fox.

ANOTHER young man to gain prominence on the Fox lot, a studio that in time past has gone in heavily for male good looks—Charles Farrell, Barry Norton and Charles Morton—is Paul Muni. Muni is a great protean artist, a genius at make-up and an excellent actor no matter whose phiz he is wearing. His own face, by the way, is strong and attractive, but not handsome.

Scarcely any of the more recent newcomers to the fraternity of film heroes correspond to their more handsome brothers of the past. Proof is in the telling. Harry Bannister in "Her Private Affair"; Robert Ames in "The Trespasser"; Basil Rathbone in "The Last of Mrs. Cheyney"; Lee Tracy in "Big Time" and Walter Huston in "The Lady Lies" are examples.

The newcomers are even succeeding off the screen. Harry Richman, not good looking either, and that little Clara Bow matter, for instance.

And if you think it takes good looks to win a beautiful wife, you should see the little peach that answers to the name of Mrs. "Bull" Montana. No matter HOW you slice it, the "Bull" isn't beautiful.



I am a graduate nurse and have been ill in bed for three years, fighting tuberculosis. I kept up my cheerful fight until the beginning of the third year. The doctor did not give me any hope, and I had not the heart to go on.

One day I said: "Oh, what I would give if I could only see a movie, even though I never get well!" Arrangements were made and the doctor gave his consent, saying I was hopeless, anyway.

My friends all thought they were granting a dying wish.

A big, comfortable machine was turned into an ambulance and I was taken to the nearest theater. I couldn't sit through the entire picture, as I was extremely weak, but I remembered all that I had the strength to stay and see. Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were the players.

From that day I took a new lease on life, and have made such progress as to astonish the doctors. I hope in another year to be so improved I can really enjoy life.

Jean Leitch, R. N.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

"Free and Easy"

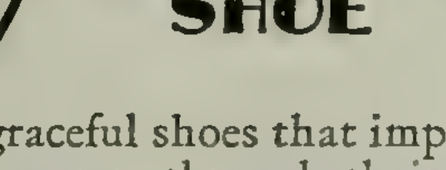
are Anita Page's pretty feet in the smart slenderness of

The Selby ARCH PRESERVER SHOE

These are suave, graceful shoes that impart charming grace to the wearer, through their exclusive, inbuilt natural treadbase that provides correct support with barefoot freedom.

No wonder they are the chosen footwear of motion picture stars whose feet must reveal sartorial perfection as well as rhythmic motion to the magnifying lens of the camera. Just the shoes, too, for every woman who wants smart footwear that beautifies her feet and keeps them youthful, tireless, expressive, buoyant.

Your Selby dealer will be glad to show you the season's new styles for every occasion. His name on request.



MADELINE . . . a 1930 model of the slenderizing center strap slipper. Beige kidskin with cleverly placed accent of brown opalescent kidskin.

Miss Anita Page, whose trim Arch Preserver footwear . . . the Madeline in beige and brown . . . carry her to new triumphs in the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture "Free and Easy."

There is only one Selby Arch Preserver Shoe. Its principles of construction are fully protected by patents. Identify the genuine by this trade-mark on sole and lining. Made for women, juniors, misses and children by only The Selby Shoe Company, Portsmouth, Ohio. For men and boys by only E. T. Wright & Co., Rockland, Mass.

ARCH PRESERVER SHOE "KEEPS THE FOOT WELL"

MODERN SHOE FOR MODERN DRESS

Mail this coupon or write to the Selby Shoe Company, 272 Seventh St., Portsmouth, Ohio, for new Free Booklet No. P-72, *The Modern Shoe for Modern Dress*, dealer's name, and pictures of the latest shoe styles from Paris and New York.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....State.....

TREAT that

corn

sensibly

It's hard to keep your mind on your work and on a miserable throbbing corn, all at once. The business-like course is to apply Blue-jay and return to your dictation!

This is the sensible treatment — perfected through thirty years by one of the foremost makers of surgical dressings. It ends pain instantly, by ending the pressure that causes pain. Then mild medication makes the relief permanent, penetrating the corn and preparing it for removal. Millions of corns have been banished this way — *safely*, avoiding the risk of infection that lurks in paring.

Why nurse a corn when relief waits at any druggist's? End yours today with Blue-jay, the clean, pleasant, bath-proof 3-day treatment. 25 cents (in Canada, 35 cents).

Blue-jay
CORN PLASTER

BAUER & BLACK

DIVISION OF THE KENDALL COMPANY
Chicago . . New York . . Toronto

How I Would Manage 6 Famous Husbands

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 69]

so sympathetic and understanding and wide-eyed and I'd let him 'there, there' me just as much as he liked. George is the big he-man type. He's awfully interested in athletics and you might think, off hand, that I'd be athletic, too, for the sake of harmony—but you're wrong.

"No man—much less Bancroft—wants a wife who can swim or play tennis or golf better than he.

"If I were married to George I'd be the clinging vine and the shrinking violet and I'd stand in awe of him and marvel at his prowess and daring and skill."

EDMUND LOWE

"IF I were married to Eddie Lowe I think I'd manage him exactly as Lilyan Tashman does.

"There's a smart woman who knows how to handle a smart man. Eddie is sophisticated and he likes sophistication in women. I'd be most awfully continental with Eddie, bright and chic—he loves to see women dress beautifully—and I'd make no attempt at dull domesticity.

"Eddie wouldn't have a little sit-by-the-fire for a wife. No sir, stimulating conversation and wit for him!

"I'd try to know and understand him—as I would with all of them—and I shouldn't mind at all if he had an outside flirtation or two. In fact, I'd rather encourage it, because I'd know that Eddie is the sort of man who can handle and rather needs that sort of thing. Nor would I restrain myself from doing a little flirting of my own.

"It would amuse Eddie.

"Of course, I'd be very careful about the men with whom I flirted. They'd have to be interesting men of whom Eddie wouldn't be ashamed. I'd give Eddie Lowe absolute freedom."

RONALD COLMAN

"I CERTAINLY would never flirt with anybody else if I were married to Ronald Colman. If Colman had the right wife he'd be a one-woman man absolutely and I'd be a one-man woman, or the marriage wouldn't last at all.

"I couldn't hurt him, ever. For Ronnie is very sensitive and shy—yes, honestly, he's shy—and although he likes sophistication, it's different from the kind Eddie Lowe likes.

"Ronald is thoughtful and intellectual and he would want his wife to be like that, too. I'd like all his friends and I'd read a great deal to acquaint myself with the things in which he's interested. I'd never foist dull people upon him.

"I'd give him complete privacy, for Ronnie is a meditative soul who hates brass bands about the place.

"But I'd be, oh, so amusing, especially to his friends."

RICHARD BARTHELMESS

"IN many ways Ronald and Dick Barthelmess are alike.

"I believe that almost the same type of woman could hold them both.

"If I were married to Dick I'd be as far from his professional life as possible. I'd never question him about his work and I'd not want fame myself. I'd try to keep his mind off the studio and I'd never mix in any studio politics or intrigues, but I'd have to be a very good scout.

"I'd be ready for anything, a jaunt to Hawaii, a trip to Europe, a golf game, a tennis match, a quiet evening at home with friends—anything that would amuse and interest him. I'd be perfectly natural, for Dick hates sham more than almost anyone I know.

"I'd be simple, intelligent and alive—but I wouldn't have a career of my own—and by the way, he has just that sort of wife. She's a peach."

JOHN GILBERT

"AH, now if I were married to Jack Gilbert! I'd treat him like a four-year-old boy. Humor him? Give in to his moods? I'd have to fall back on good old 'yes and no.'

"I'd let him think that I was giving in to his moods and I'd let him have the ones that didn't really matter. In the big, vital gestures of life, if I saw him making himself ridiculous, I'd try to change him, but I'd never attempt coercion. I'd change him in such a way that he wouldn't know I was changing him. He would think it was all his idea that he go to the studio peacefully and iron out all his difficulties. I'd manage Jack by the power of suggestion and never by force.

"I'd never match my will against his in open combat.

"I'd get the worst of it, for Jack has a grand mind. I'd let him believe me sweet and docile as a lamb.

"I'd suggest rather than domineer and I'd never, never be greater than he on the screen nor let him think I knew more than he did.

"There—that's all, and I'm right. The generalization covers them all.

"Wouldn't I need charm, intelligence, the power to be amusing, and a sense of humor to do this?

"But now that I've been specific to satisfy your craving for it, and now that I've told you how I'd handle six different men if I were married to them, I'll tell you something else. I'll tell you that all this doesn't mean a thing. I'm like the old maid who has theories about how to bring up children.

"And I'll make you a little bet that I'd be a hopeless failure as the wife of John Barrymore or Jack Gilbert or George Bancroft or Dick Barthelmess or Ronnie Colman or Eddie Lowe. It's all very well to talk about how to make a success of marriage.

"The trick is to do it!"

Big Money Is Looking For You!

WHAT couldn't you do with a fat slice of $5,000! The opportunity to share in PHOTOPLAY'S annual award to observant readers is offered in this issue. Turn to pages 60 and 62, and join in this fascinating quest for treasure.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

From Paris ... three exquisites that soothe and stimulate, preserving your just-bathed freshness throughout the active day

Eau de Cologne 30¢ to $3.75 the flacon
Talc 25¢ .... Face Powder 75¢

Retain the clean, crisp radiance, the vigor and pep of the morning shower! Pat stimulating dashes of Cheramy's April Showers Eau de Cologne over your body. Feel new life surging through your veins—rejuvenate, exhilarate under the magic of this new French Lotion for the Body. Then—the Talc and Face Powders—petal smooth, both veils of soothing perfection—fragrant with the glamourous odeur of Springtime in Paris, April Showers (Ondées d'Avril)—protection that retains your just-bathed freshness throughout the active day.

April Showers by CHERAMY

380. RUE ST. HONORÉ
PARIS

GROW—

Yes, Grow Eyelashes *and* Eyebrows like this in 30 days

THE most marvelous discovery has been made—a way to make eyelashes and eyebrows *actually grow*. Now if you want long, curling, silken lashes, you can *have them*—and beautiful, wonderful eyebrows.

I say to you in plain English that no matter how scant the eyelashes and eyebrows, I will increase their length and thickness in 30 days—or not accept a single penny. No "ifs," "ands," or "maybes." It is new growth, startling results, or no pay. And you are the sole judge.

Proved Beyond the Shadow of a Doubt

Over ten thousand women have tried my amazing discovery, proved that eyes can now be fringed with long, curling natural lashes, and the eyebrows made intense, strong silken lines! Read what a few of them say. I have made oath before a notary public that these letters are voluntary and genuine. From Mlle. Hefflefinger, 240 W. "B" St., Carlisle, Pa.: "I certainly am delighted . . . I notice the greatest difference . . . people I come in contact with remark how long and silky my eyelashes appear." From Naomi Otstot, 5437 Westminster Ave., W. Phila., Pa.: "I am greatly pleased. My eyebrows and lashes are beautiful now." From Frances Raviart, R. D. No. 2, Box 179, Jeanette, Penn.: "Your eyelash and eyebrow beautifier is simply marvelous." From Pearl Provo, 2954 Taylor St., N. E., Minneapolis, Minn.: "I have been using your eyebrow and eyelash Method. It is surely wonderful." From Miss Flora J. Corriveau, 8 Pinette Ave., Biddeford, Me.: "I am more than pleased with your Method. My eyelashes are growing long and luxurious."

Results Noticeable in a Week

In one week—sometimes in a day or two—you notice the effect. The eyelashes become more beautiful—like a silken fringe. The darling little upward curl shows itself. The eyebrows become sleek and tractable—with a noticeable appearance of growth and thickness. You will have the thrill of a lifetime—know that you can have eyelashes and eyebrows as beautiful as any you ever saw.

Remember . . . in 30 days I *guarantee results* that will not only delight, but amaze. If you are not absolutely and entirely satisfied, your money will be returned promptly. I mean just that—no quibble, no strings. Introductory price $1.95. Later the price will be regularly $5.00.

Lucille Young

Grower will be sent C. O. D. or you can send money with order. If money accompanies order postage will be prepaid.

LUCILLE YOUNG,
666 Lucille Young Building, Chicago, Ill.

Send me your new discovery for growing eyelashes and eyebrows. If not absolutely and entirely satisfied, I will return it within 30 days and you will return my money without question.

Price C. O. D. is $1.95 plus few cents postage.

If money sent with order price is $1.95 and postage is prepaid.

State whether money enclosed or you want order C. O. D_____

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City_____ State_____

Hollywood's Beauty Sculptor

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 41]

Lewis is an angel. And I hope that Eleanor Painter comes out here, for she is so lovely and so beautiful and would have such a marvelous screen personality."

Norma Shearer's arms and shoulders were a trifle muscular.

Norma loves to swim and play tennis and it was on the muscles caused by these exercises that Sylvia worked, for Norma is not overweight.

IN New York Ina Claire had been working too hard to give much attention to her face. Nor did the footlights make the same demands that the camera did.

Ina's nose was broad. Sylvia literally changed its shape by massage and tightened up her chin and jaw.

Anna Q. Nilsson is another patient. Sylvia goes to the hospital every evening, where Anna has been lying for months with a fractured hip. She keeps Anna's face the beautiful thing it was before the accident. This is a labor of love, too. Anna cannot get Sylvia to send bills.

Many of the stars come to her simply for nerve treatment. They lead such strenuous lives—these beautiful film women—that relaxation is necessary, and they always leave Sylvia's office with new vigor and enthusiasm.

Then what is the secret of all this? How does the wonder-worker work? What does Sylvia have that the others do not have?

In the first place, Sylvia is no mere *masseuse*. She graduated from a nurses' course in Denmark and then studied anatomy and massage for years in Swedish medical colleges.

Her treatments are the most important part of the course, for she has some divine gift. "I do not work merely on the flesh," she said. "I go straight to the nerves and to the glands. When I'm through with a treatment the patient feels stimulated. But that is not all. They must obey me while they are away from me."

With freak diets Sylvia has no patience, but she does make those who want to reduce cut down on sweets, starches and fats. She also makes the subjects refrain from all alcohol. They must have at least six hours sleep at night, eight or more if possible. They must eat fruit every day.

She does not believe in strenuous exercise. "Swimming makes ugly muscles through the arms and shoulders," Sylvia said. "Tennis, too. But I believe in exercises and I give them. Stretching, relaxing exercises are the only ones for the beauty seeker. And I don't mean vigorous stretching.

"I TEACH my patients to lie on a bed or across a chair and stretch languorously, like a gorgeous, lazy animal.

"No one, two, three bend at the waist stuff! Just slow; relaxing stretching, until the body tingles and feels alive.

"The rest I do myself. I work so that the glands feed the body properly. My treatments aren't painless, but what does that matter when the results are there?"

And, what is more, the results *are* there. Sylvia has never failed. That's why she is one of the most important women in Hollywood.

A beauty force. A face and figure moulder. A flesh sculptor!

A composer goes wild. Director Allan Dwan and Gloria Swanson don't seem to care for the tunes pounded out by Vincent Youmans, who is doing the music for her new film, "What a Widow"

Perspiration stains ~ embarrassing odor

Odorono utterly frees you from their worry

"I don't perspire enough to need it" — *dangerous words*

by Ruth Miller

WARM WEATHER! And with it the haunting worry lest other people detect the unmistakable odor of perspiration—or lest you know the humiliation of a damp stain on your dress! This summer need hold no such terrors—you can be absolutely certain that not one pretty dress will be ruined if you guard against it by using Odorono.

"But I don't perspire enough to need it," some women say. And, because a dress is not actually stained, run the risk of unforgivable perspiration odor!

Doctors know that perspiration odor often precedes noticeable moisture.

But you *can* be safe. Odorono diverts perspiration from the shut-in underarm to areas where it quickly evaporates.

A Physician's Formula—

A physician worked out the Odorono formula for his own use for relief from perspiration. Today millions of bottles are bought every year by careful women.

Odorono absolutely protects you from the danger of odor and your gowns from possible stains, and, being a mild antiseptic, it helps protect your skin from infection. It is so easy to use—and leaves no greasiness to smudge your dresses, no sticky feeling on the underarm.

Why there are Two Odoronos

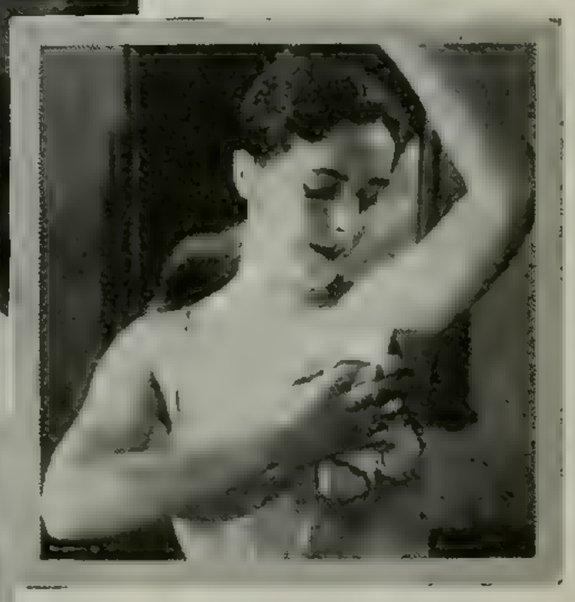
The familiar ruby colored Odorono Regular Strength is for use twice a week on normal skins. The new colorless Odorono Mild is made especially for sensitive skins and for frequent use—every day or every other day, as you need, or in an emergency. Use it any time. At toilet-goods counters everywhere—35¢, 60¢ and $1.00.

Just 3 simple gestures—

1. PAT ON . . . Wash underarm with clear water and dry. Pat on Odorono—don't rub.

2. LET DRY . . . Let underarm dry thoroughly before clothing touches it. If using Odorono Mild, let dry at least fifteen minutes. If using Odorono Regular Strength, let stay on and dry overnight.

3. RINSE OFF . . . When Odorono is entirely dry, wipe thoroughly with a damp cloth. If used last thing at night, rinse off in the morning.



IF YOU PREFER to use Odorono only twice a week or need a stronger solution, buy the familiar ruby colored Odorono Regular Strength. For sensitive skin and for frequent use, buy the new colorless Odorono Mild.

ODO-RO-NO

ends perspiration annoyance and odor

Send 10¢ for samples of Odorono Regular Strength, Odorono Mild and Crême Odorono. (In Canada, address P. O. Box 2054, Montreal.)

Ruth Miller, The Odorono Co., Inc., Dept. QO-6
191 Hudson St., New York, N. Y.

_____

_____

A debutante confesses

"My favorite deodorant?
. . . Amolin of course!
It can't seal pores."

THAT exquisite charm — daintiness — guard it! And guard it *safely!* Make Amolin your deodorant. Soft, fine, snow-white, Amolin is a *powder* deodorant. A *safe* deodorant! It does not seal the pores.

Dainty! Luxurious! Safe!

Amolin prevents body odors by *neutralizing* perspiration. It is amazingly effective. Applied with ease at any moment—without muss or fuss. No waiting—it takes effect instantly. No fear of irritation. No danger of Amolin's eating away clothing. Dust it on and be confident. Amolin stops odors and keeps you fresh all day.

Body odors are unpardonable. Yet no one can escape them without taking constant precautions. Use Amolin—the safe deodorant. Rest assured, it *cannot* seal delicate pores. Dust it freely under the arms. Over the body. On sanitary napkins, too. It's very good indeed for this purpose.

Amolin is on sale everywhere, 35c—60c. Special offer—send 10c for a generous trial package. Write to The Norwich Pharmacal Company, Dept. AR-6, Norwich, N. Y. In Canada, 193 Spadina Avenue, Toronto.

Makers of Norwich Unguentine

Amolin

The dainty powder deodorant

She Gambled—and Won!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 36]

would have been thrilled to death, and quite satisfied to let well enough alone. It wasn't a bad contract at all—she got fair parts, not-so-bad eating salary. She could probably have stayed on there indefinitely—a good-looking young blonde who'd come in handy for small leads, and such.

But here's where this story of Jeanette Loff makes its point!—Jeanette Loff wasn't satisfied with being just another blonde. After little more than a year with Pathe, she began to realize that she wasn't getting any place.

"THEY never gave me any real parts to do," she tells you. "Oh, they gave me leads here and there, but nothing really worth while. They promised better, but it never materialized.

"You know, when one stays too long in one place, people kind of lose track of one. That's what was happening to me. I knew I could do better things than they were giving me. I knew I could sing, but when I suggested it, they never gave me a chance to prove it. I felt, too, that I had it in me to do better rôles than those in which I was being cast.

"I began to feel they had no confidence in me, and that started breaking my spirit. A girl's out of luck if she stays on after that. I began to feel that I was really no good after all. 'Maybe I'm short here and there,' I used to think. Oh, I was working up a swell inferiority complex!"

She thought it over. Two courses were open—either sit tight and take what she could get, or cut loose and take a chance.

You'd never believe, when you meet this quiet little blonde with the baby-blue eyes, that she's got the sort of grit and spirit that one usually describes as "go-getter." She has!

"Lay-off time came," she goes on with her story. "I was 'between pictures.' I could have waited, but instead, I thought I'd try to get something better."

And so, by her own efforts, she sold herself for a part in "Party Girl" with Douglas Fairbanks, Jr. Her voice test was good—so good that they gave her the chance Pathe withheld. They wrote two songs into the picture especially for her.

That settled it! Jeanette felt that to go back to mediocre parts at her former salary would be to admit defeat. When Pathe wanted her to come back, she just said no!

In Hollywood, there are many actors and actresses with names better known than Jeanette's, who would gladly take a contract these days, rather than risk free-lancing. But not this Loff girl. She had a certain goal—talkie stardom—and she didn't intend to accept any compromise.

"Anyway, I could always go back to organ grinding," she smiles.

You start to compliment her on her grit, and she interrupts to tell you that it was all luck. She goes on to explain how she made a test record for Paul Whiteman. They wanted some girl for a bridal veil number in the "King of Jazz" revue,—a pretty blonde who could sing.

PAUL heard her test record and grunted "O.K!" But others at Universal were not so laconic. They saw they had a find. And instead of just doing the one bridal veil number, they gave her three other songs to do—and then followed up with a long-term contract offer.

She had just turned down the Pathe offer. Did she turn down this one, too? She did *not!* This was the kind of a job and contract that she had been aiming for. It gave her what she wanted—stardom certainty, the chance to sing, and a salary four times what she had been getting before.

After the Whiteman picture, she does one as star with John Boles of the nice profile and big voice. And after that, other big rôles are awaiting her.

But Loff is like that!

Talking *of* Talkies

"THE only ones to be driven permanently from Hollywood by the talkies are those who were 'hams' even when the screen was silent."—Richard Barthelmess.

"BEFORE I do anything important such as signing a contract or giving a concert, I usually find time to go to a picture show. It's restful and diverting, and afterward I can approach the matter in hand with a fresh viewpoint."—John McCormack.

"I CONSIDER the so-called 'all-talkie,' the film with conversation from beginning to end, nothing but rotten trash. The sound part of the American and German films is a luxury, an element that has just happened to be added to them, but which has nothing to do with the films themselves."—S. M. Eisenstein, Russian director.

"THE chief danger of censorship is that it is commonly exercised by clever men with ulterior motives, or by fools."—The Churchmen.

"IN my opinion, no picture except an operetta should have more than four songs, but these four should be sung often. Even a musical comedy shouldn't have more than four, or at the most, five, songs, of which two are almost certain to become hits."—Irving Berlin, song writer.

"WHAT with books being titled 'Ex-Wife,' 'Ex-Husband' and 'Ex-Mistress,' Irving Hoffman suggests that someone should write a book about John Barrymore and call it 'Ex-Actor'."—The New York Daily News.

"TO say that all movies must be silent and that there must be no talkies is as unreasonable as a dogmatic statement that downtown banks must not have uptown branches."—The New York Evening Post.

"CECIL B. DE MILLE says he doesn't believe television will keep people from the theater. . . . No, sir, it will probably take another thousand or so versions of 'Broadway' to turn the trick!"—The Toledo Blade.

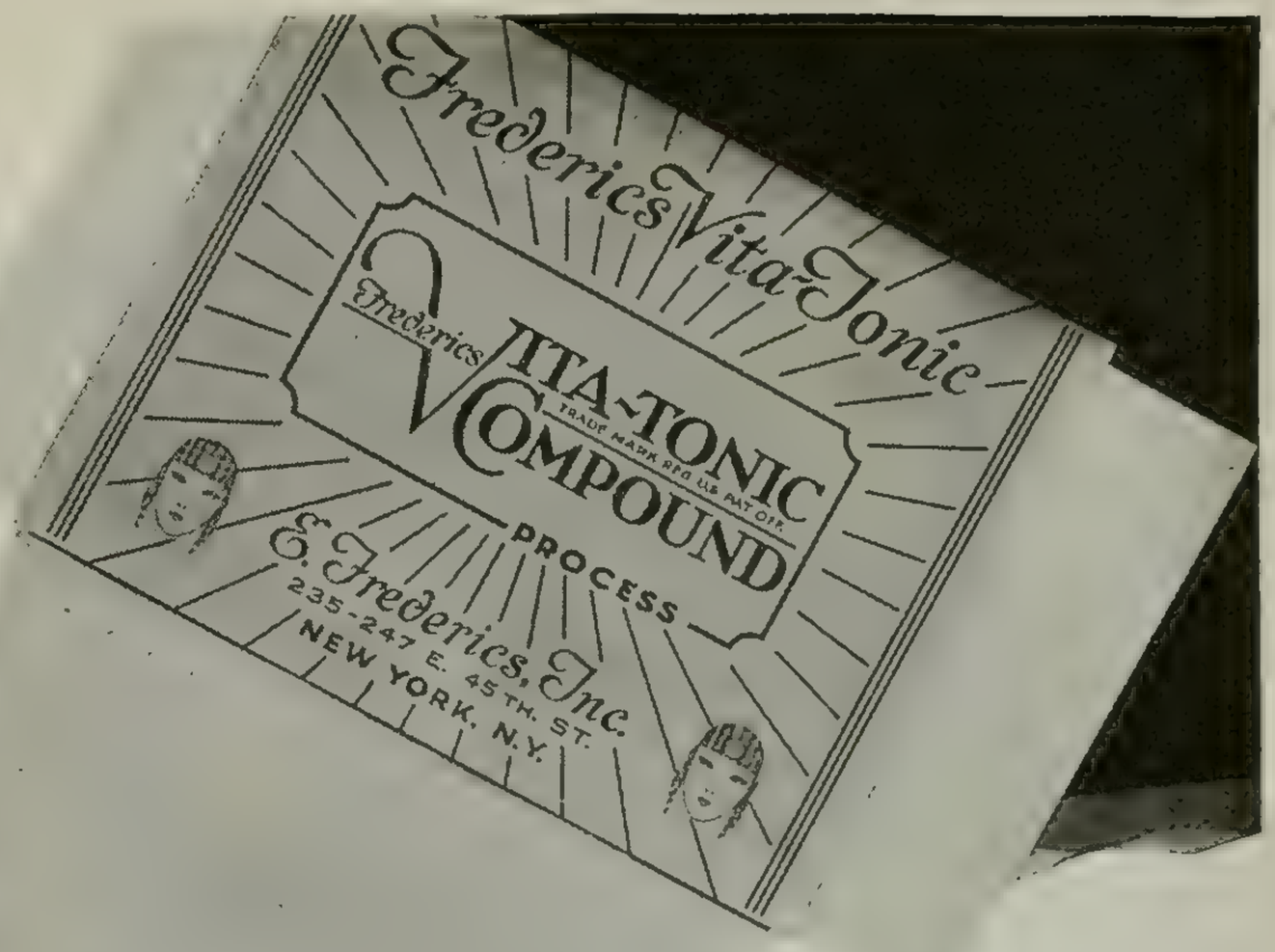
"THE talkies are so frozen in their details that they afford few opportunities for the genial errors that may happen at any time in any stage play, and lend it human warmth. For the talkies simply retake a scene where a mistake occurs, just as a typist would erase an error on a machine, and the canned goods comes out perfectly straight, as if nothing had happened."—John Anderson, dramatic critic.

"THE English language is an utterly inadequate instrument for those concerned in the film industry, because of its barrenness of superlatives."—Justice Mackinnon.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

LOOK FOR THIS WRAPPER

Some unscrupulous Hairdressers, offering cheap waves, are resorting to the use of cheap, harmful substitute wrappers on their clients' heads in order to save twenty to thirty cents a head on a permanent wave. Be careful of these cheap, inferior supplies—they will digest and dissolve the outer coat off your hair and leave it in a harsh and strawy condition. Don't accept such statements as "just as good" or "better." Insist on a Genuine Vita Tonic Wave—the permanent wave that is enthusiastically praised by Hollywood's lovely screen stars.



BARBARA KENT

Universal Pictures Star says:
Insist on a Genuine Vita-Tonic Wave"

"EVERYONE wants to know how I keep the soft, natural, lovely, wave in my hair", says Barbara Kent. "Really, you can have the same wide, lustrous, gorgeous wave if you insist, as I do, on a Genuine Frederics Vita Tonic Wave."

To be sure, however, that you are getting a Genuine Vita Tonic wave, ask to see the name "Frederics Vita Tonic" on each wrapper used on every wound tress of hair. Let us send you our interesting booklet, which tells how to take care of your wave, together with one of Frederics Vita Tonic wrappers. Take it with you when going for your permanent. See that no harmful imitations are used.

FREDERICS
VITA-TONIC WAVES

DEPT. 333 235-247 EAST 45th STREET NEW YORK, N. Y.

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ART - a vital part of Modern Business

Art as used in advertising, in magazines, newspapers, etc., is a mouthpiece for modern business. It is a field worthy of any ambitious man or woman. This pleasant, modern profession is *not* restricted to a few "geniuses." If you like to draw, it is an almost sure indication of talent which should be developed into real money-making ability.

Test Your Art Ability—FREE

Take this first step toward a successful art career today by sending for our Art Questionnaire, which tests your natural sense of design, proportion, color, perspective, etc. It may lead the way to a bigger future—a fascinating and profitable profession.

Train Your Art Ability at Home

The Federal Course is the result of over 25 years of actual experience of producing illustrations and designs. You receive illustrated lessons by many leading artists and illustrators, and *individual personal* criticism of your work. It will develop your talent in the shortest possible time, so you can start to earn money quickly.

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"Your Future describes the fascinating Federal Course which quickly prepares you for a career in commercial art. Mail the coupon below right now for free copy.

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Please send me free Art Questionnaire and book "Your Future."

Name.....

Present
Age.....Occupation.....

Address.....

Star Names That Mean Fight!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 39]

assault, and they thirst for the writer's pale blue gore.

Does her name mean fight? No holds barred!

As for Mr. Gilbert, we've never had anything but honeyed words and high hopes.

When we asked, in print, "Is John Gilbert Through?" we hoped in spirit and type that he wasn't.

We asked a simple question, justified by the fact that Mr. Gilbert's first talkie was getting horse-laughs, or snickers, in some of the best theaters. But you'd have thought we had denounced him in ringing terms, and the good old Die-Hard Gilbertians said it with bombs and blackjacks!

"I THINK that article was the most unfair and unreasonable thing you've ever printed!" thundered Lewiston, Me., home state of the immortal Vallée.

"No, John Gilbert is NOT through! Our Jack, our hero of the screen! A man who has made hearts beat as he has ours—no, he cannot be through!" That's the battle cry from Providence, R. I.

"Huh!" writes Little Rock, Ark. "They say he did not talk well! If anyone has ever talked any better, show him to the world!"

Nashville, Tenn., is in a frenzy. "I am angry! I am outraged! Is Jack Gilbert through? By all the gods—no! Who is trying to ruin this man? This genius? It surely can't be anything but politics!

"Good luck to you, John Gilbert! You're not HALF through!"

So take that, Jack! But she puts a stinger in the last line by saying, "Mr. Gilbert is not my favorite actor. It is Ronald Colman."

How'd you like to hear her defend Recluse Ronnie?

This isn't the half of it. Dozens of the Old Guard came storming to Gilbert's defense. And there seemed to be a faint insinuation that I had secretly poisoned Jack's lentil soup or put ground glass in his dancing pumps.

(Jack, if you are low in your mind, right now, a look at some of your champions' mail would certainly set you up. They are with you over a hundred per cent. So take your voice lessons, be a good boy and justify the faith and prayers of these devoted people who would be for you even if you chirped like a canary or cawed like a crow!)

THE fourth name that means fight, in this quartet of embattled men and women, is that of—I mention it with bated breath and a rolling eye—Rudy Vallée.

Even as I write it, I look quickly over my shoulder to see if a girl with a dirk is creeping up to amputate my head.

How the girls fight for the lad with the lazy eyes, the droning voice and the storm-tossed curls!

"Rudy is not only a success in his picture—he is a wow!" storms a lady of Mountain Park, Okla. "Let me say that Rudy is superb!"

And she says it, in three closely written pages.

TO hint that he was not feted and petted in Hollywood is to defy the lightning of the fan's wrath.

"Hollywood's social pretensions and assumed superiority would be tragic if it were not so funny," writes a young lady from Newark, N. J.

Is it hinted that his manner is so shy as to be almost negative? Down come the rocks and pop bottles.

"Just a Mother," of Newport News, Va., says, "It's a shame the way they criticize Rudy Vallée. They say he was shy in his picture. Well, he was not used to kissing the young lady he hardly knew!"

It is courting death to mention Vallée's name in anything but an awe-struck whisper. I shouldn't dare breathe the story now current in New York about Rudy.

You know, the one about the interview Mark Hellinger, a Broadway columnist, had with him. He found Rudy a nice boy, but a bit conceited.

Just for a pleasant joke, Hellinger asked "Well, how about Jolson? He's a great entertainer, too, don't you think?"

And, according to the columnist, Vallée answered, very seriously, "Oh yes, of course! But in an entirely different line!"

That's a sample of the sort of thing I wouldn't dare to write in PHOTOPLAY. My life wouldn't be worth a nickel the moment after the magazine appeared.

WELL, there are the four names that cannot be trifled with. The names that mean fight to the fans, as I write these words.

Next week there'll be one or two more, no doubt. That means one or two more chances for an old-fashioned necktie party.

I don't want to be misquoted, now that I've gotten into this thing.

These are my sentiments, right now:

Greta Garbo is "incomparable!"

Clara Bow is at fighting weight, and nobody could steal a picture of hers with a ton of TNT!

Jack Gilbert's voice reminds me of Tibbett and Ruffo and Caruso combined.

Rudy Vallée is "adorable."

That lets me out of these fighting names for this month. But, strictly on the q. t. and between us, did Jean Arthur steal Clara's picture?

They Think Alike!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 49]

director, or cast, it is a *Garbo Picture*—or a *Chaney Picture*—to workers, exhibitors and public.

Although they have been on the M-G-M lot together for five years, Garbo and Chaney are comparative strangers, merely bowing acquaintances. They see each other's pictures but don't discuss them.

"Garbo is the Bernhardt of the screen," Chaney recently declared. "She is the greatest feminine personality I have ever seen in the theater or in films."

Of Chaney, Garbo has said:

"His work intrigues me. He is an artist, a creator of illusions that stimulate imagination. I think he is a magnificent character actor."

A motion picture executive who knows both, nodded approval of the comparison of the two stars.

"Yes, they are very much alike," he agreed. "They are direct and thorough in every detail of business. They both know what they want and, I might add, know how to get it!"

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

HER SIN WAS NO GREATER THAN HIS....

but

SHE WAS A WOMAN

the Incomparable

NORMA SHEARER

in THE

DIVORCÉE

with

Chester Morris
Conrad Nagel
Robt. Montgomery

Directed by
Robert Z. Leonard

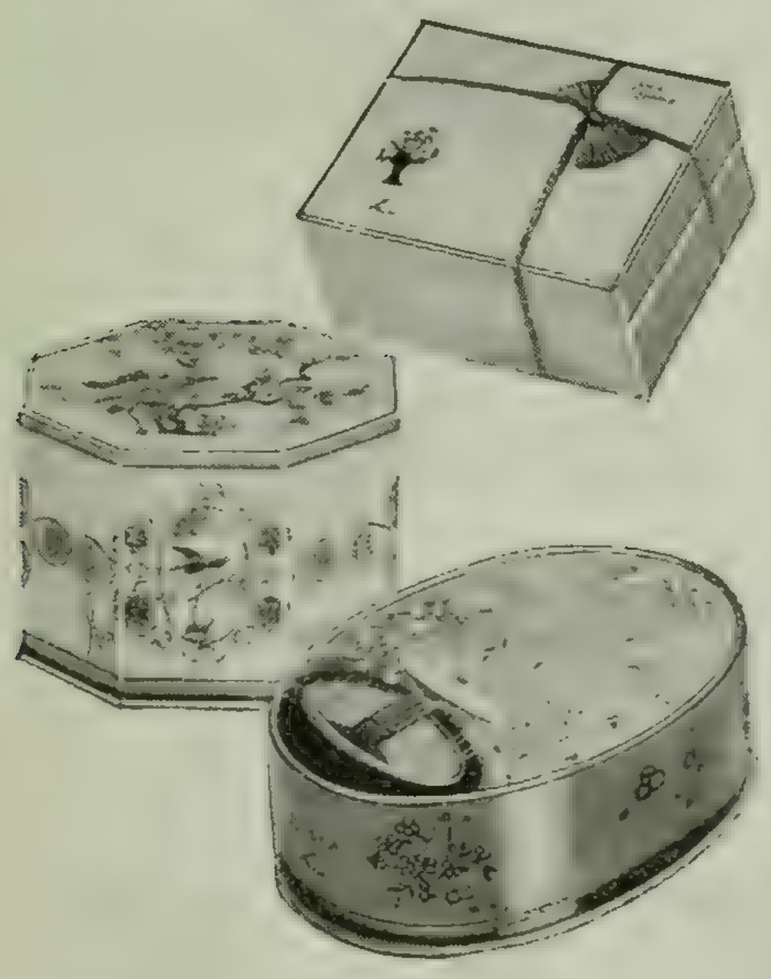
IF the world permits the husband to philander—why not the wife? Here is a frank, outspoken and daring drama that exposes the hypocrisy of modern marriage. Norma Shearer again proves her genius in the most dazzling performance of her career. She was wonderful in "The Last of Mrs. Cheney". She was marvelous in "Their Own Desire". She is superb in "The Divorcee" which is destined to be one of the most talked of pictures in years.

THE GREATEST STAR ON THE

METRO-GOLDWYN-MAYER

"More Stars Than There Are in Heaven"

Face powders that add new enchantment



There's a tint and a texture to suit every type in these flattering, fragrant face powders—Shari, Cara Nome, Duska. They are lasting and alluring. Sold only at Rexall Drug Stores. Liggett's are also Rexall Stores. There is one near you.

SAVE with SAFETY at your Rexall DRUG STORE

He Didn't Know How!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 75]

"The film is full of them," he says, blandly, while horrified press-agents stand by aghast. "I've tried to crowd as many camera tricks in as I could—not for the sake of doing tricks, but only because I wanted to get effects that make the picture more entertaining."

For instance, here are some of the stunts—

AT Whiteman's first entrance, he carries a suitcase. He opens the suitcase—and his famous band steps out and plays for you.

In the "Rhapsody in Blue" number, the scene opens with a pianist playing the Gershwin gem.

The piano grows and grows and grows, until finally it's so big that the top opens up and out pops Paul and his band and a flock of chorus girls who dance the tune on the keys.

That for tricks.

Now here's another thing for which Anderson deserves approbation:

For the first time he has made extensive use of projected color in Technicolor photography. Let's explain that.

Heretofore, they have photographed colored costumes and sets under white light. But Anderson snapped his fingers and said: "Why can't we shoot colored lights?"—the same as the spotlights and floodlights on the stage, to which he had been accustomed.

So they tried it.

"—and I want to say right here," Anderson interpolates, "that in all these new things I had the whole-hearted cooperation of our technicians. When I suggested trying something that hadn't been done in pictures before, they didn't yell 'It can't be done!' Instead, they did it!"

So in "King of Jazz," you'll see the use of colored lights—green, and red, and blue. You'll see iridescent effects that are startling. You'll see colors changing—colors of costumes, of sets; colors on players' faces.

A DANCER, his body painted brilliant black, like patent leather, dances atop a huge drum. From one side, a red light is focused on him; from the other, a green glare; from in front, a white ray.

And, as a result, on the background behind the dancer will appear three dancing shadows—one black, one red, and one green.

It is the old "multiple shadow" effect—a thing that has bothered directors before and caused more light-moving to get rid of it than a little. But Anderson, instead of trying to get away from the multiple shadows, used them!

Of course, Anderson has used things that were not new to the pictures—but how he has used them! In the Whiteman picture, there are the "Gold Set" in which the beautiful "Melting Pot" sequence is played; the "Rhapsody in Blue" set, in which a gigantic blue piano is set on a mirror-like floor, background against a glittering silver drop, and trick sets in which things move and change until you wonder how they do it.

NOW, let Anderson explain how he feels about it all. A lifetime in the theater has trained him in stage ideas. Yet he's not what you would expect to find. He's a quiet-spoken man who thinks. He looks ahead. He anticipates, and he prophesies. He sees a dying theater, and a new art that will arise out of what the screen is now going through.

"The theater," he says, "is fading into insignificance. When we get stereoscopic film, together with the improved sound that is coming, and the new color achievements that are inevitable, things will be possible to the camera to which the stage could never hope to aspire.

"The man who doesn't realize the importance of the screen now is just a fool. The theater man who comes to the screen and tries to bring the limited teachings of the stage with him is also foolish.

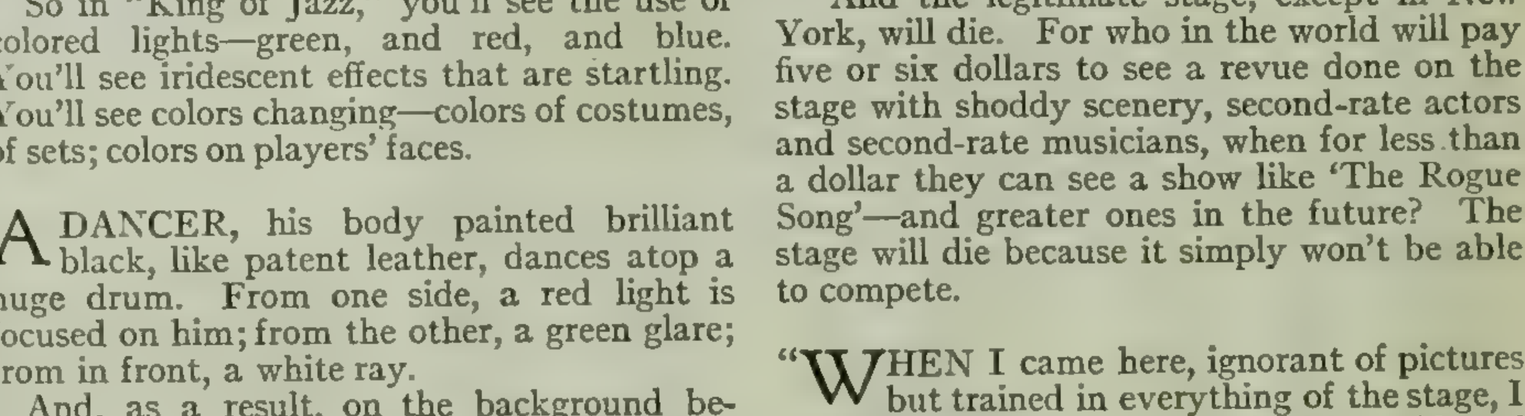
"A new type of entertainment is springing up. The actor or actress trained in stage artificiality is doomed. Singers will arise who could never get anywhere on the stage, for in the sound pictures, volume is not necessary; the recording provides that artificially. Quality of voice will rule, not quantity. I, if I make more pictures, will cast not from the stage, but from players who know the screen.

"Color will make the screen become to the director like the canvas to the artist. Subtleties of color which are barely approximated on the stage will be used to the utmost on the screen.

"And the legitimate stage, except in New York, will die. For who in the world will pay five or six dollars to see a revue done on the stage with shoddy scenery, second-rate actors and second-rate musicians, when for less than a dollar they can see a show like 'The Rogue Song'—and greater ones in the future? The stage will die because it simply won't be able to compete.

"WHEN I came here, ignorant of pictures but trained in everything of the stage, I cast all that aside. I started with no idea of making a stage revue, but I did have a definite idea of doing things not possible on the stage. To try to bring the artificiality of the theater to the screen is drivel. In a stage revue, the story is merely stupidity on which one hangs the numbers; but on the screen, you've got to have a story—a real story—in addition to the numbers.

"What the screen will bring in the future—pictures, colors, sound—is unimaginable. We can only guess at it. Already, I have some ideas for another picture which would now, if I told them, sound like impossible imaginings. But wait . . ."



Canal Zone

For the past six months I have been confined in a military prison on the Canal Zone. We are allowed to see motion pictures once a week. Westerns and comedy go over big.

If the readers of the "Brickbats & Bouquets" department could see the faces of the men when they return from the show, the name would be changed to just "Bouquets."

J. E.

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

"NOW . . . I can stand the Public Gaze" . . . *Can You?*

Dainty LORETTA YOUNG, First National Star, believes in the health and beauty-giving power of the Sun

CHARM . . . illusive . . . appealing . . . the first requisite of those who wish to be able to stand the public gaze.

It is so easy to be dainty . . . to appear lovely in other people's eyes . . . if you keep your skin smooth and free of superfluous hair.

Lounging on the beach with strong sunlight on your bare legs . . . at dinner with lamplight shining on your bare arms . . . Wherever you are, whatever you do, you can meet the public gaze with poise if you confirm your daintiness with Del-a-tone.

Removal of underarm hair lessens perspiration odor.

Easy to use as cold cream, it actually removes hair safely and pleasantly in three minutes or less.

Perfected through our exclusive formula, Del-a-tone Cream is the first and only *white* cream hair-remover.

Society women, stage and screen stars . . . renowned for their charm . . . prefer Del-a-tone Cream to all other methods for removing superfluous hair from under-arm, fore-arm, legs, back of neck and face. It's so *modern*, swift, convenient and so safe.

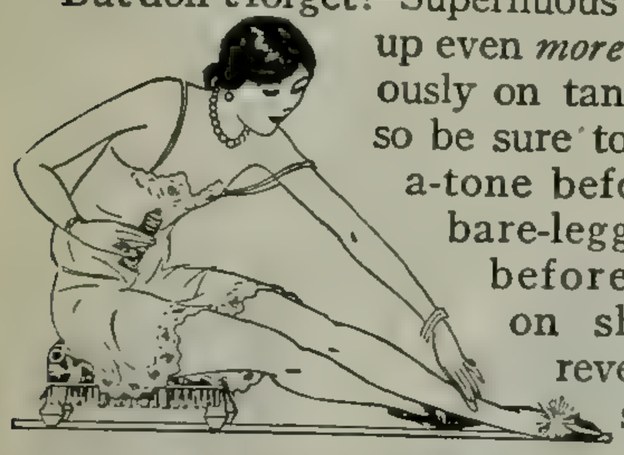
Send coupon below for trial tube.

Delatone Cream or Powder—at drug and department stores. Or sent prepaid in U. S. in plain wrapper $1. Money back if desired. (Trial tube 10c—use coupon below.) Address Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company (Established 1908), Dept. 86, The Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago.

In a recent issue of PHOTOPLAY— JOAN CRAWFORD *says:*

"I think the stockingless vogue will always last. Tanned legs without hose are most attractive and I shall continue to go stockingless, even with the new styles, except with tailored street dresses."

But don't forget!—Superfluous hair shows up even *more* conspicuously on tanned skins, so be sure to use Del-a-tone before going bare-legged—also before you put on sheer, all-revealing silk stockings.



DEL-A-TONE

The Only *White* Cream Hair-remover

1929 sales of Del-a-tone Cream reached a record volume—four times greater than any previous year. Superiority—that's why.

TRIAL OFFER

Miss Mildred Hadley, The Delatone Company
Dept. 86, Delatone Bldg., 233 E. Ontario Street, Chicago, Ill.
Please send me in plain wrapper prepaid, generous trial tube of Del-a-tone Cream, for which I enclose 10c.

Name.....

Street.....

City.....

FRECKLES

A Simple, Safe Way to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots

There is no longer the slightest need of being ashamed of your freckles, since it is now an easy matter to fade out these homely, rusty-brown spots with Othine and gain a clear, beautiful complexion.

After a few nights' use of this dainty white cream you will find that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It's seldom that more than an ounce of Othine is needed to clear the skin of these unsightly blotches.

Be sure to ask at any drug or department store for Othine—double strength. It's always sold with guarantee of money back if it does not remove every last freckle and give you a lovely, milk-white complexion.

OTHINE

DOUBLE STRENGTH

Popular

Learn saxophone, cornet, trombone—any band instrument. Be popular. It's easy. Learn quicker and gain greater musical success on a Conn. Endorsed by Sousa and the world's greatest artists. Easiest to play in perfect tune. Many exclusive features. Yet they cost no more.

Write for Free Book

Free Trial—Easy Payments on any Conn. Write for special offer and free book. Mention instrument.

C. G. CONN, Ltd.
628 Conn Bldg. Elkhart, Ind.

Joseph Falk, Allston, Mass., earned $8,000.00 playing a Conn saxophone while in college. Appeared in 8 countries; plays 22 instruments, nearly all Conns.

CONN
WORLD'S LARGEST MANUFACTURERS OF BAND INSTRUMENTS

NERVES?

Are You Always Excited? Fatigued? Worried? Gloomy? Pessimistic? Constipation, indigestion, cold sweats, dizzy spells and bashfulness are caused by **NERVE EXHAUSTION.** *Drugs, tonics and medicines cannot help weak, sick nerves!* Learn how to regain Vigor, Calmness and Self Confidence. **Send 25c for this amazing book.**
RICHARD BLACKSTONE, N-226 FLATIRON BUILDING, N. Y. C.

News! Views! Gossip! *of* Stars *and* Studios!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 99]

the way, is paying all expenses) and everyone hopes that by fall she will be herself again. But nobody knows. She may never be really well again.

OH-HA! Monthly Innuendo!
Ronald Colman is one of the few men of the screen who don't make a practice of falling in love with their leading women. In fact, he tries to avoid them as much as possible. But he has shown more interest in the sophisticated and smart Kay Francis than in any charmer that has appeared on his set in many a sequence.

WHEN that little red-headed Bow girl sets out to do anything she usually does. She realized some months ago that she had to reduce. She did and now weighs 110 pounds. And this brings on wardrobe trouble.

"I've only got four dresses I can wear," she said, "and I'm afraid to have any of my others made smaller for fear I'll get fat again."

But that doesn't matter. Old Cal has never been one to insist that Clara wear real clothes. Those filmy what-do-you-call-ums will do just as well.

THERE'S a brand new wrinkle in the Gloria Swanson productions, and it isn't in one of Gloria's Hollywood frocks either.

For the first time in the history of the motion picture business, a film has been "shot" in dress rehearsal form. Gloria's forthcoming comedy, "What a Widow!" was shot in three days. Of course, the public will never see this film. Scenes were made on partially dressed stages, and the cast in many sequences wore street clothes. But the play itself was complete.

THIS novel experiment is the idea of Joseph P. Kennedy, in general charge of Gloria's productions. He believes it will save time and money in the long run. Before the actual film destined for release is made, the cast, director and technicians can view the complete dress rehearsal, rectify mistakes and allow adequate spacing for comedy lines in the correct places instead of taking wide chances.

After the rehearsal film was completed, the actual shooting was expected to take just ten days, or thirteen days in all on a thirty-five-day shooting schedule. Not one scene was expected to be made that could not be used in the finished product after the visual rehearsal. The cost of the dress rehearsal did not exceed by more than $10,000 the carrying on of actual rehearsals with the full cast.

It is a daring experiment in Hollywood, but after all, the public will be more interested in Gloria's twenty-one new gowns.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S announcement that he intends to form a great producing company to make non-talking pictures, using such stars as John Gilbert and others of prominence, has given the anti-talkers an open chance to express themselves.

Ever since the announcement was made, the Chaplin studio has received a steady deluge of commendations from all over the world—by letter, phone, cable, radiogram.

But from John Gilbert came only this:

"Mr. Gilbert has never talked with Mr. Chaplin about the proposal to make silent pictures."

To which Chaplin merely raised his eyebrows and smiled.

HOLLYWOOD is always digging up phenoms of one sort or another, and the latest is Miss Barbara Leonard.

This lass, a San Francisco girl, speaks English, German, Spanish, French and Italian.

Oddly enough, Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer decided to make "Monsieur le Fox" in these

[PLEASE TURN TO PAGE 136]

Amos 'n' Andy, in the flesh and without the burnt cork. The famous radio team has just signed to make a feature comedy for Radio Pictures, for plenty money. Their real names, as pictured, are Freeman F. Gosden (Amos), of Richmond, Va., and Charles J. Correll (Andy), of Peoria, Ill. A year ago they were getting $100 a week

What Every Girl Should Know

No, not sex. Not a little booklet ladeled out by mamma to little daughter, behind the drawn blinds of the old family parlor.

What every modern girl should know is how to be herself.

Do you know how to be yourself? Do you really?

Do you know how to buy the latest, smartest clothes on a budget income?

Do you know the best and most becoming way to do your hair?

Do you know what perfumes Park Avenue is using and the latest shade in nail polishes?

Can you cook a mean beefsteak, when you want to, and get it to the table with a few vegetables and shortcakes on the side, in twenty minutes flat?

Can you walk into any party and be the belle of the ball? And can you run the party if need be?

Are you acquainted with the right end of asparagus and do you know when to invite him in and when to put him out?

In other words, do you know all the things the new Smart Set can teach you?

The new Smart Set is the one magazine, the only magazine, planned and edited for the modern girl.

Gone are the patterns. Gone are the stuffy handcrafts, the care and feeding of babies. Gone are all the things that appeal to older, settled women.

The new Smart Set is a magazine of youth—written by girls for girls. Eager girls. Ambitious girls. Romantic, spending girls. Girls who now are thinking chiefly of boy friends and jobs but who, some day, will find the only boy, and marry, and be the mothers of tomorrow.

The new Smart Set brings you stories of girls like yourself. Aid on girls' problems. Humor and romance and pictures. Plus, also, the best fiction of the month, love stories of youth and romance.

BUY THE CURRENT SMART SET

SHOOT A QUARTER AND BECOME THE SMARTEST GIRL IN TOWN

The NEW

SMART SET

The Young Woman's Magazine

ON SALE NOW!

Lena Rue

Instantly Removes Spots from Shoes ★

THERE'S nothing better than Energine to keep shoes spotless. Nothing easier to use or quicker to take effect.

Moisten a clean cloth with Energine and gently rub spot. It vanishes instantly. Leather then quickly responds to polish. Energine dries instantly.

Energine removes dirt and grease spots instantly from tan shoes, white shoes, slippers of brocade, satin or suede—in fact, from any leather or fabric.

At all Druggists

You soon become an expert in removing spots with Energine by following simple directions on label. Energine cleans a world of things. And a little goes a long way. Large can 35c. Give Energine a trial—and like millions of others, you'll never be without it.

World's Largest Seller

LEAVES NO ODOR
ENERGINE
THE PERFECT CLEANING FLUID

A FREE OFFER

Prove to yourself what millions of women know about

GRAY HAIR

You run no risk. We don't ask you to buy. We only ask you to test Mary T. Goldman's way. Snip off a single lock. Simply comb colorless liquid through hair and desired color comes—black, brown, auburn, blonde. Nothing to rub or wash off.

This way is entirely SAFE. Don't hesitate. Convince yourself by testing first. More than 3,000,000 women have used it in over 30 years.

MAIL COUPON *for* FREE PACKAGE

MARY T. GOLDMAN
2414 Goldman Bldg. St. Paul, Minn.

Name .....

Street .....

City..... State.....

Color of your hair?.....

News! Views! Gossip! *of* Stars *and* Studios!

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 134]

five languages at once. What more natural than Babs should get the job?

Of course she did. So there's another "first time in history" for your scrapbook.

If they decide to make a Choctaw version they'll have to find another girl. And that will be tough on Barbara!

NOW we know what happens to good little Hal Roach kid actors when they grow up! They become Hal Roach adolescent actors.

Five former "Our Gang" players, whose places have been taken by the present "gangsters" as the former ones grew out of type, have been signed to play in a "Puppy Love" series. Mary Kornman, Spec O'Donnell and Gertrude Messenger are among them.

THE only picture to rival "Hell's Angels" as a production endurance contest in the making, is to be done over for a phonoplay.

"Ben Hur" will learn to talk. No one had the slightest hopes that this pretentious silent film, made to the tune of $3,500,000, would ever pay out. Now the intake during the years it has been released is approaching the mark of $10,000,000. Of course, that isn't all gravy to M-G-M. The great bulk of the profits have gone to the Klaw and Erlanger interests, which owned the Lew Wallace play. The picture is still being shown in various parts of the world, and the profits have not ceased to roll in.

When "Ben Hur" is remade it will be filmed at the studio. There will be no location jaunt to Italy, which made the cost so staggering in the original, silent version. Most of the foreign-filmed scenes were discarded in the completed production in favor of scenes made right in Culver City on the back lot.

"Ben Hur" and "The Big Parade" are still regarded as the outstanding achievements of M-G-M during the old silent regime.

THINGS reached a pretty mess in the Hollywood social colony when three leaders elected to give parties on the same night.

Corinne Griffith got her bids in first and well in advance. Corinne entertained one hundred and fifty guests with a dinner dance at the Embassy Club. In fact she took the entire club over for her party.

Along came Mary Pickford with a party

International

Two pictures of the same girl—a friend of ours of years' standing. Mary Miles Minter put on eighty pounds in seven months, with the result shown at the left. Then she went to Dr. Sansome, an expert on the chemistry of the body, with the result shown at the right. Mary Miles is now twenty-eight. She's happy and healthy, and lives in a beautiful home in Santa Barbara.

Don't be too surprised if you hear of her accepting a picture offer

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

for Lady Mountbatten. The dinner was given at Pickfair, but Mary wanted to assemble her guests later at the Embassy for dancing. Also, she would have liked some of Corinne's guests at her own table.

The third person to enter the mêlée was John Considine, the United Artists executive, who was entertaining for Eastern friends. He also wanted to have his party at the Embassy. A few of Corinne's guests doubled in brass from one party to the other, but she had the club to herself, and for the entire evening. But two or three people were pretty mad about it. Guess who!

THE easy life of one picture a year has sort of palled on Mary Pickford. Hereafter she will make three pictures a year, which must be pretty upsetting to a staid place like United Artists.

Recently the studio has been just sort of a social hall for visiting celebrities. An awfully nice place to give teas, and Doug still has his gymnasium there. Mary is starting the busy life with "Forever Yours," a story which carries the star from a young girl to old age.

Incidentally, "Forever Yours" is an adaptation of "Secrets," one of Norma Talmadge's most successful pictures. It will be rewritten for Mary.

IF you think stars don't study their parts, consider this:

"Let Us Be Gay" played at a Hollywood legitimate theater while it was being filmed as a movie at M-G-M. Violet Heming, stage star, played the lead in the stage play.

And Norma Shearer, playing the lead in the talkie, saw the play four times the very first week!

LIKE a million and one other girls, on and off the screen, Ina Claire had always wondered how she would look with Titian hair. But she didn't have the nerve to try it! So Fate stepped in.

Visiting New York for a few days, she decided that a henna rinse would be a fine tonic for hair that was dulled by the dust of cross-continent travel. Just one of those quick rinses that burnish up lights without altering the color.

Just as Mrs. Jack Gilbert's head was nicely packed in henna, the building engineer decided to turn off all the water to make some repairs to the pipes. Battalions of armed guards with bayonets soon changed his mind for him. But by the time the henna was rinsed away, Ina was a brick-top. And how she hated it!

After frantic treatment with peroxide bleaches, she finally emerged as flaxen-haired as the blondest *fraulein*, several shades lighter than her own color but decidedly becoming.

NO less an authority than Sam Goldwyn, her boss, has hinted that Vilma Banky is through, according to current report.

The accent, says Sam, has licked the Hungarian Rhapsody, who shot up like a rocket after her first American appearance opposite Ronald Colman. And in spite of the fact of her fine work in the talkie, "A Lady to Love."

Add to this grief the report that she and Rod La Rocque are having marriage trouble and you have a considerable load of woe for the gorgeous Vilma to tote.

Too bad, Vilma thrilled us.

As she comes down, another Goldwyn actress, Lily Damita, goes up. Her French speech is considered cute for the talkies, and she is in demand. Lily, by the way, had a grand season of it in "Sons o' Guns," the Broadway musical comedy smash.

MAYBE Laurel and Hardy think they're famous. Maybe they are. Anyway, this happened at the preview of the Whiteman

Why 85% of America's leading hospitals use Kotex absorbent

Because of its comfort and hygienic value, Kotex absorbent is used today by 85% of our great hospitals.

IF you are one of the millions of women who prefer Kotex because of its marvelous comfort and convenience, you'll be delighted to know hospitals approve it from the health standpoint, too. More than that—85% of all the leading hospitals of the United States actually use Kotex absorbent in their hospital work!

Please note the list of hospitals at the right. Famous hospitals . . . where patients receive the finest care that medical science can offer. These hospitals select Kotex . . . just as you do . . . for the comfort it assures. But they have another reason, too . . . they know its hygienic value.

Why Kotex is more hygienic

Kotex is made of a remarkable absorbent, known as Cellucotton (not cotton) absorbent wadding. Cellucotton is five times more absorbent than the finest surgical cotton. It absorbs *away from the surface,* leaving the surface soft and delicate.

Kotex is made of layer on filmy layer of this wonderful Cellucotton. These layers permit circulation of air and keep Kotex light and cool.

Kotex has many other advantages which dainty women know and like. Corners are rounded and tapered so the pad is always inconspicuous. Kotex deodorizes, thus removing another source of embarrassment. And Kotex is disposable . . . there's no laundry, fuss or embarrassment.

KOTEX

The New Sanitary Pad which deodorizes

These Famous Hospitals are only a few of the hundreds that use Kotex Pads:

CHICAGO MEMORIAL HOSPITAL *of Chicago*

PENNSYLVANIA HOSPITAL *of Philadelphia*

LENOX HILL HOSPITAL *of New York City*

UNIVERSITY HOSPITAL *of Baltimore*

MT. SINAI HOSPITAL *of Milwaukee*

CENTRAL DISPENSARY AND EMERGENCY HOSPITAL *of Washington, D. C.*

BAPTIST HOSPITAL *of Houston, Texas*

KOTEX IS SOFT...

1 Not a deceptive softness, that soon packs into chafing hardness. But a delicate, fleecy softness that lasts for hours.

2 *Safe, secure* . . . Keeps your mind at ease.

3 *Rounded and tapered corners*—for inconspicuous protection.

4 *Deodorizes,* safely, thoroughly, by a special process.

5 *Disposable,* completely, instantly.

Regular Kotex—45c for 12
Kotex Super-Size—65c for 12
Or singly in vending cabinets through West Disinfecting Co.

Ask to see the KOTEX BELT and KOTEX SANITARY APRON at any drug, dry goods or department store.

Notice the Kissproof lips of PATSY RUTH MILLER *when you see her in "Show of Shows"*

"At Last! a Lipstick that *really stays on*"

—says lovely Patsy Ruth Miller, screen famous for the beauty of her lips.

"Both on the set and off I can't be bothered continually retouching my lips. That is why I prefer Kissproof. When I put it on my lips in the morning, I know they'll stay 'put' and look their best until evening comes."

Miss Miller is just one of the Hollywood stars—one of the 5,000,000 daily users—who have found that Kissproof gives the lips a lasting perfection, as subtly alluring as Nature itself at her very best.

This modern lasting waterproof lipstick is available at toilet counters everywhere.

Kissproof

Skin Hopeless?

Is it marred by pimples, blackheads or similar blemishes? Then begin today to use Resinol Soap and Ointment. Apply the ointment to the irritated spots. In fifteen minutes wash off with Resinol Soap and warm water—rinse well. This simple treatment is bringing smooth, clear complexions to many who had thought them hopeless. The daily use of Resinol Soap tends to prevent blemishes.

FREE Trial size package on request. Resinol, Dept. 6-F, Baltimore, Md.

Resinol

The fuss and feathers that go into a simple little love scene for the talkies. At the right are Mary Lawlor and Stanley Smith acting it out. Microphones, cameras, orchestra, lights and props are all over the place. How can Stanley keep his mind on his work?

picture, "King of Jazz," at a Los Angeles theater:

Into the reserved section filed the Universal family party—headed by "Uncle Carl" Laemmle himself. The regular program was in progress, and on the screen at the time, Messrs. Laurel and Hardy were disporting themselves.

"Uncle Carl" gazed at them for a while.

"What is this?" he demanded of his daughter.

"A comedy, papa," she told him.

"H'm."

Silence. Then:

"So? And tell me—who *are* these people up there?"

RAOUL WALSH makes quick profit:

He bought a horse named Grayola on a Friday. On Sunday, he entered it in a race at Agua Caliente. It won. Purse: $29,200; cost of horse $15,000; profit, $14,200.

NOT long ago Joan Crawford and Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., were shopping. Suddenly a woman rushed up to Doug and said, "Well, well, if it isn't Billy Bakewell! You don't mind if I shake your hand, do you? You know, at first I thought you were Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., but I see now that you're my favorite actor, Billy Bakewell. How is 'All Quiet on the Western Front'?"

"Very quiet," said Doug.

The lady espied Joan. "And this is Sally Blane, isn't it?" she beamed enthusiastically. "Well, now, I'm so glad that you're going around with a nice girl like Miss Blane. Good luck and all the happiness in the world!"

THEY do say that wedding bells will ring out for Natalie Moorehead and Director Alan Crosland before very long now.

THE first Jewish talking pictures have made their bow.

Judea Films, Inc., are making a series of twenty-six two-reelers in Jewish. Two were released in early spring, with notables of the Jewish theater in the casts.

The first was a musical comedy called "Style and Class," featuring Marty Baratz and Goldie Eisman, well known in New York's East Side theaters.

Later on, Judea Films will make a feature film on Zion's history.

NOTES on two of Hollywood's prodigal sons: Emil Jannings, between German pictures, has been appearing on the stage in Vienna. He is reviving rôles he played before pictures claimed him.

Conrad Veidt, who used to work for Carl Laemmle, is playing the lead in a comedy called "He," by Alfred Savoir, as a pleasant change from constant movie work.

LEW CODY is back! Back on the screen. Looking fine. Feeling great. Old Cal will lead the cheers. He's playing the rôle Ian Keith was supposed to do in Gloria Swanson's picture, "What a Widow!"

MABEL NORMAND'S will was read to the family. It left everything to her mother.

"That's the way I wanted it," said Lew Cody, Mabel's husband. "That's as it should be."

Mabel's mother and sister went to Hollywood for the funeral and decided to stay there. They will sell their holdings back in Staten Island.

"THE Queen" is dead. Long live Gloria Swanson!

Old "Queen Kelly," the $800,000 beauty begun by Eric von Stroheim and finished by general decay, has been finally thrown away. It was to have been Swanson's first talkie.

There was some talk of making an operetta out of it, but no good came of that. Somewhere are many, many film cans. They hold all that is mortal of eight hundred thousand good American dollars tossed into a movie that turned sour, and could never be made sweet again.

MARY PICKFORD and Warner Baxter gave the outstanding performances during the year ending July 31, 1929, according to the awards of the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences, of Hollywood.

Warner Baxter won his award for his performance in the outdoor production, "In Old Arizona," Mary Pickford, for her performance in "Coquette." The winning production, chosen by a vote of Academy members, was "The Broadway Melody."

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Director: Frank Lloyd for his direction of "The Divine Lady," "Drag" and "Weary River."

Cameraman: Clyde De Vinna for the photography in "White Shadows in the South Seas."

Art Director: Cedric Gibbons for the art direction in "The Bridge of San Luis Rey."

Writer: Hans Kraly for "The Patriot."

Now you can talk it over among yourselves.

IF you look closely you will see Sidney Bartlett in Alice White's picture, "Man Crazy." Sidney is the one and only in Alice's off-screen life, although Bobby Agnew is the one and only in the picture.

Sidney's rôle is little more than a bit, but Alice thinks that it is a start for her handsome fiancé.

WHENEVER Charles Farrell doesn't have to display his profile in front of a camera he takes to the high seas in his yacht. That Cape Cod ancestry does things to Charlie.

One sailing expedition this winter almost marked the end of his career. He got caught in stormy seas between the Santa Cruz Islands and Santa Barbara. Waves were a mile high, and there was a ninety-mile gale blowing. Anyway, Charlie thought so. Usually it is just a pleasant sail through more or less pleasant channel waters. On this occasion it took sixteen hours. But Captain Charlie brought in his ship, and he wasn't even seasick. His father, who was along, didn't fare so well. In fact he doesn't know yet why they call it the Pacific Ocean.

BARRY NORTON, having been let out of his contract at Fox, is playing in Spanish versions at different studios. Barry is one young fellow who can't ever seem to get his financial difficulties straightened out.

Although everybody told him he'd better wait until option time he plugged up his ears to advice and rented an elaborate apartment. The floors didn't suit him. He had special ones put in. All the fixtures had to be changed before he'd live in the place. His money began getting lower so he furnished only his bedroom. In the sumptuous dining room there was a card table and four chairs. The living room and library were empty.

And in this state he lived until his contract ended and he had to give up the expensive furniture-less apartment. He's living more simply and comfortably now.

THERE'S a little actress at a certain studio who is not what you would call exactly refined. The director decided that she should be made more ladylike, but he had broached the subject to her before and later decided that parrots talk like maiden aunts in comparison.

He let the idea drop for awhile but when he began her picture he framed her. He instructed everybody on the set to call her "Miss Blank," to rise when she entered the stage and to remember all the sage words of Emily Post. So far it has had a remarkable effect. The star is becoming more and more ladylike by the minute.

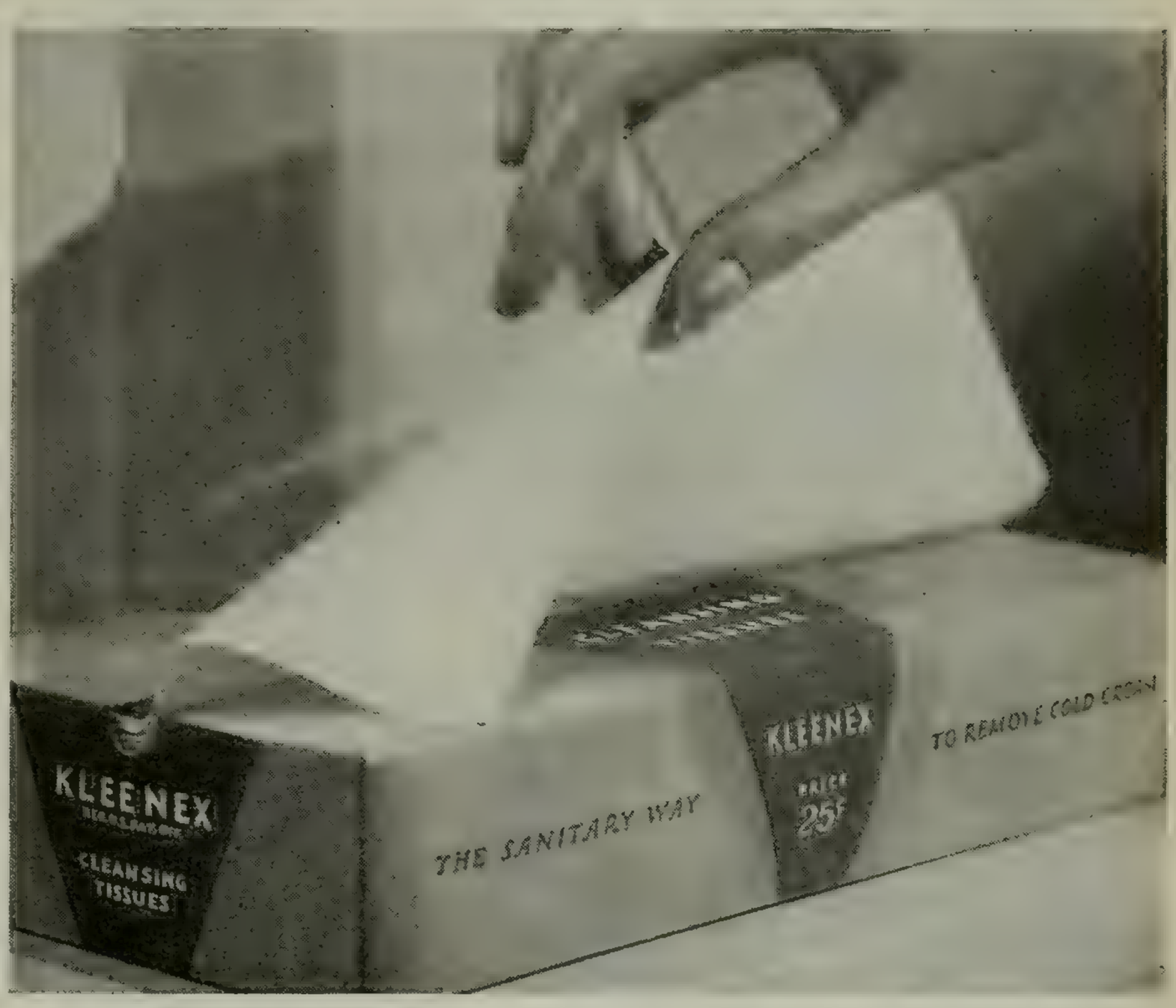
Who is the Greatest French Loan to America?

Chevalier!

Read his life story which begins in the July PHOTOPLAY

The daintiest way to remove cold cream

Pastel tinted Kleenex Tissues . . .
which are used once, then discarded



Exquisite tints . . . absolutely pure and safe . . . make Kleenex especially dainty. The smart, modern box automatically hands out two sheets at a time.

ONE important reason why Kleenex is essential to proper beauty care is this: it is absolutely clean and hygienic.

Most methods of cold cream removal are inefficient, and even dangerously unclean. Cold cream cloths, for instance, are usually filled with germs. And germs in the pores are the starting point of pimples and blackheads. Towels are inefficient, because their harshness prevents absorption, and thus oil and dirt are not removed.

Soft, dainty Kleenex tissues actually *blot up* the surplus cold cream. Along with the cream come any dirt and cosmetics which may be lingering in the pores.

It isn't necessary to rub and scrub and stretch the skin, which beauty experts say induces wrinkles and premature aging. And it isn't necessary to soil and ruin towels.

Many people use Kleenex almost exclusively for handkerchiefs. Think how much more sanitary it is, when there's a cold! Kleenex is used just once, then discarded. Cold germs are discarded, too, instead of being carried about in a damp handkerchief, to infect others, and reinfect the user.

Kleenex does away with unpleasant handkerchief laundering. Ask for Kleenex at any drug or department store.

SALLY EILERS is another screen favorite who considers Kleenex an absolute essential: *"I'd expect all sorts of complexion trouble if I didn't use Kleenex regularly to remove every trace of make-up. It's so thorough, so sanitary."*

Sally Eilers

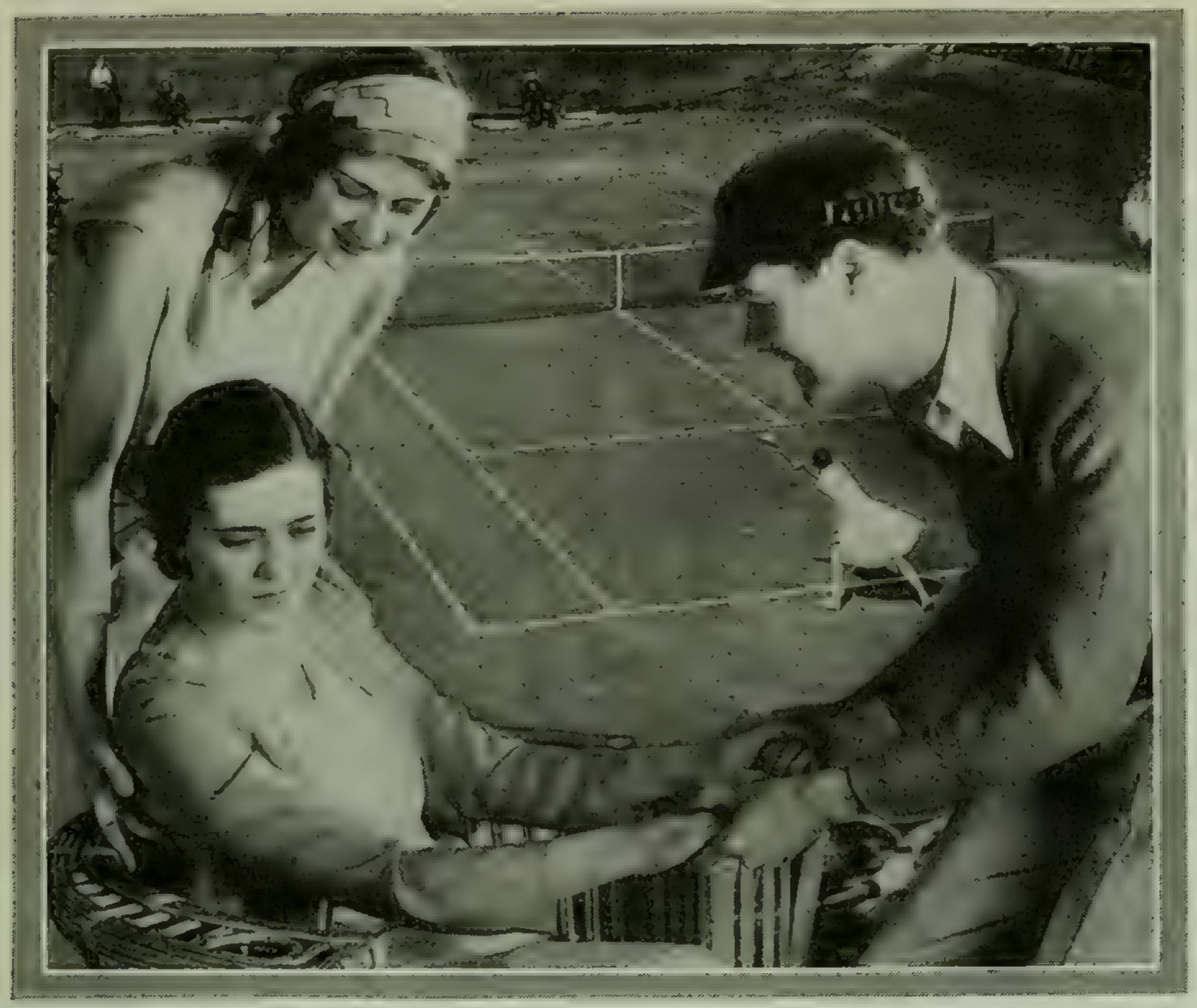
Kleenex Cleansing Tissues
TO REMOVE COLD CREAM

Kleenex Company, Lake-Michigan Building, Chicago, Illinois. Please send a sample of Kleenex to: PH-6

Name .....

Address .....

City .....



And She *Can't Explain!*

Larry for her partner, but she must keep off her feet! Nature plays cruel pranks on girls who haven't learned.

A marvel at tennis. Everywhere at once, alert and dangerous. Deftly returning each play. Stopping the fastest volley with amazing skill.

What a pity she has not learned to stop periodic pains as easily! In just a few moments, with Midol.

Any woman who now submits meekly to monthly martyrdom will find in these little tablets a boon on those dreaded days. For Midol renders them entirely painless.

One or two tablets, taken in time, will spare you even a twinge of muscular pain. Or, if your suffering has already started, it will subside in from five to seven minutes. No matter how great your usual discomfort. Whether you are fourteen, or forty. Midol ends the pain! Safely, and in a hurry.

Midol is not a narcotic. So it may be used, with perfect safety, as often as there is the slightest need. Specialists produced Midol for one merciful purpose. To stop all the agony that is needlessly inflicted at regular intervals.

Midol does not halt or even hinder the natural process. But it does banish the unnatural pain!

More than one million modern women have turned to these tiny tablets for relief of such suffering. And Midol has given them extra days of freedom every month. Its discovery has removed their last excuse for ever giving-in to periodic pains.

Midol offers relief in a most convenient form, too. The trim case in which the tablets come will tuck away easily in your purse or pocket. Ready for any emergency. Ready to relieve any sudden pain—headaches, neuralgia, etc.

All druggists have Midol for fifty cents. Get a box today, and be prepared. Or, you may try it without cost. The coupon brings free proof that Midol can save you suffering.

Personal

The makers of Midol offer a *free trial case* (in a plain wrapper) to prove that all such pain is needless. Simply mail this coupon to MIDOL, 170 Varick St., New York.

Name.....

St.....

P. O.....

P. 6-30

Brickbats & Bouquets

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 10]

Search Us!

Media, Pa.

The Garbo-Dressler controversy is a very bitter one to me. I won't admit that Marie stole one foot of film from the divine idol, although she gives a superb rendition. But even in the scenes where Marie appears, Garbo never lets you take your eyes from her a second.

God, how can such a woman be!

RICHARD E. PASSMORE.

Raucous? Tut, Tut!

Louisville, Ky.

Garbo's voice at the climax of "Anna Christie" is raucous and unmusical, and her enunciation much too rapid for good recording. Just why so many are Garbo-mad I cannot understand. She is no doubt a fine emotional actress. But Pauline Frederick is far greater, and so is Ruth Chatterton.

EVELYN ANDERSON.

Golden-brown is the color which dominates this street costume chosen by Marguerite Churchill this Spring. It is of chiffon tweed, and features both a pleated skirt and pleated cape. The neckline is outlined with white egg-shell crepe

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Throaty? Maybe So!

New York City.

Greta Garbo's deep, throaty voice in "Anna Christie" shocked me at first. But she loses none of her mysterious power and charm. The same can be said of Gloria Swanson.

Neither Gloria nor Greta is beautiful, but they have that something that all women long for. And Ruth Chatterton isn't very far behind.

OLIVE PIERCE.

Wants Gilbert and Garbo

Boston, Mass.

Greta Garbo's voice is the most unusual I've heard in talkies. I was so fascinated by it that I lost track of the plot! And her laugh is the kind one reads about in novels.

Why don't they star Greta with John Gilbert once more? If the big men in Hollywood only realized how much we fans crave seeing these two together again they would do it.

E. G.

Box-Office Bonanza!

Chicago, Ill.

Maurice Chevalier is due to be the 1930 film sensation. He gives the impression that he wants to make everybody happy, and he surely succeeds. I saw "The Love Parade" ten times.

MARGARET STERLING.

Appreciation of Alma

Cleveland, Ohio.

Many thanks for your very human story about Alma Rubens in the April PHOTOPLAY. It is fine to know about her brave fight for health and the true reason for her breakdown.

It is great to have an editor who will go to the trouble to investigate these tragedies and give us the plain truth, and not insinuations that are harmful.

I want to be one of her old-time admirers to wish her all success in the talkies.

MARY STEVENSON.

The House Is Pinched!

Portsmouth, Ohio.

I am cashier in a theater where we are arrested every single Sunday for keeping open! But we greet the law cheerfully, pay our fine, and continue to pack our houses each Sunday.

What is the harm in Sunday movies, when they don't interfere with anyone's religious duties?

J. M.

John Bowls Her Over!

Dayton, Ohio.

After hearing the crooning Vallée and the deafening Tibbett, we music lovers who do not care for "sweet nothings" and are not versed in the Art of Grand Opera, listen with keener appreciation to the singing of John Boles!

M. J. NEEDHAM.

Free Photographs?

Abilene, Texas.

Back in 1923 I began sending for movie stars' pictures. Nine times out of ten I received the picture and a letter thanking me for the compliments. But it is no longer that way.

We pay enough to see pictures without having to pay for the player's photographs. The producers make enough money from the public. I have spent an hour on one letter to a star and never even got an answer, and therefore I never see that star's pictures now. The real fan letters—the long ones—should get attention.

J. H. POOL.

IS SUNBURN HARMFUL?

ASIDE from the obvious agony, aside from the ugly red patches and blisters it causes, does sunburn really *harm* your skin? It does! A severe sunburn can leave your lovely skin looking leathery and old, in spite of prolonged after-treatment. *Prevent* painful sunburn by using Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream before exposure to the sun. This creamy lotion actually prevents sunburn by absorbing that part of the ultra-violet ray which is responsible for the burning. Your skin will gradually take on a smooth, golden tan under a normal application of Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream. Should you wish to avoid even the suggestion of tan, use Sunburn Cream very generously.

Dorothy Gray Sunburn Cream is sold at all leading shops. It costs $2.00.

DOROTHY GRAY

Dorothy Gray Building

683 Fifth Avenue, New York City

Paris • Chicago • Los Angeles
San Francisco • Washington • Atlantic City

© D.G.1930

She Thrills to Tibbett

Buffalo, N. Y.

I am an old lady, and am proud to say I have heard and seen Lawrence Tibbett every day during our theater's showing of "The Rogue Song," generally staying for a second performance just to hear his heavenly voice.

GRANDMA MILLER.

We're Still Giving It Thought

Montreal, Canada.

I have spent a small fortune trying to get Greta Garbo's photograph from Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer, but I'm still waiting for one.

If you would sell them to the fans I am sure you would do a knockout trade!

CICELY GOODE.

Well, Isn't It True?

Seattle, Wash.

Why did you spoil the cover of the March PHOTOPLAY with that line, "The Most Imitated Magazine in the World"? Who cares about that? Who wants to pay for your advertising? Be yourself!

A. R.

© P. Lorillard Co.

OLD GOLD

cigarettes in a new *Parisian* velour box!

Have you seen them . . . these delightfully smart new packages of fifty "O. G.s" . . . covered with velvety velour paper, in the soft color of old gold? You'll find them most enticing boxes to pass to your guests . . . to use as bridge prizes . . . or just to keep on your own dressing table. And they cost no more than the regular "fifties" tin.

If your dealer can not supply you, send 35¢ to Old Gold, 119 West 40th Street, New York City, N. Y.

"NOT A COUGH IN A CARLOAD"

A few months ago we told you that Hollywood considers Loretta Young the prettiest of its younger sisters. And this is one of her prettiest Summer frocks, in green-printed crepe de chine. She is wearing the Deauville type of sandal, which is so popular in Hollywood

VOICE

Now you can have the VOICE you want

100% Improvement Guaranteed

Send today for free Voice Book telling about amazing New SILENT Method of Voice Training. Increase your range, your tone qualities. Banish huskiness and hoarseness. Learn to sing with *greater ease*. 100 o/o improvement *guaranteed*—or money back. Write today for free booklet—one of the greatest booklets on voice training ever written.

PERFECT VOICE INSTITUTE, Dept. A-125
1922 Sunnyside Ave., Chicago

GRAY or FADED HAIR Unnecessary NOW THAT B. PAUL'S HENNA SO QUICKLY RETURNS NATURAL COLOR

Why Have Gray or Faded Hair

USE B. PAUL'S HENNA

Try this wonderful hair coloring, see what an amazing, beautifying transformation it will bring about in your appearance. Easily imparts the desired color to your hair in ONE BRIEF APPLICATION. Composed Henna Herbs and several other ingredients. Leaves the hair soft and glossy unaffected by shampooing, previous dyes, tonics or oils.

14 shades, Black to Blonde. Price $1.10 P. P.

B. PAUL'S WHITE PASTE (*Formerly Called*) "White Henna" for lightening blonde hair grown dark. Price $2.25 P. P. Free Advice and Booklet.

MON. B. PAUL, Dept. 5-X, 21 W. 39th St., N.Y.

Learn PHOTOGRAPHY at Home

Make money taking pictures. Photographs in big demand. Commerical Photography also pays big money. Learn quickly at home in spare time. No experience necessary. Write today for new free book, *Opportunities in Modern Photography*. American School of Photography, Dept. 125-A 3601 Michigan Ave., Chicago.

MONEY IN PAINTING MINIATURES

EASY home method of coloring photographs and miniatures. No drawing talent needed. Large demand for specialists. Complete artist's outfit. *Free Booklet.* Dept. 460, National Art School, 1008 N. Dearborn St., Chicago.

Lovely "Lummox"

Trenton, N. J.

Winifred Westover is one of the most beautiful women I have seen on the screen. Her lovely face and body, her strength, her courage, her mental honesty, make "Lummox" an epic of beauty.

JOAN LEVIN.

Why, Mr. Keljik!

St. Paul, Minn.

Lillian Roth! How surprised and delighted I was with her acting in "The Vagabond King." Imagine! A brunette actress worth hearing and seeing!

ZOVAG KELJIK.

Not Even Lupe's Gar-ee?

Fairfield, Ala.

I can't understand why some producer does not make a real honest-to-goodness all-talking Western. To do this he would have to page the only real "two-gun" star of the films—William S. Hart. Bill would be welcomed back by all the Western fans. In my opinion no one can take his place.

J. H. TRUCKS.

A Minority Vote

Greenville, Texas.

PHOTOPLAY is my favorite magazine, but I want to see a man on the cover! I'm sure there are others who would simply shout for joy to see Gary Cooper, or John Boles, or Robert Montgomery, or Ramon Novarro on the cover of our good old PHOTOPLAY.

ALWILDA WEBB.

Just Give Them Time

Hightstown, N. J.

Why, oh why, don't they use good talking equipment in the smaller theaters? The difference between New York theater reproduction and many small-town theaters is as great as that between the Pacific Ocean and a mud-puddle.

ANDREW JOHNSTON.

The Ugly Duckling

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 45]

"I'll get the lemon," Mrs. Starke said, "but there was a time when neither you nor Mildred knew a tea cup from a coffee cup."

We all laughed. Pauline most of all.

For there have been bitter years for Pauline, years of struggle and poverty and pity. She never had a real childhood. At fourteen she was working on the screen in the days when it was work and not a career, when a stock actress for Griffith gave every waking hour to the master. At fourteen Pauline was supporting both her mother and grandmother.

THERE was nothing but work in Pauline's life. Of course, there was tenderness, and a great bond between her and her mother, but she knew no life save the dull path between the studio and whatever tiny apartment they occupied at the time.

Even when she began to get breaks and made more money, life was a fight for her. She had to struggle against her looks and her lack of background.

I shall never forget when she returned from her first trip to New York. She had suddenly become aware of another world, a world of gayety and laughter, of bright talk and frivolous sophistication.

We sat together one day, just after her return, in her dressing room.

★ DESQUAMATION

medical term for the invisible peeling that goes on in every healthy skin, and brings out the new skin just underneath.

Lift that Veil ★

THERE'S REAL BEAUTY UNDERNEATH

JUST UNDERNEATH the skin you see, there's a lovely, transparent new skin waiting to come through!

It's fresh and clear as baby skin.

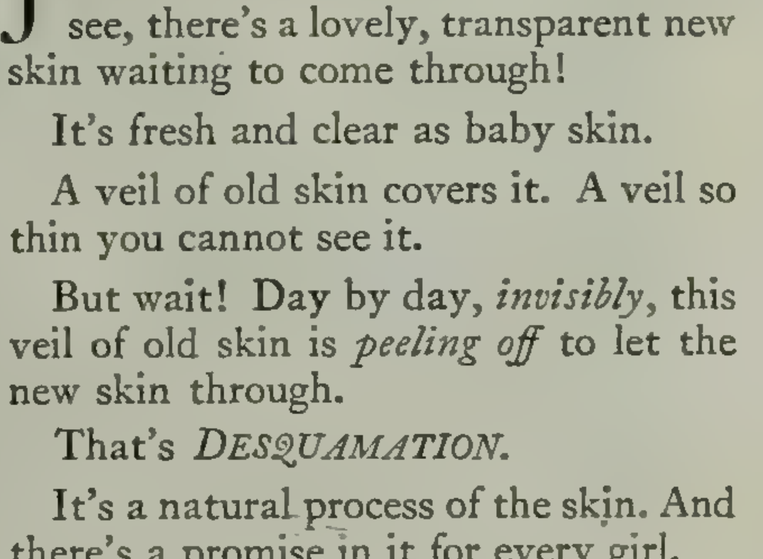
A veil of old skin covers it. A veil so thin you cannot see it.

But wait! Day by day, *invisibly*, this veil of old skin is *peeling off* to let the new skin through.

That's *DESQUAMATION*.

It's a natural process of the skin. And there's a promise in it for every girl.

FIRST BATHE THE FACE gently in *warm* water. Then rub up in your hands a generous lather of Woodbury's soap (which was made especially for this purpose.) Work this gently into your skin, from the chin up toward cheeks and temples. Now wash off with warm water. Your skin feels new, liberated. The Woodbury lather has freed it of the tiny, invisible dead cells that covered its surface. Now *tone* the new fresh skin. Bring it glowing health and vigor with a brisk splashing of *cold* water. Ah! how good it feels! Now go over your face for thirty seconds with a piece of ice wrapped in a soft towel.



See what a soap made to aid the skin's natural processes will do. Give your skin its first Woodbury treatment today.

See what a prescription based on the fundamental processes of the skin will do for *your* skin.

Woodbury's is 25 cents a cake at any drug-store or toilet-goods counter. It also comes in convenient 3-cake boxes.

To meet the Woodbury laboratories' exacting requirements for a facial soap, Woodbury's is very finely milled. This also makes it last much longer than soaps for general toilet use. *The Andrew Jergens Company—Cincinnati, Ohio.*

SEND FOR THE LARGE-SIZE TRIAL SET

The Andrew Jergens Co., 2211 Alfred St., Cincinnati, O.

For the enclosed 10¢—send me large-size trial cake of Woodbury's Facial Soap, Facial Cream and Powder, Cold Cream, treatment booklet, and instructions for the new complete Woodbury "Facial." In Canada, The Andrew Jergens Co., 2211 Sherbrooke St., Perth, Ont.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

© 1930, The A. J. Co.

Nonspi
AN ANTISEPTIC LIQUID

Keeps Your Armpits Dry and Odorless

NONSPI destroys the odor and diverts the underarm perspiration to parts of the body where there is better evaporation—and need be used on an average of but two nights each week.

NONSPI will also protect your clothing from those ruinous, discoloring, destructive perspiration stains, in addition to keeping your armpits dry, odorless and sweet.

More than a million men and women keep their armpits dry and odorless and save their clothing by using this old, tried and proven preparation which is used, endorsed and recommended by physicians and nurses.

Get a bottle of NONSPI today. Apply it tonight. Use it the year around—spring, summer, fall and winter. Your Toilet Goods Dealer and Druggist has it at 50c (several months' supply) or if you prefer

Accept our 10c Trial Offer (several weeks' supply).

The Nonspi Company
2641 Walnut Street
Kansas City, Mo.

For the enclosed 10c (coin or stamps) send me a trial size bottle of NONSPI

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

Miles of Mountain Lake

Fragrant pines pierce the sky . . . calm water as smooth as lacquer . . . no need to dig deep with your blade . . . just flowing, tireless strokes. Your "Old Town" makes the trip one long glide. "Old Towns" are beautifully balanced.

They're modeled after the Indians' craftsmanship . . . reinforced through modern manufacturing methods. Free catalog shows many models. As low as $67. Also shows big, fast, seaworthy, all-wood outboard boats for family use; rowboats; dinghies; and speedy step-planes. Write Old Town Canoe Co., 126 Main St., Old Town, Maine.

"Old Town Canoes"

$60 to $150 a Week

Be a Motion Picture Projectionist

Big demand now for motion picture projectionists—in theatres, schools, industrial motion pictures or for spare-time entertainments! You can quickly qualify!

Free Book gives details about opportunities awaiting you as:—☐ Motion Picture Projectionist ☐ Motion Picture Cameraman ☐ "Still" Photographer ☐ Photo Finisher. Send for it NOW!

NEW YORK INSTITUTE OF PHOTOGRAPHY
Dept. M-1234, 10 West 33rd St., New York City

"Honestly," she said, "I simply didn't know that there were people like that in the world. They're all so alive. They talk about such interesting things. And will you believe it, nobody even mentioned pictures! I was out of my depth, so I didn't say much. I simply sat by and absorbed everything I could. I felt as if I were going to school. I didn't know there was a life like that."

THE only life she knew, you see, was one of work, a life wherein her days were given to doing the task that fell before her. She did not have a chance to sit back and analyze herself. The battle for existence had been too hard to admit of introspection. She had no time for the luxuries of the mind.

Her marriage to Jack White was a great surprise. She had known him for several years. They had been excellent friends, but nobody thought that they would marry. And then they did. And Pauline's life took on a new color.

She had been a workman, now she became a woman. She had wealth and position, and the sort of man that Pauline needs—a companionable, understanding man.

For the first time she began to think—to stand off and watch the little Pauline who had been caught up so early in the whirl of life that she had had no time to live. She was tired, very tired, when she first married, and she was content to bask in the glory of her new surroundings. She became a wife, and felt that she wanted to put her career out of her mind.

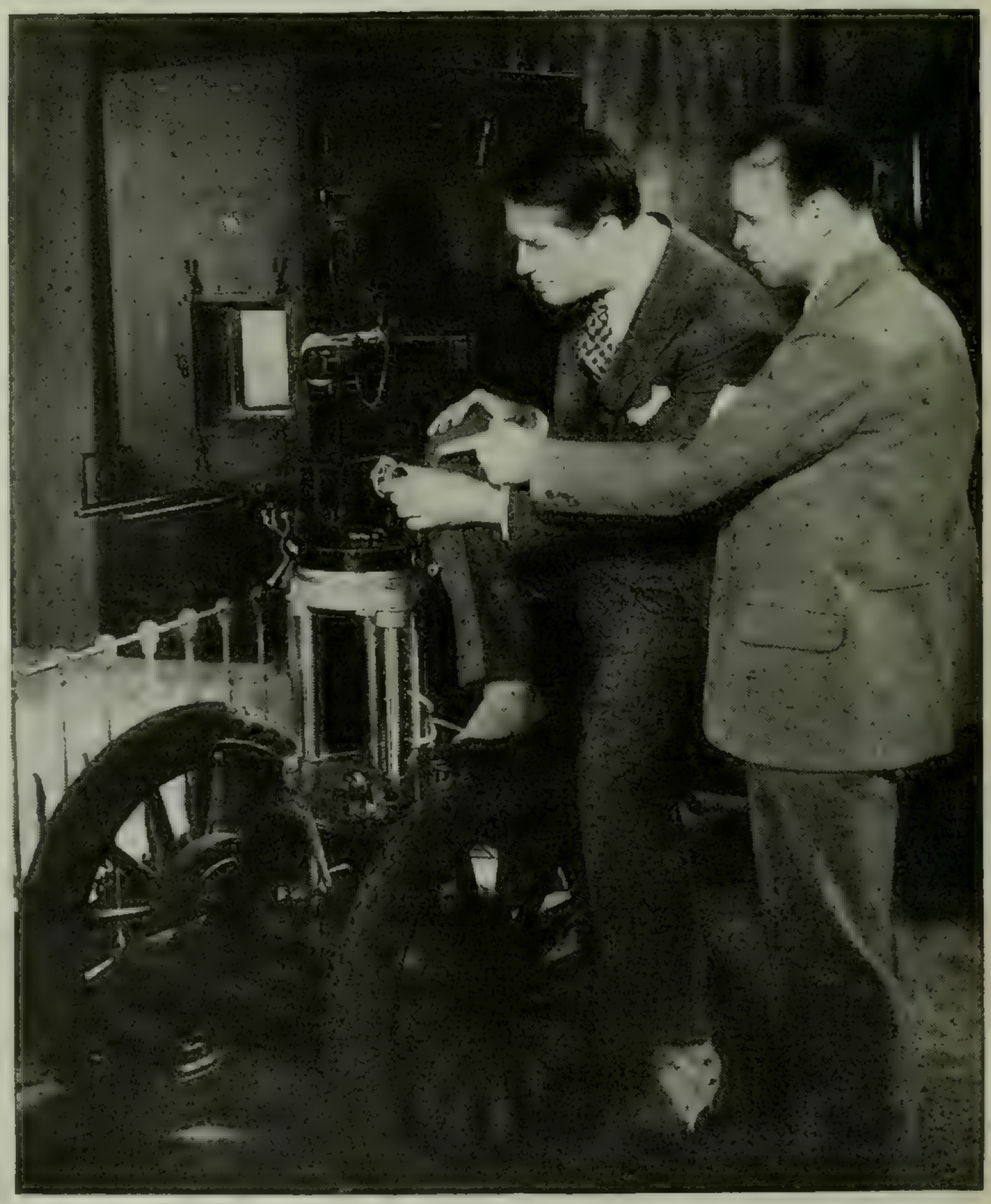
She felt settled, somehow. Everything took on a meaning. She had glimpsed a new life in New York, but she saw now what she wanted, something staple and solid and fine. I believe it was at this time that her beauty began to develop. It was not the beauty of blonde hair and a rounded figure and shadows gone from her cheeks, but the glory of a woman who had found that for which she had been unconsciously seeking.

But she began to grow restless. She had been in the race too long to sit back and watch the winners come in.

She felt herself growing useless. She had nothing to do, so she tried creating certain jobs. She would manage the marketing herself. But she was not content for long with unnecessary domesticity. She had found everything in her life with Jack. She was a real wife, but not a housewife. There is a difference.

Jack encouraged her to go on with her screen work. When the whistles blew at midnight of 1929, she said to herself and to him, "I've been futile for a year. I've been leading a useless life. I have not justified my existence. It is true that I am content. It is true that I have found happiness. But there is no real happiness for me without work."

NOW she began to look for rôles. She knew that she must make a talking picture or, perhaps, her last chance was gone. She had been off the screen for almost a year and she pitched into work in earnest. She took a part with Columbia and she had a good manager. When Mary Nolan pulled her famous temperamental act at Universal, Pauline was the lucky girl



Maurice Chevalier and Cameraman George Folsey of Paramount are inspecting the very last word in enclosed cameras for use on sound stages. Absolutely silent in its work, and mobile because mounted on the light geared truck, this is what studio technicians have been laboring on for nearly three years

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

who stepped into her shoes in "What Men Want."

When you see her in that picture you will see a gorgeously beautiful woman. You will forget the little Cinderella heroine you knew in the old silent days.

The battle for success, which she wouldn't go through again, but which she would not trade for anything, gave her character. Her love and understanding of life have given her beauty. The ugly duckling has become the lovely swan.

No girl has had a harder struggle. No one has come through it more bravely. And she is without pose of any sort. She'll be the same tomorrow, whether you left her just last night or haven't seen her for five years.

He Has the Girls Gasping

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 65]

I realize that all this sounds like Elinor Glyn in her most vibratory mood and I shed a tear for our good old pal, Cal York, who'll be laid up with writer's cramp from rumoring Walter's engagements. (No less than eight charming damosels have confided a secret crush and have offered me huge sums of money for an introduction.)

But Walter is a bit too suave, a bit too sure of himself to let the world in on his affairs of the heart. And surely he'll never talk about them. But he is, without doubt, the most attractive man who has graced these wan shores in many a California sun.

It is not snap judgment (at which, I must admit, I'm never any good, anyhow) that makes me go on like this. The first time I saw him was at the studio. He had been held up by a fencing lesson, and the studio commissary was crowded when we arrived. The only small table was occupied by a solitary and very grumpy looking gentleman.

"I'm afraid we'll have to sit at this big table," I said.

"Nonsense," said Pidgeon. "No such thing." He strode across the room to the man at the small table. What he said I don't know. I expected to see frowns and black looks cast in my direction. On the contrary, I watched Walter move the man—coffee cup, sandwich and all—to the big table while we took the small one. And the man smiled and bowed and seemed pleased that he had been allowed the privilege of moving.

A FEW evenings later we dined at Pidgeon's home. There were six of us (Walter seldom entertains a larger group). He opened the door himself.

"I haven't a butler," he said, "but I rather like doing the job myself."

The drawing room to which we were admitted is charming, with no hint of bizarre Hollywood in its dull drapes, its soft, rich rug and the excellent collection of books that line the walls.

At dinner (a perfect meal, sturdy and a bit English, for Walter was born in Canada) he managed the roast and the conversation with equal grace and facility.

Coffee and cigarettes were served in the living room.

And very good talk, not brilliant, not high-flown but just nice and comfortable.

The whole evening was touched, magically, by charm.

There was music later. Walter at the piano thumbing through various scores and singing whatever bits were called for. Wagner's "Dreams," Brahms' "Sapphic Ode," Schumann, Shubert, "Duna" and a Negro spiritual or two.

He insisted that we were leaving much too early when he took us to our cars.

Hands that Charm on just 3 minutes a day

Busy women find 4 delightful advantages in the new Liquid Polish

Helena Leigh
Beauty Editor of
Harper's Bazaar *says:*

"THERE is no longer any doubt that liquid polish is indispensable to the well-groomed woman. If she wants her hands to be as smart as her frock, her hat or her coiffure, she has no recourse but to use liquid enamel on her nails.

"The use of liquid polish has several definite advantages. In the first place, it is quick, more lasting, supplies a much higher polish to the nails and gives them a delightful color."

What woman need neglect her hands—now? With the new liquid polish, so easily applied, even the busiest women can have nails always lovely. One manicure a week, when you use liquid polish, will keep your nails radiant—with only three minutes' care each day. Just enough time to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips.

The new Cutex Liquid Polish or Polish Remover 35¢. Polish and Polish Remover together 50¢. Perfumed Polish and Polish Remover together 60¢. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser 35¢. The other Cutex preparations 35¢. At toilet-goods counters everywhere.

The Manicure Method Women with famous hands are using

1. Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser—to mould the cuticle and cleanse the nail tips. Scrub the nails. Pass cotton-wrapped orange stick, saturated with Cutex Cuticle Remover and Nail Cleanser, around base of each nail to remove dead cuticle. With fresh cotton—freshly saturated—cleanse under nail tips. Dry and cleanse with dry cotton. Rinse fingers.

2. Cutex Liquid Polish protects and flatters the nails.—Remove all old polish with Cutex Liquid Polish Remover. Apply Cutex Liquid Polish, from the half-moon toward the finger tip. Then use a bit of Cutex Cuticle Cream or Oil to keep the cuticle soft, and a touch of Nail White under the nail tip.

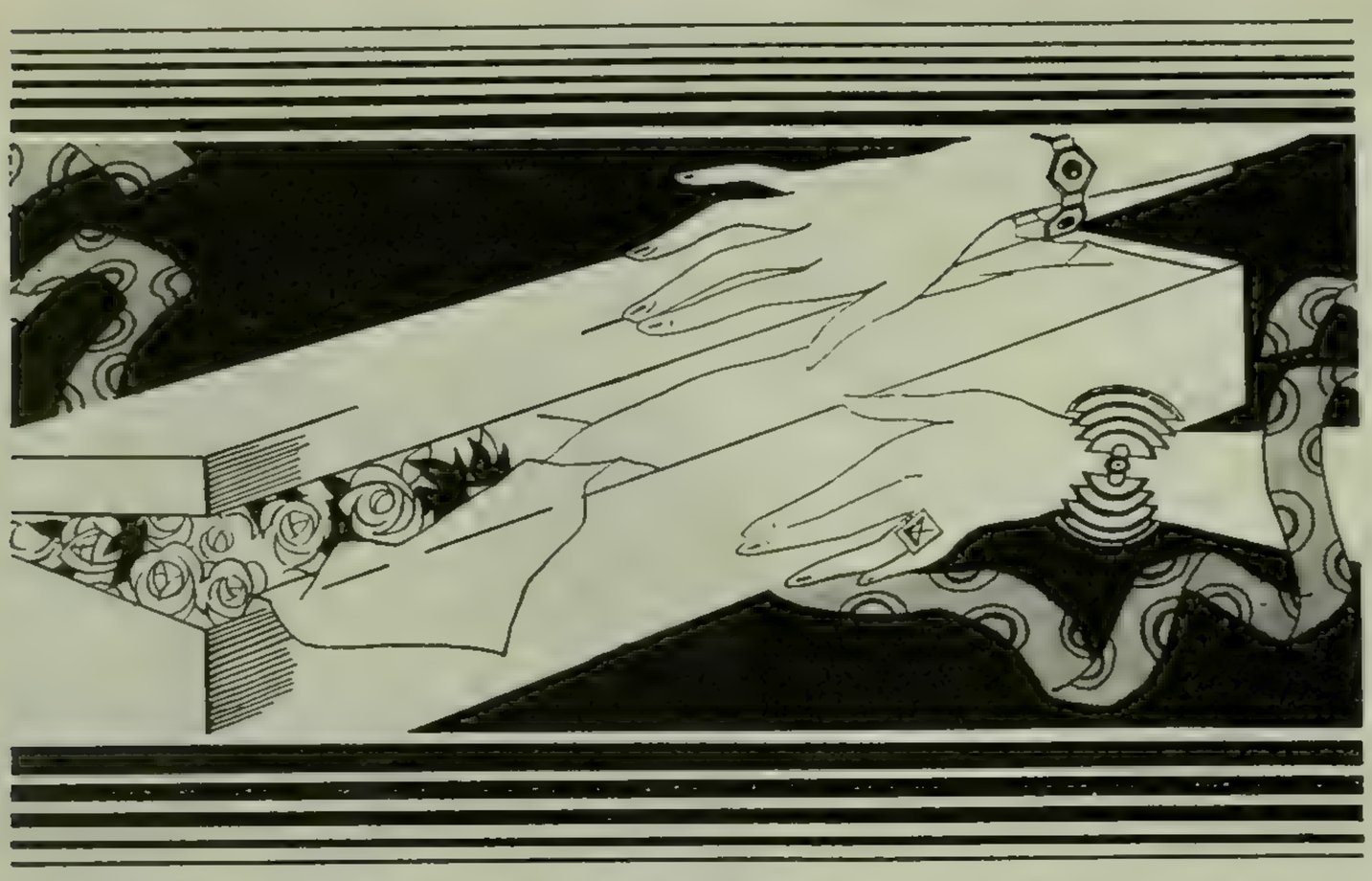
NORTHAM WARREN, NEW YORK, LONDON, PARIS

SPECIAL INTRODUCTORY OFFER—12¢

I enclose 12¢ for the Cutex Manicure Set containing sufficient preparations for six complete manicures.
(In Canada address Post Office Box 2054, Montreal)
NORTHAM WARREN, Dept. OQ6
191 Hudson Street, New York, N. Y.

So many smart women use it that it costs only 35¢ • *perfumed of course*

DO YOU STILL



SEND HER FLOWERS

Say it with Flowers

You never lose Ivory in your bath — *it floats!*

99 44/100% PURE

It is difficult to set down such things on paper. Grace and charm don't behave very well on a typewriter, but as we left, one of the gentlemen who is inclined to grow a bit pedantic at times, said, "Now, that boy is a credit to the motion picture industry."

The phrase will suffice until there is a better one.

But he is more than that. He is one of Hollywood's most delightful young men.

His background is rather what you might expect. He went to war, served in the trenches and languished in a French hospital for eighteen months after the Armistice. When he was well enough to be up and about he came to the United States and put what money he had inherited into a brokerage firm in Boston. But music interested him more than bonds and he made annual trips to Europe to keep up his studies.

It was at this time that he married a non-professional girl who bore him one child, a girl, and died at the baby's birth.

IMMEDIATELY afterwards a financial crash wiped him out and ill health claimed him. But he isn't a quitter, and he went on with his music until he at last found an opportunity of going on concert tour with Elsie Janis. Later, he went into vaudeville with her and played in musical comedies and revues.

Several years ago when he came to Hollywood Walter was granted an interview with Louis B. Mayer.

"You're not an American, are you?" Mayer asked.

"No, I'm from Canada," said Walter.

"What part?"

"New Brunswick."

"What town?"

"St. Johns."

Mayer frowned. "Who told you to say that?"

Walter was puzzled. "I don't know what you mean."

"That's my home town," said Mayer. "I left when I was sixteen but I love the place. I thought maybe somebody tipped you off about it. But I see they didn't. Let's have lunch and talk about all the old friends."

But Walter's accomplishments were not appreciated in the studios.

With the coming of the sound film, however, his success was assured.

He is not only, as our friend said, a credit to the motion picture industry. In a town devoted to manners it is refreshing to find one person, at least, with manner!

Bedford, Va.

The age of seventy-one finds me all alone, spending the evening of my life at a Home for the Aged. A lonely bachelor with no family ties, all my old friends gone before me—literally set upon the shelf.

But I am not "out of it" altogether. Every day I take my walk to the theater near the Home and there I see the far-away places where I have travelled in my day. I live again my long-past youth, my loves and happy experiences.

Current events of the outside world are brought before my very eyes, keeping me posted and up-to-the-minute on world problems. When the old fellows at the Home begin to tell me about the battle at Appomattox, I tell them about the Conference at Paris.

Thank God for the movies. My life would be empty without them.

James Mitchell

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

Discovered Reginald Denny

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 43]

"I've come to make you a proposition," he said. "They all say this is a bad picture. Very well, let me sign a contract to the effect that if it flops I'll work for you for six months for nothing or until every cent of your losses is paid back, but if it is a success, then I'm to have final word on stories and cutting."

Laemmle would think it over. He thought it over. But decided against it. After all, it was an amazing proposition.

"THAT'S My Daddy" made more money than any other Denny starring picture made in the last several years.

"But," said Denny, "they called me a Bolshevist. They said I was hard to manage. I like doing farce but I wasn't doing good farce.

"I'm honest when I say I never want to be a star again. It's much better to be a featured player. If I'm a featured player I'm cast properly. A story comes up for consideration. It has been picked without thought of cast. There is a rôle that I may characterize. They give it to me.

"But when I'm a star they say, 'Now we must find a story'—vehicle, they insist upon calling it—'for Denny.' And they build a plot around my personality, making me exactly as I was in every film I've ever played.

"I knew it couldn't go on. I knew that I was being killed off on the screen. It wouldn't have surprised me if the dear old public had thrown rocks at me every time I so much as showed my face on the Boulevard. And I felt that because of the bad ones I'd made nobody would give me work. "When my contract was terminated by mutual agreement, I left the lot feeling certain that I should never step inside another studio again."

But what Denny had failed to take into consideration was the talkies, and that he had not only a nice English voice but that he had sung baritone in light operas. His singing voice had broken while he was doing, strangely enough, "Gypsy Love," the operetta from which Lawrence Tibbett's "The Rogue Song" was adapted.

However, few voices are damaged beyond repair. When Reg discovered that Sono-Art was interested in him and was going to make him a proposition, he got a vocal teacher. Suddenly he realized that there was a chance.

This time he would not make similar mistakes. His first picture for Sono-Art was called "His Dark Chapter," later changed to "What a Man!" They wanted him to play the rôle of a youngster.

"THAT'S ridiculous," said Denny. "The character in the story is thirty-five. At that I'm giving myself a few years. I'm thirty-nine, you see, and why should I try to look and act younger than I am?"

Apparently he was right, because while he was doing this part Cecil De Mille was casting about for a *Monsieur* for "Madame Satan." He tested Denny and found him to be the man. The character is played in a light, farcical manner and he sings several numbers.

Reg is now under contract to Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer and still has three films to do for Sono-Art. Just a few months ago he thought he was finished!

Reg has taken a new, long term lease on life. He is handsomer than ever before. His work fascinates him now. He attacks each new day with vigor. Denny's come-back is one of the most surprising in the industry.

They rave about him over on the M-G-M lot as if he were a brand-new discovery. And, in a way, he is. Discovered—at the end of a fading career.

A "Beauty Shampoo" in 10 Minutes

Leaves Your Hair Lovely and Alluring

Quickly, Easily, at a few cents cost — you can have a Real "Beauty Shampoo" that will give Your Hair a Loveliness, quite unobtainable by Ordinary Washing.

YOU CAN SAVE TIME, expense and inconvenience, by adopting this simple method of "beauty shampooing" which gives truly professional results at home.

The beauty of your hair, its sparkle . . . its gloss and lustre . . . depends, almost entirely, upon the way you shampoo it.

A thin, oily film, or coating, is constantly forming on the hair. If allowed to remain, it catches the dust and dirt—hides the life and lustre—and the hair then becomes dull and unattractive.

Two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a glass or pitcher with a little warm water added, makes an abundance of . . . soft, rich, creamy lather . . . which cleanses thoroughly and rinses out easily, removing with it every particle of dust, dirt and dandruff.

Only thorough shampooing will remove this film and let the sparkle, and rich, natural . . . color tones . . . of the hair show.

Ordinary washing fails to satisfactorily remove this film, because—it does not clean the hair properly.

Besides—the hair cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali, in ordinary soaps, soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why women, by the thousands, who value beautiful hair, are now using Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo.

It cleanses so thoroughly; is so mild and so pure, that it cannot possibly injure, no matter how often you use it.

You will notice the difference in the appearance of your hair the very first time you use Mulsified, for it will feel so delightfully clean, and be so soft, silky, and fresh-looking.

Try a Mulsified "Beauty Shampoo" and just see how quickly it is done. See how easy your hair is to manage, and how lovely it will look. See it sparkle—with new life, gloss and lustre.

You can get Mulsified Cocoanut Oil Shampoo at any drug store, or toilet goods counter, . . . anywhere in the world.

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(*See page 60 for full particulars regarding Contest*)

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PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE 750 N. Michigan Avenue Dept. CP-6, Chicago, Ill.

Don't Bring Your Child to Hollywood

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 73]

they are near the studio gates they are marketable products. Away from the studio, in their homes, they become natural and ordinary. It is that side of their lives that is not well known.

Perhaps the most amazing home I visited was a modest little cottage away from the Hollywood district, that houses the Johnson family. The children get in your hair, tangle in your shoe laces and crawl into your pockets. Wynonah Johnson, the mother, herself a newspaper woman, watches over this brood of surprising chicks.

KENNETH is the oldest. He's sixteen. Then there are Dick Winslow, fourteen, Camilla, eleven, Seesel Ann, seven, Carmencita, five (you remember her as the talented child in "Blue Skies"), and Cullen, "Little Buttercup," two and a half. Cullen's greatest claim to fame is his indestructibility. He has been carried away on the backs of the villain's horses, been snatched up by airplanes, gone through flood, fire and famine and is as cheerful as ever.

It is Mrs. Johnson's theory that any child of average intelligence can do anything he wants to do, can express himself in any of the arts if he is allowed enough freedom. The ire of other movie mamas is raised when she says that eighty per cent of the children in any orphanage can act as well as the children now in pictures. She gives her kids absolute freedom. A week in the Johnson home would put you under the care of a nerve specialist, but it certainly wouldn't bore you.

Dick Winslow, for instance, plays the xylophone, cornet and drums. He also builds furniture, writes plays and draws pictures. He has interviewed Anna Pavlowa, Elsie Janis, Mary Pickford, Douglas Fairbanks, Carrie Jacobs Bond and numerous other celebrities. He has written the interviews and sold them.

Camilla writes poetry (which has been published), and Kenneth, who is going to be an architect, makes the most amazing masks in the Benda manner. They all sew, cook, build, write, paint and play musical instruments.

The back yard is taken up with their Packing Box Theater, the smallest show house in the world. A great star gave them their projection machine, another their footlights, but the rest is their own doing. They write their plays, stage them, costume them and build the scenery. Acting, now having become somewhat of a bore, is left to the kids in the neighborhood, who are well paid for their services.

When there is a national disaster the kids say "Aw, gee, that's too bad," and then, with brightened faces, "Now we can give a benefit," which they do in the theater. It seats thirty, if they are contortionists and can wrap their knees around their necks.

THEY give elaborate dinners composed of their own dishes. A new concoction is tried out three times. If, after having eaten it, you don't turn a pale sea green, it is recorded in the Johnson cook book, an amazing tome full of naive instructions to the chef.

Dick Winslow is playing a part with George Jessel in "The Hurdy-Gurdy Man." One set represented a music shop. Dick played every instrument. When he had finished, Jessel looked at him in amazement and said "Look here, you don't juggle, by any chance, do you?"

You might imagine that the youngsters have been forced to do all these stunts. Not so. It is their play. They simply express themselves rhythmically and are allowed to experiment.

One afternoon Mrs. Johnson came home to find Dick Winslow lying on the floor on a piece of cloth, while Kenneth traced the outline of

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his body with chalk. The result was almost a suit of clothes. The only defect was that Kenneth neglected to leave an opening so that Dick could get into it.

They attend the Hollywood Bowl concerts in a body and have the largest children's library in the city, but their money is being put away for their education because Mrs. Johnson hopes that none of them will want to become actors or actresses. They're already that, having played in innumerable films, "The Godless Girl," "Marianne," "Sparrows," "Winning of Barbara Worth," "The Way of All Flesh," "Wonder of Women" and tons of others.

They're the most wholesome, delightful, happy lot you ever saw. They're too busy to think about themselves and become affected.

UPON the slight shoulders of Nanci Price, that unusual kid in "The Doctor's Secret," rests the family burden. Her mother is deaf, so Nanci, who is only eleven, manages the small household. She has just completed a long part in "The Girl in the Show" for which she received $125 a week.

Perhaps she is the strangest child of all. Old and canny beyond her years, she has the bills made out in her name, writes the checks, answers all telephone calls and only has a manager to keep herself from taking too little money for the rôles she plays.

She interviews all directors for parts and does the talking. "I'm often disappointed when I don't get cast," she said, "but then—that's life."

I asked her what she liked to play. I thought she might prefer Hop Scotch to Run, Sheep, Run. Instead she answered, "Dramatic rôles." I discovered that her recreation lies in dressing up and acting with her dolls, quite alone.

But it is not a lonely life led by David Durand (you remember him in "Innocents of Paris"). Although he is only seven he plays at football, aviation, street car and school, and his life on the sets (I watched him at Columbia, doing a scene in "The Love Song") is also one long game, where it is a great treat to help the assistant cameraman mark up the scenes on the board.

The only way in which he differs from any other boy his age is that he supports his mother, a semi-invalid with a dislocated back who was deserted by her husband when David was six months old.

It is her job to keep the kid simple and unspoiled. When gushy ladies say, "You're just a little genius, aren't you?" Mrs. Durand adds, *sotto voce*, "She doesn't know you like I do."

It's the other children, however, who do the spoiling. They crowd around the youngsters to question them about their life behind the mysterious gates of the studio. But eventually the children become hardened to this and are embarrassed by the questions hurled at them. If a picture of Coy Watson is playing in town and if the members of his Boy Scout band find out about it and attend, his day is completely ruined.

COY is the oldest member of the Watson family, another large and bounding brood whose careers are managed by their father, once a property man, an assistant director and an assistant cameraman.

Their house, in the shadow of the old Mack Sennett studios where the kids were born, looks like a middlewestern farm. You stumble over broken skates and inner tubes. There is an improvised swing in the front yard, a trapeze made from a lead pipe and a couple of ropes, and an old saddle thrown over a carpenter's horse, for thrilling moonlight rides with Indians behind. Every kid in the neighborhood makes this his playground.

This family includes Coy, sixteen, Vivian, fourteen, Gloria, twelve, Louise, nine, Harry, seven, Billy, five, Delmar, two, and Garry, seven months. They all appeared in "Drag" and in dozens of others including "The Very Idea," "The Smart Set," "The Callahans and the Murphys," etc.

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Here is a test that is a pleasure to make and will prove to you that your skin can feel soft as a baby's. Swish a few handfuls of Linit in a basin of warm water; then wash your hands, using a little soap. Immediately after drying, your skin feels soft and smooth as rare velvet.

This test is so convincing that you will want to use Linit in your bath. Merely dissolve half a package or more of Linit in your tub and bathe as usual. A bath in the richest cream couldn't be more delightful or have such effective and immediate results.

Starch from corn is the main ingredient of Linit. Being a vegetable product, Linit is free from any mineral properties that might injure the skin and cause irritation. In fact, the soothing purity of starch from corn is regarded so highly by doctors, that they generally recommend it for the tender skin of young babies.

Linit is so economical that at least you should give it a trial. Let results convince you.

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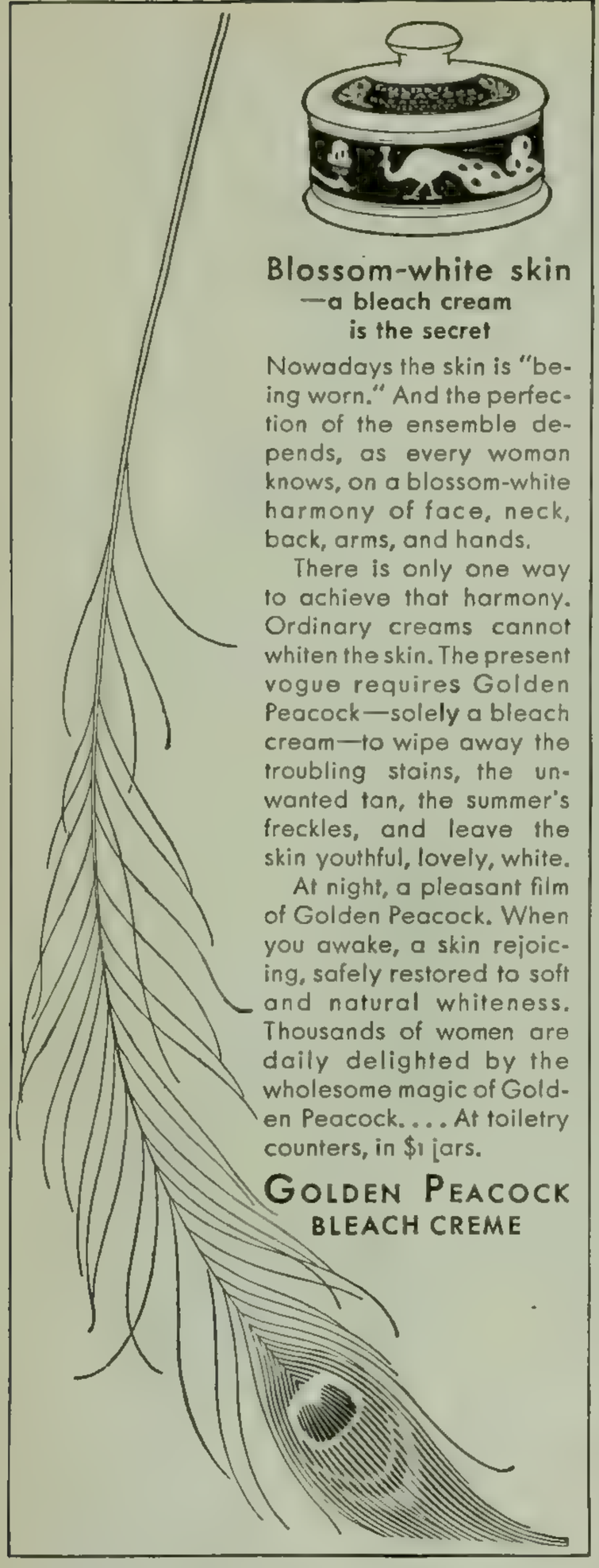

Blossom-white skin
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Nowadays the skin is "being worn." And the perfection of the ensemble depends, as every woman knows, on a blossom-white harmony of face, neck, back, arms, and hands.

There is only one way to achieve that harmony. Ordinary creams cannot whiten the skin. The present vogue requires Golden Peacock—solely a bleach cream—to wipe away the troubling stains, the unwanted tan, the summer's freckles, and leave the skin youthful, lovely, white.

At night, a pleasant film of Golden Peacock. When you awake, a skin rejoicing, safely restored to soft and natural whiteness. Thousands of women are daily delighted by the wholesome magic of Golden Peacock. . . . At toiletry counters, in $1 jars.

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Papa Watson puts them through their paces. If he knows that one of them has been cast for a part he has each do the scene. The chosen one is given a variety of ideas about his work.

They can all cry at the drop of a chapeau. And real tears, too, from little Delmar to big Coy. Papa Watson turns to Louise or Gloria or Harry or Billy and says, "Cry," and immediately there's a deluge that makes the flood scenes from "Noah's Ark" look like a fish pond.

And a second later Coy is pulling Gloria's hair and Harry is showing his newest stunt on the trapeze. Crying is a part of a day's work. It's a job, like washing behind your ears, only it isn't quite so unpleasant.

But all is not roses in the Watson family. They take their work seriously, and papa doesn't believe in sparing the rod. When a little Watson returns from the studio all the other little Watsons ask how he did his job. If he did well, he's congratulated. If he did badly, he gets a right royal family razzing.

IN a much less hectic atmosphere, because there are not so many of her, lives little Jane La Verne, the seven-year-old kid who wept her way through "Show Boat" and got seventy-five dollars a week for it. Jane's father is a professional baseball umpire, now touring the South, and Jane and her mother hold down the old homestead when he's away. Mrs. La Verne keeps Jane natural by letting her choose her playmates from among the children in the neighborhood, rather than from the professional youngsters.

There's a big playhouse in the back yard and an amazing assortment of dolls in every state of decay.

By the horrible example method Mrs. La Verne keeps her a real kid. Whenever they are on the set or in a home and some kid gets obstreperous Mrs. La Verne says, "Now see, there's a bad, spoiled child, whom nobody loves."

Jane's money is going into singing and dancing lessons so that she will be prepared for the stage career that her mother hopes for her.

Muriel McCormac is another child completely untouched by the glamor of the films. Her aunt is Betty Hart, Selig's first leading woman, and it was from her that she learned the rudiments of screen technique. Muriel goes to school, as they all must, but avoids the little girls who question her too much about her work. She is a quaint, old-fashioned child who told me that her greatest interest was in nature. She belongs to a bird club and makes it tough on all the lizards that venture to the door. She keeps her own room in order, does her own mending and washes the supper dishes.

There are dozens of other well known youngsters in pictures who have regular work. Douglas Scott, Buster Slaven, Douglas Haig, Patty Falkenstein, Carl Bush, Godfrey Craig and, of course, all the various members of "Our Gang." Of them all there are very few conceited little prigs. Directors demand simplicity and naturalness. They don't want acting from children. They want fresh, spontaneous reactions.

MR. THOMAS, who is in charge of the work permits at the Board of Education, often receives reports of cruelty. The teachers on the sets, who are paid by the studio but employed by the Board of Education, make the only bona-fide reports, as a rule, and these are few and far between. Sometimes cases are reported by visitors, but most often by jealous mothers who resent the work received by some popular child.

Thomas has found the picture youngsters normal, ordinary kids with sturdy bodies and active minds. Because of the individual attention they receive on the sets and because of their natural aptitude they are more often than not ahead of their classes.

The only difference between them and other bright children is that they get more kick out of going swimming than spending a day at a studio.

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Fred Marches On

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 86]

She was leading lady for Edward Everett Horton in several productions at his theater. Whenever he could manage it, Frederic was in the theater. No two people were ever more in love than Frederic and Florence. Whenever someone wanted to introduce Frederic they forgot his name and called him Mr. Eldridge. It always embarrassed the other person but it bothered Frederic not a whit.

His own great chance came in the Los Angeles Belasco production of "The Royal Family." People have said that the play was patterned from the Barrymore family, the reigning house in the American Theater. Frederic played a very John Barrymore-ish actor. He looked like Barrymore, and he had the Barrymore gestures.

Everyone in Hollywood saw the play as a matter of course. Even John came down to see how someone else did John Barrymore. Frederic had been scared to death, expecting a brick to fly over the footlights at any moment. But, at the end of the second act, someone said that Barrymore was roaring with laughter. After that it was easier.

At the end of the play, John called on Frederic in his dressing room, and congratulated him on a good job. Ethel, so the story goes, accepted the play with considerably less grace. She is reported to have broken a long friendship with Edna Ferber, the co-author of the piece, for daring to wax facetious about so great a family.

While the play was in San Francisco, Frederic made his first camera test. The city by the Golden Gate was pretty dark that season of year, so his first test was made on the roof of the St. Francis Hotel, with his manager flying up from Los Angeles to see that everything was just right.

His picture début was in a test rôle in "The Dummy." He first came to the attention of the fans as the good-looking young professor in "The Wild Party." It was pretty conclusively settled after that. He was Ann Harding's hero in "Paris Bound," and Colleen Moore's in "Footlights and Fools." His two most recent appearances have been in "The Marriage Playground" and "Sarah and Son."

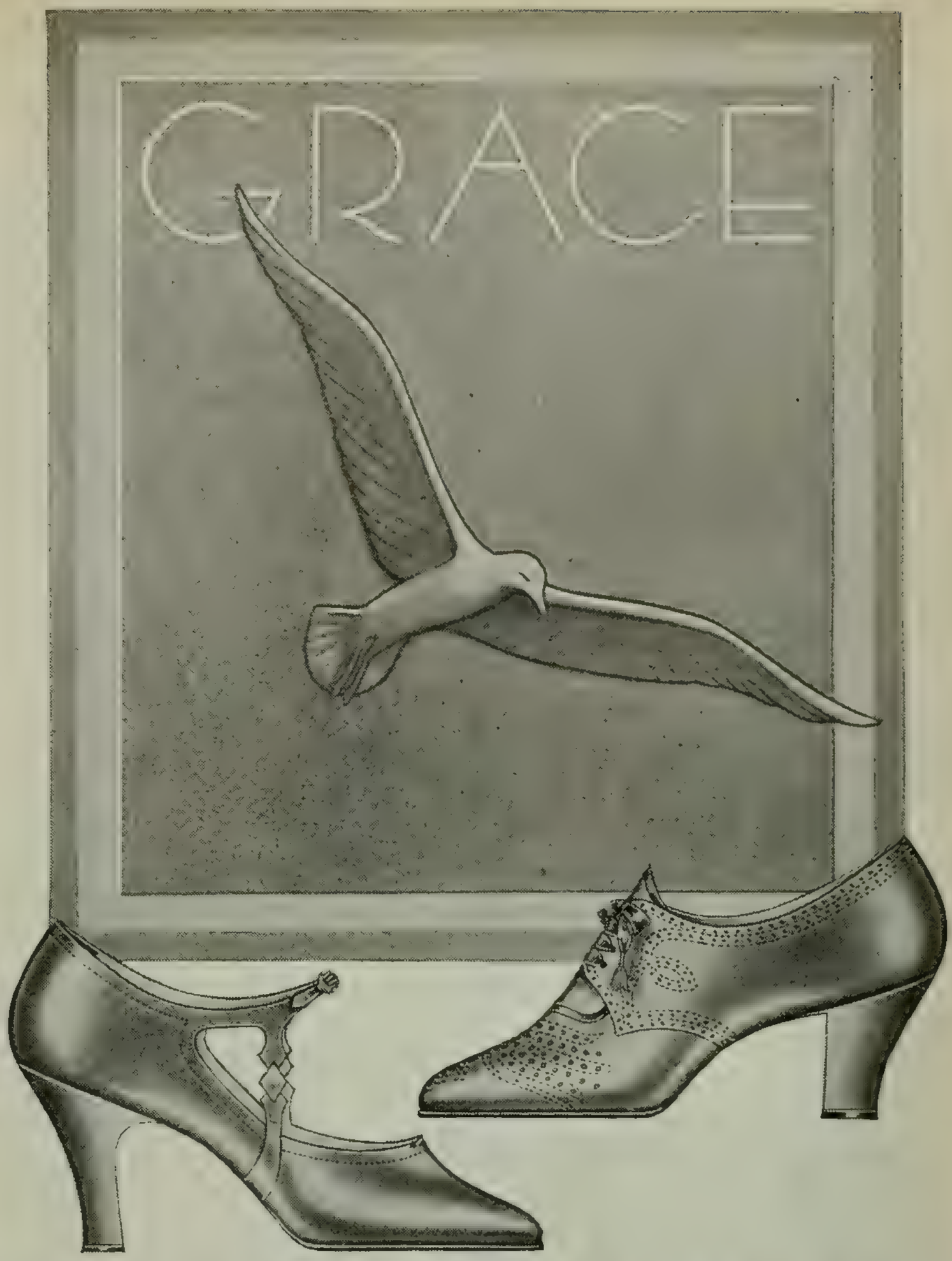
The March ménage is a pleasant, rambling house in Beverly Hills. He is fond of horseback riding, and the bridle path runs directly past his home. His other favorite sport is tennis, and he is a crack player.

Life to the Marches is unhurried, in spite of the hectic atmosphere of the studios and the theaters. At one time he admitted to a foolish, unceasing energy. Then he had acute appendicitis with plenty of time to lie in bed and think things out in general. Since then he has taken things more easily. Now he likes to sit around and talk after a good workout on the court.

Frederic and his wife are members of Hollywood's "dignified" set, the Nagels, Lois Wilson, Ruth Chatterton, Ralph Forbes, and of the English Colony in Filmania.

PHOTOPLAY'S famous Cut-Picture-Puzzle Contest is here!

The chance you've been waiting for—your share of the $5,000 prize money—is now in your hands. Turn to page 60, read the rules and go in and win!



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Correctly made of the finest materials, Foot Saver Shoes are a benediction to the eye of all beholders and a blessing to the feet that wear them.

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P6-30

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Heck is so pure, sparkling clear, you can apply it at any time . . .

Smart women who have been looking for an ideal deodorant and non-perspirant, now are eagerly recommending Heck to their friends. It gives you instant, lasting protection from perspiration and odors. Heck is so pure, colorless and odorless that you can apply it as directed at any time. No irritation, no color to stain or injure clothing. No wonder Dr. Heck's formula has become so popular!

Your charm, your daintiness and the safety of your new dresses depend on this precious liquid, so be sure you get it.

50c and $1.00 at all drug and department stores—or send 10c for trial size and this charming silhouette for your room.

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INSTANTLY CHECKS PERSPIRATION

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I enclose 10c, stamps or coin, for a trial size (or 50c for full size) bottle of Heck Deodorant, postpaid, and this silhouette (3½x4½ inches).

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Casts of Current Photoplays

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"ALIAS FRENCH GERTIE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the stage play "The Chatterbox" by Bayard Veiller. Adapted by Wallace Smith. Directed by George Archainbaud. The cast: *Marie*, Bebe Daniels; Jimmy, Ben Lyon; *Kelcey*, Robert Emmett O'Connor; *Mr. Matson*, John Ince; *Mrs. Matson*, Daisy Belmore; *Nellie*, Betty Pierce.

"ALL QUIET ON THE WESTERN FRONT"—UNIVERSAL.—From the novel by Erich Maria Remarque. Adapted by Maxwell Anderson. Directed by Lewis Milestone. The cast: *Katczinsky*, Louis Wolheim; *Paul Baumer*, Lewis Ayres; *Himmelstoss*, John Wray; *Tjaden*, George "Slim" Summerville; *Muller*, Russell Gleason; *Albert*, William Bakewell; *Leer*, Scott Kolk; *Behm*, Walter Brown Rogers; *Kemmerich*, Ben Alexander; *Peter*, Owen Davis, Jr.; *Mrs. Baumer*, ZaSu Pitts; *Mr. Baumer*, Edwin Maxwell; *Detering*, Harold Goodwin; *Miss Baumer*, Lucille Powers; *Westhus*, Richard Alexander; *Lieutenant Bertinck*, Pat Collins; *Suzanne*, Yola D'Avril; *Kantorek*, Arnold Lucy; *Ginger*, Bill Irving; *French Girls*, Renee Damonde and Poupee Andriot; *Herr Meyer*, Edmund Breese; *Hammacher*, Heinie Conklin; *Sister Libertine*, Bertha Mann; *Wachter*, Bodil Rosing; *French soldier*, Raymond Griffith; *Poster girl*, Joan Marsh.

"ANYBODY'S WAR"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by Charles E. Mack. Adapted by Hector Turnbull. Directed by Richard Wallace. The cast: *Amos Crow*, *Willie Crow*, The Two Black Crows, Moran and Mack; *Mary Jane Robinson*, Joan Peers; *Ted Reinhardt*, Neil Hamilton; *Captain Davis*, Walter McGrail; *Sergeant Skip*, Walter Weems; *Camilla*, Betty Farrington.

"BAD ONE, THE"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the story by John Farrow. Adapted by Carey Wilson and Howard Emmett Rogers. Directed by George Fitzmaurice. The cast: *Lita*, Dolores Del Rio; *Jerry Flanagan*, Edmund Lowe; *Spaniard*, Don Alvarado; *Mme. Durand*, Blanche Friderici; *Mme. Pompier*, Adrienne d'Ambricourt; *Pierre Ferrande*, Ullrich Haupt; *Borloff*, Mitchell Lewis; *Blochet*, Ralph Lewis; *Gida*, Yola D'Avril; *Judge*, John Sainpolis; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Henry Kolker; *Petey*, Charles McNaughton; *Warden*, George Fawcett.

"CAPTAIN OF THE GUARD"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Houston Branch. Adapted by Arthur Ripley. Directed by John S. Robertson. The cast: *Marie Marnay*, Laura La Plante; *Rouget de L'Isle*, John Boles; *Bazin*, Sam De Grasse; *Marnay*, James Marcus; *Colonel of Hussars*, Lionel Belmore; *Louis XVI*, Stuart Holmes; *Marie Antoinette*, Evelyn Hall; *Magistrate*, Claude Fleming; *Piette*, Murdock MacQuarrie; *Danton*, Richard Cramer; *Materoun*, Harry Burkhardt; *Robespierre*, George Hackathorne; *Priest*, De Witt Jennings.

"CAUGHT SHORT"—M-G-M.—Continuity by Williard Mack. Directed by Charles F. Riesner. The cast: *Marie Jones*, Marie Dressler; *Polly Smith*, Polly Moran; *Genevieve Jones*, Anita Page; *William Smith*, Charles Morton; *Frankie*, Thomas Conlin; *Johnny*, Douglas Haig; *Priscilla*, Nanci Price; *Sophy*, Greta Mann; *Mr. Frisby*, Herbert Prior; *Mr. Kidd*, T. Roy Barnes; *Mr. Thutt*, Edward Dillon; *Miss Ambrose*, Alice Moe; *Manicurist*, Gwen Lee; *Peddler*, Lee Kohlmar; *Fanny Lee*, Greta Granstedt.

"COCK O' THE WALK"—SONO ART—WORLD WIDE.—From the novel "Soul of the Tango" by Arturo S. Mom. Continuity by Nagene Searle and Frances Guihan. Directed by R. William Neil. The cast: *Carlos*, Joseph Schildkraut; *Narita*, Myrna Loy; *Jose*, Phillip Sleeman; *Ortego*, Edward Peil; *Cafe Manager*, John Beck; *Rosa Vallejo*, Olive Tell; *Senor Vallejo*, Wilfred Lucas; *Pedro*, Frank Jonason; *Paulina Castra*, Sally Long; *Maria*, Natalie Joyce.

"COURAGE"—WARNERS.—From the play by Thomas Barry. Adapted by Walter Anthony. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Mary Colbrook* Belle Bennett; *Muriel Colbrook*, Marian Nixon; *Lynn Willard*, Rex Bell; *James Rudlin*, Richard Tucker; *Bill Colbrook*, Leon Janney; *Reginald Colbrook*, Carter de Haven, Jr.; *Aunt Caroline*, Blanche Friderici.

"CUCKOOS, THE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the musical comedy "The Ramblers" by Guy Bolton, Harry Ruby and Bert Kalmar. Adapted by Cy Woods. Directed by Paul Sloane. The cast: *Sparrow*, Bert Wheeler; *Professor Bird*, Robert Woolsey; *Ruth*, June Clyde; *Billy*, Hugh Trevor; *Anita*, Dorothy Lee; *The Baron*, Ivan Lebedeff; *Gypsy Queen*, Marguerita Padula; *Julius*, Mitchell Lewis; *Fannie Hurst*, Jobyna Howland.

"CZAR OF BROADWAY"—UNIVERSAL.—From the story by Gene Towne. Directed by William James Craft. The cast: *Morton Bradley*, John Wray; *Connie Colton*, Betty Compson; *Jay Grant*, John Harron; *Francis*, Claud Allister; *Harry Foster*, Wilbur Mack; *Dane Harper*, King Baggot; *McNab*, Edmund Breese.

"DIVORCEE, THE"—M-G-M.—From the novel by Ursula Parrott. Continuity by John Meehan. Directed by Robert Z. Leonard. The cast: *Jerry*, Norma Shearer; *Ted*, Chester Morris; *Paul*, Conrad Nagel; *Don*, Robert Montgomery; *Helen*, Florence Eldridge; *Mary*, Helen Millard; *Bill*, Robert Elliott; *Janice*, Mary Doran; *Hank*, Tyler Brooke; *Hannah*, Zelda Sears; *Dr. Bernard*, George Irving; *Dorothy*, Helen Johnson.

"GUILTY"—COLUMBIA.—From the story "The Black Sheep" by Dorothy Howell. Directed by George B. Seitz. The cast: *Carolyn*, Virginia Valli; *Bob Lee*, John Holland; *Polk*, John Sainpolis; *Martha*, Lydia Knott; *Lee*, Erville Alderson; *Doctor Bennett*, Richard Carlyle; *Jefferson*, Clarence Muse; *Jerry*, Eddie Clayton; *Prosecuting Attorney*, Robert T. Haines; *Warden*, Frank Fanning; *Judge*, Ed Cecil; *Lucy*, Gertrude Howard.

"HOLD EVERYTHING"—WARNERS.—From the play by B. G. De Sylva and John McGowan. Adapted by Robert Lord. Directed by Roy Del Ruth. The cast: *Gink Schiner*, Joe E. Brown; *Toots Breen*, Winnie Lightner; *Georges La Verne*, Georges Carpentier; *Sue Burke*, Sally O'Neil; *Pop O'Keefe*, Edmund Breese; *Nosey Bartlett*, Bert Roach; *Norine Lloyd*, Dorothy Revier; *Murph Levy*, Jack Curtis; *Bob Morgan*, Tony Stabenau; *Dan Larkin*, Lew Harvey; *The Kicker*, Jimmie Quinn.

"IN THE NEXT ROOM"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by Burton E. Stevenson. Adapted by Harvey Gates. Directed by Edward Cline. The cast: *James Godfrey*, Jack Mulhall; *Lorna*, Alice Day; *Tim Morel, detective*, Robert O'Connor; *Philip Vantine*, John Sainpolis; *Parks, the butler*, Claud Allister; *Mrs. O'Connor, housekeeper*, Aggie Herring; *Inspector Grady*, DeWitt Jennings; *Snitzer*, Webster Campbell.

"ISLE OF ESCAPE"—WARNERS.—From the novel by Jack McLaren. Adapted by Lucien Hubbard and J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Howard Bretherton. The cast: *Dave Wade*, Monte Blue; *Moira*, Myrna Loy; *Stella*, Betty Compson; *Shane*, Noah Beery; *Judge*, Ivan Simpson; *Hank*, Jack Ackroyd; *Loru*, Nena Quartaro; *Manua*, Duke Kahanamoku; *Dolobe*, Nick De Ruiz; *Ma Blackney*, Rose Dione; *Dutch Planter*, Adolph Milar.

"JOURNEY'S END"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the play by R. C. Sherriff. Adapted by Joseph Moncure March. Directed by James Whale. The cast: *Captain Stanhope*, Colin Clive; *Lieut. Osborne*, Ian Maclaren; *2nd Lieut. Raleigh*, David Manners; *2nd Lieut. Trotter*, Billy Bevan; *2nd Lieut. Hibbert*, Anthony Bushell; *Captain Hardy*, Robert A'Dair; *Private Mason*, Charles Gerrard; *Sergeant Major*, Thomas Whiteley; *The Colonel*, Jack Pitcairn; *German Soldier*, Warner Klinger.

"KING OF JAZZ"—UNIVERSAL.—Scenario by Edward T. Lowe. Dialogue by Charles McArthur. Directed by John Murray Anderson. The cast: Paul Whiteman and his band, John Boles, Jeanette Loff, Laura La Plante, Charlie Murray, George Sidney, Glenn Tryon, Merna Kennedy, Billy Kent, Grace Hayes, Jeanie Lang, The Sisters G, Charles Giles, Frank Leslie, The Brox Sisters, Charles Irwin, Al Norman, Paul Howard, Stanley Smith, Jacques Cartier, Paul Whiteman Rhythm Boys, Marian Statler and Don Rose; The Tommy Atkins Sextette, Kathryn Crawford, and The Russell Markert Dancers.

"LADIES LOVE BRUTES"—PARAMOUNT.—From the play "Pardon My Glove" by Zoe Akins. Screen play by Waldemar Young and Herman J. Mankiewicz. Directed by Rowland V. Lee. The cast: *Joe Forziati*, George Bancroft; *Mimi Howell*, Mary Astor; *Dwight Howell*, Frederic March; *Lucille Gates*, Margaret Quimby; *Mike Mendino*, Stanley Fields; *Slattery*, Ben Hendricks, Jr.; *George Wyndham*, Lawford Davidson; *Mrs. Forziati*, Feriki Boros; *Joey Forziati*, David Durand; *Jackie Howell*, Freddie Burke Frederick; *Slip*, Paul Fix; *The Tailor*, Claud Allister.

"MAMMY"—WARNERS.—Brom the story by Irving Berlin. Adapted by L. G. Rigby. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Al Fuller*, Al Jolson; *Nora Meadows*, Lois Moran; *Mrs. Fuller*, Louise Dresser; *Westy*, Lowell Sherman; *Meadows*, Hobart Bosworth; *Slats*, Tully Marshall; *Tambo*, Mitchell Lewis; *Sheriff*, Jack Curtis; *Pig Eyes*, Stanley Fields; *Props*, Ray Cooke.

"MAN FROM BLANKLEY'S, THE"—WARNERS.—From the play by F. Anstey. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Alfred E. Green. The cast: *Lord Strathpeffer*, John Barrymore; *Margery Sealon*, Loretta Young; *Mr. Poffley*, William Austin; *Uncle Gabriel Gilwattle*, Albert Gran; *Mrs. Tidmarsh*, Emily Fitzroy; *Mr. Tidmarsh*, Dick Henderson; *Dawes*, Edgar Norton; *Miss Flinders*, Dale Fuller; *Mr. Ditchwater*, D'Arcy Corrigan; *Mrs. Ditchwater*, May Milloy; *Mrs. Gilwattle*, Louise Carver; *Mr. Bodfish*, Yorke Sherwood; *Mrs. Bodfish*, Diana Hope; *Miss Bugle*, Tiny Jones; *Gwennie*, Angella Mawby.

"NOTORIOUS AFFAIR, A"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the play by Audrey and Waverly Carter. Adapted by J. Grubb Alexander. Directed by Lloyd Bacon.. The cast: *Patricia*, Billie Dove; *Dr. Allan Pomroy*, Kenneth Thomson; *Paul Gherardi*, Basil

Rathbone; *Countess Olga Balakireff*, Kay Francis; *Sir Thomas Hanley*, Montagu Love; *Lord Percifal Northmore*, Philip Strange; *Duchess of Loth*, Elinor Vandivere; *Serge*, Gino Corrado; *Lady Keene*, Blanche Friderici.

"ONE ROMANTIC NIGHT"—UNITED ARTISTS.—From the play "The Swan" by Ferentz Molmar. Adapted by Melville Baker. Directed by Paul Stein. The cast: *Alexandra*, Lillian Gish; *Prince Albert*, Rod La Rocque; *Dr. Nicholas Haller*, Conrad Nagel; *Princess Beatrice*, Marie Dressler; *Father Benedict*, O. P. Heggie; *Count Lutzen*, Albert Conti; *Colonel Wunderlich*, Edgar Norton; *Symphorosa*, Billie Bennett; *George*, Philippe de Lacy; *Arsene*, Byron Sage; *Mitzi*, Barbara Leonard.

"PLAYING AROUND"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story "Sheba" by Viña Delmar. Adapted by Adele Commandini. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Sheba Miller*, Alice White; *Nickey Solomon*, Chester Morris; *Jack*, William Bakewell; *Pa Miller*, Richard Carlyle; *Maude*, Marion Byron; *Joe*, Maurice Black; *Morgan*, Lionel Belmore; *Master of Ceremonies*, Shep Camp; *Mrs. Fenerbeck*, Ann Brody; *Mrs. Lippincott*, Nellie V. Nichols.

"ROUGH ROMANCE"—Fox.—From the story by Kenneth B. Clarke. Scenario by Elliott Lester. Directed by A. F. Erickson. The cast: *Billy West*, George O'Brien; *Marna Reynolds*, Helen Chandler; *Loup LaTour*, Antonio Moreno; *Sheriff Milt Powers*, Roy Stewart; *Chick Carson*, Harry Cording; *Dad Reynolds*, David Hartford; *Laramie*, Eddie Borden; *Flossie*, Noel Francis; *Pop Nichols*, Frank Lanning.

"RUNAWAY BRIDE"—RADIO PICTURES.—From the play "Cooking Her Goose" by Lolita Ann Westman and H. H. Van Loan. Adapted by Jane Murfin. Directed by Donald Crisp. The cast: *Mary Gray*, Mary Astor; *Blaine*, Lloyd Hughes; *Dick Mercer*, David Newell; *Clara*, Natalie Moorehead; *"Red" Dugan*, Maurice Black; *Daly*, Paul Hurst; *Williams*, Edgar Norton; *Barney*, Francis MacDonald; *Whitey*, Herry Tenbrook; *Shorty*, Phil Brady; *Dr. Kent*, Theodore Lorch.

"SAFETY IN NUMBERS"—PARAMOUNT.—From the story by George Marion, Jr. and Percy Heath. Scenario by Marion Dix. Directed by Victor Schertzinger. The cast: *William Butler Reynolds*, Charles "Buddy" Rogers; *Jacqueline*, Kathryn Crawford; *Maxine*, Josephine Dunn; *Pauline*, Carol Lombard; *Cleo Carewe*, Geneva Mitchell; *Bertram Shipiro*, Roscoe Karns; *Phil Kempton*, Francis MacDonald; *Alma McGregor*, Virginia Bruce; *F. Carstair Reynolds*, Richard Tucker; *Jules*, Raoul Paoli; *Commodore Brinker*, Lawrence Grant; *Messaline*, Louise Beavers.

"SHOW GIRL IN HOLLYWOOD"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the story by J. P. McEvoy. Adapted by Harvey Thew. Directed by Mervyn LeRoy. The cast: *Dixie Dugan*, Alice White; *Jimmy Doyle*, Jack Mulhall; *Sam Otis, producer*, Ford Sterling; *Donna Harris*, Blanche Sweet; *Frank Buelow, director*, John Miljan; *Nebbick's secretary*, Virginia Sale; *Office Boy*, Spec O'Donnell; *Kramer*, Lee Shumway; *Bing*, Herman Bing.

"SPRING IS HERE"—FIRST NATIONAL.—From the musical play by Owen Davis. Adapted by James A. Starr. Directed by John Francis Dillon. The cast: *Steve Alden*, Lawrence Gray; *Terry Clayton*, Alexander Gray; *Betty Braley*, Bernice Claire; *Emily Braley*, Louise Fazenda; *Peter Braley*, Ford Sterling; *Rita Clayton*, Natalie Moorehead; *Mary Jane Braley*, Inez Courtney; *Stacy Hayden*, Frank Albertson.

"SUNNY SKIES"—TIFFANY PRODUCTIONS.—From the story by A. P. Younger. Continuity by Earl Snell. Directed by Norman Taurog. The cast: *Benny Krantz*, Benny Rubin; *Mary Norris*, Marceline Day; *Jim Grant*, Rex Lease; *Doris*, Marjorie Kane; *Isadore Krantz*, Harry Lee; *College Widow*, Greta Granstedt; *Stubble*, Wesley Barry; *Dave*, Robert Randall; *Smith*, James Wilcox.

"UNDER A TEXAS MOON"—WARNERS.—From the story by Stewart Edward White. Scenario by Gordon Rigby. Directed by Michael Curtiz. The cast: *Don Carlos*, Frank Fay; *Raquella*, Raquel Torres; *Lolita Romero*, Myrna Loy; *Dolores*, Armida; *Jed Parker*, Noah Beery; *Pedro*, Georgie Stone; *Philipe*, George Cooper; *Bad Man of Pool*, Fred Kohler; *Girl of the Pool*, Betty Boyd; *Jose Romero*, Charles Sellon; *Buch Johnson*, Jack Curtis; *Pancho Gonzales*, Sam Appel; *Aldrich*, Tully Marshall; *Lolita Roberto*, Mona Maris; *Antonio*, Francisco Maran; *Tom*, Tom Dix; *Jerry*, Jerry Barrett; *Mother*, Inez Gomez; *Moza*, Edythe Kramera; *Don Roberto*, Bruce Covington.

"WIDE OPEN"—WARNERS.—From the novel "The Narrow Street" by Edward Bateman Morris. Adapted by James A. Starr and Arthur Caesar. Directed by Archie Mayo. The cast: *Simon Haldane*, Edward Everett Horton; *Julia Faulkner*, Patsy Ruth Miller; *Agatha Hathaway*, Louise Fazenda; *Agatha's Mother*, Vera Lewis; *Bob Wyeth*, T. Roy Barnes; *Trundle*, E. J. Ratcliffe; *Easter*, Louise Beaver; *Nell Martin*, Edna Murphy; *Mr. Faulkner*, Frank Beal; *Means*, Vincent Barnett; *Doctor*, Lloyd Ingraham; *Office Boy*, Bobby Gordon; *Richards*, B. B. B.

"YOUNG DESIRE"—UNIVERSAL.—From the play "Carnival Girl" by William R. Doyle, adapted by Winnifred Reeve and Matt Taylor. Directed by Lew Collins. The cast: *Helen Herbert*, Mary Nolan; *Bobby Spencer*, William Janney; *Blackie*, Ralf Harolde; *May*, Mae Busch; *Mr. Spencer*, George Irving; *Mrs. Spencer*, Claire McDowell.

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The Big Break

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67]

seated not two feet from him. She thought: "I guess I was born never to have an affair, never to arouse—"

But Paul was speaking. "I suppose I had better take you home—it's almost twelve o'clock, and if you are leaving tomorrow . . ."

Was this the end of her beautiful adventure?

"Would you think it very silly if I asked a favor of you?" began Mildred in a very small voice. Paul looked a bit perturbed. All his life women had been asking varied and astonishing favors.

"Since I am leaving tomorrow, forever, would you give me a picture of yourself as a memento of my last evening in Hollywood?"

Relieved and a bit pleased, Paul took a sheaf of photographs from a drawer in the table, and, with more attention than Mildred had seen him devote to any other thing, chose one.

"WILL you write something on it?" asked Mildred, and accordingly he wrote.

Mildred put on her coat and straightened the little cloche. Paul had one more drink before they left, and Mildred, thinking of the many curves of Whitley Heights, remembered that he had been drinking steadily since they had entered the house. They rounded a curve and below them lay Hollywood. From this spot Hollywood is fairyland. A million lights sparkle. Hollywood, city of dreams—which come true for so very few.

"Stop, just a moment," cried Mildred. "Let me have just one farewell look."

Obediently he stopped the car. And then he kissed her. Even then Mildred knew he kissed her just because he was such a charming actor, and with the lights glittering far below them and roses all around them, it was the only thing to do. But she was satisfied. No matter what happened, Paul Lenclos had kissed her. It made up for all the lonely nights she had spent in Hollywood. But Paul seemed unable to keep his mind on her.

A moment later they were on their way, and Paul was no longer Paul Lenclos, film star, but an aviator in the French Flying Corps. Mumbling to himself in his native tongue, he was flying high above the trenches. He was pursuing a German Fokker. Now he was laughing crazily as he, in some miraculous way, rounded a curve.

Mildred screamed and clung to his arm, begging him to stop. She tried to seize the wheel, and he pushed her roughly into her corner. Just ahead was a sharp turn in the road. Over they went. The car seemed to scream in agony. It felt as if they were dropping a mile. "This can't be happening to me," thought Mildred—and then the crash. Then darkness, and something red like a pinwheel whirling in her brain.

She returned to consciousness ten minutes later. A siren was shrieking. Someone was wiping her face. It was cool and damp.

"Paul," she groaned, "where is Paul?" Her hands were clutching something; refusing to surrender something to the person who had been wiping her face; a piece of paper—his picture, her memento, all she had to take from Hollywood.

"No, no," she moaned, "it's all I have."

"Poor child, she knows he's dead," she heard a woman say.

* * *

IT was afternoon and she was back in her apartment. All morning long newspaper men had been bothering her, and all she could do was cry when they asked questions, which seemed to them very significant and an excellent answer. But they had taken her picture of Paul. They seemed much impressed when

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she begged for that, and promised to return it in a little while.

Most puzzling of all, two studio executives had telephoned her, asking that she call as soon as she felt well enough. Very queer, all of this.

Her landlady entered, bringing the afternoon papers. She seemed to regard Mildred with respectful interest. That was strange, considering that she was supposed to vacate this apartment today, and money for future rent was a very problematical affair.

SHE opened the papers. What did it all mean? A whole panel of Hollywood beauties, and in the center a huge picture of herself. Directly beneath was the picture of Paul, the picture he had given her last night, and on it was written, "To the prettiest girl in Hollywood, from Paul Lenclos."

And the headline, PAUL LENCLOS DIES IN ARMS OF "PRETTIEST GIRL." There were columns and columns, even pages and pages. She was broken-hearted, the paper said. She and Paul were going to be married. She was his secret and only love. Long stories of his many reported engagements to famous beauties. Paul Lenclos, connoisseur of beauty, had called her the prettiest girl in Hollywood. Each paper had a different story, but all were clear on one point—she was the prettiest girl in Hollywood.

What should she do? Should she contradict the stories? Tell them that she had known Paul Lenclos for less than three hours, that he wasn't even interested enough to ask her name, that picking her up had been only a drunken whim, and that he hadn't looked at her closely enough to know whether she was pretty or not? That she had worked extra in every studio in Hollywood for three years and hadn't attracted enough attention to get a badly needed call back when the day's work was done?

The landlady appeared again. There was a gentleman downstairs who insisted on seeing her. What was his name? Mr. Ivan Blomenthal. Ivan Blomenthal of Perfection Pictures. Yes. She would see him.

Mr. Blomenthal entered. He took a long look at the features that peered from the front page of every paper in town, and which were being relayed all over the world.

"You know I don't think you are so pretty," said Mr. Blomenthal. Mildred pressed her handkerchief to her nose and opened her blue eyes. "What does it matter now, Mr. Blomenthal?" she asked in a delicate voice.

"Just this much. If Paul Lenclos said you were the prettiest girl in Hollywood, there are plenty of fools who will wave a contract in front of your nose without even looking at you. Well, I'm taking a good look at you, and I'm taking it first. Will you take $300 a week with us?"

"Oh, Mr. Blomenthal, at a time like this?" Mildred had a strange, entirely new feeling. Maybe she could act.

"Well, there is no time to be lost. Make it $350. Are you taking it?"

"Yes, Mr. Blomenthal. I think it would make me feel different about things."

"All right," said Mr. Blomenthal, "we'll be around in the morning with the contract. And another thing, we don't stand for any heavy and sensational affairs at our studio. You've had your big love affair, and we'll expect Sunday School behavior from you. This time it was great stuff, but another one would be poison."

"YES, Mr. Blomenthal," sighed Mildred, and her handkerchief again sought her slightly pink little nose.

"So it wasn't to be my last night in Hollywood," mused Mildred as the door closed behind Mr. Blomenthal.

The papers next morning each carried an exclusive statement from Mildred Cooley to the effect that she was going to endeavor to forget her sorrow in her work.

"After all," said Miss Cooley, "I'm only nineteen."

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Lucky Girl

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 48]

and stretched her body out in the water, explaining the routine of the thrash. "Now—up, down—up, down—toes out—*knees stiff.*" He clasped one knee to keep it from bending. "Up, down—up, down—one, two—one, two—" He slid his hands along her thighs. "Your legs must kick from the hips—like scissors."

AFTER a few minutes of this Doreen was exhausted. She had not intended that swimming should be such a serious business.

"Daddy," she called to Mr. Silvers, who was clip-clopping along the edge of the pool in a pair of old Turkish bedroom slippers. "Please get Doreen a cigarette."

She pulled herself out of the pool and sat on the edge, dangling her legs.

"Please come up here beside me," she smiled encouragingly at Clyde.

He shook his head. "No cigarettes, Miss Dawn."

"Oh, *please.*" Her red mouth pouted. "Just one."

"Not if you're going to be a swimmer," he insisted. "You need your wind."

"But she's not going to swim any channels," said Mr. Silvers, who had returned in time to hear the last remark. He handed Doreen a gold-tipped cigarette and snapped the lighter for her.

"No, daddy." She made a little gesture of refusal. "I guess Mr. Berg knows best." She looked down at Clyde flirtatiously from under those professionally plaintive lashes and was rewarded by seeing the trace of a blush creep into his cheeks. "He's a little afraid of me," she thought. "But he'll soon get over that." Many of her leading men were like that—at first. She had yet to meet the man, however, who could resist Doreen Dawn for long, when she really wanted to be irresistible.

But several lessons later, in spite of numerous friendly overtures on her part, Clyde continued to maintain a politely impersonal manner. Doreen was not fooled. His careful politeness too obviously contradicted the adoration she read in his eyes. It seemed a little odd, however, that he made no attempt to take the slightest advantage of the opportunity which the deep water afforded them. She could now swim the length of the pool and back, and there had been several occasions when he could have momentarily abandoned his instructor manner.

"Perhaps it's because daddy is always here," she told herself. If she and Clyde were alone, it would doubtless be quite different.

Certainly he was unlike any of the men she knew; and she felt that there were many, many things which *she* could teach him.

Not, she was quick to assure herself, that her interest in this young swimmer was *serious*. Certainly not. But she had acquired a taste for unsampled emotions, just as she had acquired a taste for caviar and truffles. His shyness, his seeming inexperience with women, intrigued her.

"I want you to try to dive today," he told her at the beginning of the seventh lesson. "Stand here." He moved her forward to the edge of the pool. "Clamp your toes over the edge. Then bend your knees as though you were going to sit down. Right down, now—come on!"

For the first time Doreen hesitated. An idea had just occurred to her. Perhaps it had been a mistake to follow his instructions so aptly. This time she would experiment.

"I'm—*afraid.*" She faked a little shiver. "What if I lost my breath—I mean what if I should *drown?*"

Clyde laughed. "Not much chance, with me here."

"Would you save me, Clyde?" she teased.

"I certainly would, Miss Dawn. I'd see that you got artificial respiration."

"Artificial?" She looked up at him, innocently wide-eyed. "What do you mean?"

"I'd move your arms back and forth firmly against your diaphragm—*so*," he explained simply, illustrating by grasping her arms at the wrists. Something which she mentally called an emotional "kick" shot down her spine. Fascinated, she watched the action of his biceps, the ripple of the long, lithe muscles.

"BUT suppose that didn't work?" she persisted, conscious of an odd tightening in her throat.

"Well, if that didn't work, I'd exhale my breath into your lungs."

"How?" she asked, deliberately challenging him to hurdle that wall of politeness which he had built between them.

Clyde hesitated. His eyes sought the opposite end of the pool, where Mr. Silvers was dozing in the hammock.

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County of Cook }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Kathryn Dougherty, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the business manager of the Photoplay Magazine, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 411, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit: 1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Photoplay Publishing Co., 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Editor, James R. Quirk, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. Managing Editor, Leonard Hall, 221 W. 57th Street, New York, N. Y. Business Manager, Kathryn Dougherty, 750 N. Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill. 2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Photoplay Publishing Company, Chicago, Ill.; Estate of E. M. Colvin, Chicago, Ill.; R. M. Eastman, Chicago, Ill.; J. R. Quirk, Chicago, Ill.; Kathryn Dougherty, Chicago, Ill. 3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None. 4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her. 5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the six months preceding the date shown above is..... (This information is required from daily publications only.)

KATHRYN DOUGHERTY,
(Signature of Business Manager.)

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 21st day of March, 1930
[SEAL]

M. EVELYN McEVILLY,
(My commission expires January 15, 1931)

Every advertisement in PHOTOPLAY MAGAZINE is guaranteed.

"How would you do it, Clyde?" she repeated in a low voice.

"It's simple. I'd press my mouth against your lips and breathe slowly—in, out—in, out—timing my exhalation with your inhalation."

"Come on, let's try the dive." He quickly changed the subject. Before she could remonstrate he had pushed her shoulders downward. She found herself in a sitting position, his hands beneath her, basket fashion. He showed her how to come up from the squat, to throw her arms back, then forward, projecting her body out into the water with a spring.

But Doreen had scarcely heard him. She muffed the dive completely and struck the water, flat. The impact took her breath. She came up gasping. He caught her and pulled her back to the ladder.

"I—almost lost my breath. Didn't I?" she clutched at his arm with a nervous little laugh.

ON Friday night Mr. Silvers, following the custom of other picture producers, attended the fights at the stadium. Doreen stayed at home. It was the one evening which she could spend as she pleased.

"Sure you won't be lonesome, sweetheart?"

"No, daddy." She lifted indifferent lips for him to kiss and tried to keep from shuddering as his tobacco breath struck her nostrils. "I'm tired from my swimming lesson. I'll just read a little while and then go to bed."

"Tomorrow's your last lesson, ain't it?"

"Yes—tomorrow's the last." Why did he have to remind her of that just then?

"Well, it's been worth the money." He stood in the doorway, balancing himself on his heels, a habit which always annoyed Doreen. "That young Berg certainly knows his stuff, don't he?"

"He's—*wonderful.*"

When he had gone she asked her maid to bring a certain ermine-trimmed negligee of which she was very fond. Her restless fingers reached for a crystal atomizer and sprayed perfume across her mouth where the cigar taste still lingered. It was a very compelling perfume. Mr. Silvers had paid an alleged East Indian prince an exorbitant sum to compound it, especially for her. For a moment she closed her eyes and languorously inhaled its potent fragrance.

"Is that all, Madame?"

"Yes, Marie. I won't need you any more tonight."

Drawing the negligee about her, she went out on the balcony. Below her, the pool shimmered in the light of a full moon which was just creeping over the dark hill back of their castle. Somewhere a radio voice was crooning:

At the parting of the ways
You took all my happy days
And left me lonesome nights.
Morning never comes too soon;
I can bear the afternoon,
But oh, those lonesome nights. . . .

Her thoughts rushed back to Clyde. She wondered what he did in the evenings. Went to a movie, doubtless. Only yesterday he had asked her the name of her latest picture and where it would be shown.

"Do you like me on the screen, Clyde?" she asked flirtatiously.

"I don't think I've missed a single one of your pictures, Miss Dawn."

IT intrigued her to think of him, sitting in the darkened theater, looking up at her. Pensively, she imagined him saying to himself: "Only a few hours ago she was close enough for me to touch—to take in my arms." If only she could see the expression on his face as he watched her on the screen.

The moon climbed higher. For a moment she stood motionless, a slender silhouette against the railing, her hands folded at her breasts. Tomorrow would be their last day. But—tonight was tonight!

A temptation, which had come upon her too

RAQUEL TORRES, leading lady of many Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer films, wearing smart Deauville Sandals

When Summer Comes...the Mode Adopts

Deauville Sandals
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The fashion centers of the world acclaim genuine Deauville Sandals the authentic footwear mode for summer. Feel their featherweight lightness and you'll be everlastingly devoted to their cool comfort, their attractive shades and patterns. Genuine Deauvilles fit perfectly—made over American lasts. Exclusive styling gives them their smart "Deauville" air.

Look for the trade mark "Deauville Sandals" signed on the soles—your guarantee of imported quality and style. At all good shops and department stores, in widths AAA to C. For name of dealers write GOLO SLIPPER CO., 129 Duane St., N. Y.

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"I Would Not Part with It for $10,000!"

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"GETS-IT" *World's Fastest Way*

suddenly to resist, sent her to the telephone. She called the athletic club and asked for Clyde. A feeling very much like stage-fright came over her as she waited for them to call him.

She lighted a cigarette, then quickly crushed it out as she remembered that he had told her she must not smoke. Imagine his ordering *her* about like that—*and getting away with it!* Her fingers, with their long, deeply tinted nails, tapped a broken rhythm on the table. What if he wasn't in? What if—

You took all my happy days
And left me lonesome nights. . . .

Scarcely aware of what she was doing, she hummed the tune, stopping abruptly when she heard Clyde say "hello."

"Clyde—" she drawled softly, intimately. "This is Doreen."

"Oh, hello, Miss Dawn." She thrilled at that surprised note in his voice.

"I'm—all alone—"

"Why, that's too bad, Miss Dawn. Where's Mr. Silvers?"

"He's gone to the fights. He always goes to the fights on Friday nights." She was giving him this tip for future reference. "I've been watching the water. It's lovely tonight in the moonlight. I wish you could see it—"

"Yeah—I'll bet it's sure pretty at night."

"I was wondering if you could come up—right away—and give me another lesson? I'm afraid to go in the pool at night—*alone.*" Breathlessly she waited for his reply.

"Gee, Miss Dawn—I'm terribly sorry—but I can't tonight. I've got a swimming meet on—here at the club."

Doreen frowned. It annoyed her to be denied anything.

"Do they have meets *every* Friday night?" she asked pointedly.

"No—this is something special. Trials."

She could not tell whether he had deliberately ignored her veiled invitation for future Friday nights or had simply failed to understand her meaning. And she had been in such a rare mood, too! She hung up the receiver with a shrug and lighted a cigarette.

THOUGH she had rather expected a business conference to keep her husband away that afternoon, Mr. Silvers was present for the last lesson. Lounging, as usual, in his hammock, he read what his newspaper clippings had to say about the happy home life of Doreen Dawn. He gazed proudly at the picture of Doreen in the ermine-trimmed negligee, standing before a sunken bath, shaped to resemble a water lily; Doreen with her Russian wolfhound; Doreen selecting a book from a shelf of rare old first editions. He was so engrossed in the story that he failed to notice his wife, about to dive off into the deep end of the pool.

"Now I want you to stand here and watch me," Clyde was saying. "I'll go through the dive once, slowly, so that you can follow me. Then, when I come out, I want you to do the same thing."

He had not referred to her telephone call. He seemed, if anything, more coldly business-like than ever. Doreen simply could not understand him. Hadn't she given him every encouragement? Well, she would show him that she, at least, was fearless.

She watched him draw himself to his full height and dive. He cut the water, knife-like. Far down she could see his supple body, skimming away from a wake of bubbly amber. In a moment he would be up again, his blond hair, tawny in the sun, breaking the surface. In just a moment. . . .

But before that moment had elapsed, Doreen dived. Her body shot straight to the bottom of the pool. In one swift second her arms had found Clyde and clasped him to her. She had taken him unaware. But, as suddenly as she had grabbed him, she released him, tried to regain her now exhausted breath, and choked.

Desperately she struck out with her hands,

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There is one sure way that never fails to remove dandruff completely, and that is to dissolve it. Then you destroy it entirely. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and two or three more applications will completely dissolve and entirely destroy every single sign and trace of it, no matter how much dandruff you may have.

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but it was no use. She was floundering, strangling. She felt Clyde's arms about her, knew vaguely that his thrust at the bottom had shot them to the surface. But by the time Clyde reached the ladder, with his pupil clutched in his arm, she was completely out.

"My God! What's the matter?" called Mr. Silvers excitedly as he saw Clyde straddling Doreen's body that now lay limp on the tile walk.

"She just strangled a little." He was working her arms back and forth.

"Strangled?" gasped Mr. Silvers, dropping to his knees beside her. "Quick, somebody!" he shouted in a panic. "Get the doctor!"

"You don't need a doctor," said Clyde calmly. "She'll be all right in a minute." He turned her on her side but very little water rewarded that procedure.

"I told her to keep out of that deep water," cried Mr. Silvers hysterically. "I warned her —" He was hopping about like a fussy little bantam, begging Clyde to "*do something.*"

CLYDE paid no attention to him. He was applying the full pressure of his arms and body against her lungs. Then, leaning down, he clasped his lips over her mouth which, oddly enough, he did not have to pry open. Mechanically, he gave her his breath. In, out—in, out—

Who's the Romantic Idol of the Hour?

Chevalier!

Read his life story which begins in the July PHOTOPLAY

Doreen opened her eyes to tiny slits. The wet blond head of the boy was smothering her face. She had been kissed, professionally and otherwise—but never like this. She closed her eyes and let her mouth yield to his.

But this, she found out a moment later, was a mistake, for Clyde abandoned the Swedish method of resuscitation. Quickly he turned her over, interlaced his fingers beneath her and roughly jounced her up and down; then swung her around to her original position on her back. She opened her eyes with startled surprise. Clyde was staring at her suspiciously.

"She's all right now." He turned abruptly to Mr. Silvers.

"Are you all right, sweetheart?" Mr. Silvers lovingly pillowed her head in his arms, his pudgy hands smoothing back her damp hair. She smiled faintly, and he kissed her. "There'll be no more of this diving business," he said. "After this you'll stay out of that deep water."

"But daddy," she sighed, her eyes seeking Clyde's, "I—love deep water—"

AND so the swimming lessons ended, but the memory of that kiss—so brief and yet so potent—lingered on. Feminine intuition—and past experience—told Doreen that there would be a sequel. She was not one of those girls whom men kissed and then forgot.

"He'll call up to ask if I'm all right," she smiled wisely, "And then—" She dramatized the scene which would follow.

But days passed and there was no word from Clyde. Doreen, who had furnished the motivation for so many celluloid emotions, found herself motivated by an emotion as inflammable as the celluloid itself. She thought

Loretta Young—Star of First National Pictures—reveals a bewitching smile as she powders with Princess Pat.

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What if powder might both reveal *and* conceal, might *impart* to skin glorious, velvety, *transparent* beauty, yet seem to *banish*, not merely hide, blemishes and distressing shine! Wouldn't you simply adore this stunning effect of marvelous new beauty, *invisibly produced?*

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First, Princess Pat discovered use of precious almond—to replace the starch base of usual powders. Like the delicate pollen of flowers, is almond base—instead of chalky, like starch. Indeed, by a very secret process, the lovely almond base of Princess Pat is even softer, finer, smoother than pollen. When it touches your skin, it velvets as *nothing else in the world can.* In this wonderful merging of Princess Pat almond base powder, the skin is smoothed to sheer perfection of satiny texture—so marvelously that it seems beauty invisibly produced.

Mystical Prismatic Colors Were Found

And *prismatic* blending! What veritable magic there is in this Princess Pat secret process. Think how at some time you have held a prism glass to sunlight and watched the glorious colors in transparent, shimmering beauty. How they blended, one into another giving *every perfect intermediate shade.* By using such lovely, translucent colors in original form and blending by a marvelously worked out color scale, Princess Pat accomplishes prismatic blending. Thus, on your skin, Princess Pat gives beauty that has all the translucent wonder of pearls, all the naturalness of perfect, warm skin tones. Actually it gives *more than natural beauty.*

Your Mirror Will Say "Beauty," Not Powder

Try this powder of *invisible* beauty today. Your mirror will prove that new, entrancing loveliness has come to your skin beyond the imaginings of your fondest dreams.

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One sample free; additional samples 10c each.

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The alluring beauty of clear, petal-smooth skin may be yours, quickly, easily and surely! No more tan and freckles, muddy sallow color. Not a trace of pimples, blemishes, roughness to mar your natural beauty.

One wonderful beauty-aid, Nadinola Bleaching Cream, will transform your complexion quickly to radiant healthy loveliness. Before bedtime tonight smooth over your skin a little of this pure white, delicately fragrant cream. Instantly you feel its tonic effect. You see your skin growing whiter, smoother, more lovely.

Nadinola Bleaching Cream works mildly and gently yet quickly and surely. Positive money-back guarantee with simple directions in every package. Begin with Nadinola tonight. See how quickly it restores your skin to exquisite whiteness—clear smooth beauty.

At your toilet countêrs, extra large size $1; regular size 50c; if they haven't it, order direct from National Toilet Co., Dept. P-6, Paris, Tenn.

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RICHARD BLACKSTONE, B-226 FLATIRON BLDG., N. Y. C.

Doreen Dawn was a beauty specialist. She was also a swimming instructor. Her father, Mr. Silvers, was a wealthy manufacturer of bathing suits. Doreen had been thinking for some time of asking Silvers to let her do an aquatic story next and give Clyde a rôle in the picture, but she discarded that idea as being inopportune.

"I'll wait until Friday night," she told herself. "If he doesn't call then—"

But on Friday afternoon, just after she had returned from the studio, Clyde telephoned.

"Miss Dawn—this is Clyde Berg."

"Oh, hel-*lo*. How *are* you?" she asked in a low voice. Unfortunately, daddy was in the room.

"I'm fine. Say Miss Dawn—I hope you won't think I'm fresh," he began self-consciously.

"Why, of course I won't," she hastened to reassure him, shifting her position so that Mr. Silvers could not see her face.

"I've been telling my girl-friend about that pool of yours and she's just crazy to see it. I was wondering if you'd let me bring her up so she could just have a look at it—"

Doreen winced. Her heart seemed to have nose-dived toward her stomach. From far away she heard her voice saying:

"Certainly. Bring her up—any time—"

"This afternoon?" he asked eagerly.

"If you like—"

"Who was it?" demanded Mr. Silvers when she had hung up the receiver.

"Clyde Berg," she said, dully.

"What'd he want?"

"Oh, he wants to bring some girl up here to see the pool."

"Yeah?" Mr. Silvers always relished an opportunity to exhibit the pool. "When's he coming?"

"This afternoon." She reached for a cigarette.

HE balanced himself on his heels for a moment. Then: "Say sweetheart, why don't you put on your gold bathing suit and give the kid a kick?"

"Don't be silly," she said irritably. "Why should I make a personal appearance just to give somebody's girl-friend a thrill?"

But feminine pride, and an overwhelming desire to see Clyde just once more, caused her to change her mind.

When he and the girl arrived, Doreen was lolling lazily in the hollow of the seashell, clad in the fantastic gold-sequined suit.

"This is Gladys Murray," Clyde introduced her proudly.

"You'll never see another pool like this, Gladys," said Mr. Silvers.

"Gee—it's just marvelous," gurgled the girl. She referred to the pool, but her deep blue eyes were looking up at Doreen as though viewing some golden creature from another world.

Doreen should have felt rewarded for the trouble of changing into her bathing suit, but, oddly enough, she did not. As she watched Clyde, with his arm about the girl, walk around the pool, while Mr. Silvers gave statistics on the cost, a sharp stab of envy pierced her.

It was odd, she reflected, how you could think you had *everything;* and then along came somebody—a swimming instructor, of all people—and a cuddly young girl in a cheap little crepe frock and a mop of soft brown hair, and suddenly you knew that you did not have so much!

AFTER all, what *did* she have? This Spanish castle! For the first time she saw it as it really was.

A show place—an ornate billboard—glorifying Doreen Dawn.

Suddenly she stepped down from the seashell and started toward the house, but Clyde intercepted her.

"It was certainly great of you to let us come," he said. "We sure appreciate it."

She could scarcely trust her voice to speak. "If there's ever anything I can do for you, Clyde—I mean if there's ever any favor—"

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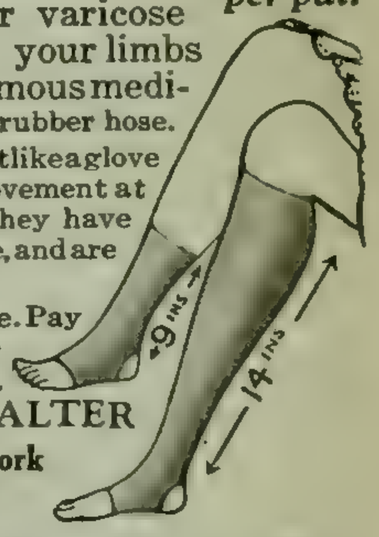
RELIEVE swelling or varicose veins and reduce your limbs with Dr. WALTER'S famous medicated (cream colored) gum rubber hose. Worn next to the skin they fit like a glove and you can see the improvement at once. For over 25 years they have helped thousands of people, and are worn all over the world.

Send ankle and calf measure. Pay by check or money order—(no cash)—or pay postman.



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LUCKY TIGER

In the back of her mind was the faint hope that he might still have some need of her.

"Well, there is one favor I'd like to ask, Miss Dawn." He looked down at Gladys who had hooked her arm through his. "You see you've always been Gladys' favorite actress. She's taken me to see every picture you've ever played in." He patted the girl's hand tenderly. "If you'd give her one of your pictures—and maybe autograph it—I guess it would just about give her the thrill of her life."

"Oh, if you only would, Miss Dawn," echoed Gladys.

DOREEN looked at the girl's young, unlipsticked mouth. A very kissable mouth it was. And as she thought of Clyde's lips closing over it, a sharp little pain stabbed at her heart.

"Why—of course I'll give you a picture. Just a moment—" She hurried into the house before they could see the sudden tears that were forcing their way into her eyes.

Later, a maid brought the picture down to Gladys.

"Isn't it just too beautiful," sighed Gladys. "And look what she wrote." She passed the picture to Clyde. The inscription read:

"Doreen Dawn's best wishes to *a very lucky girl.*"

"Isn't it funny," said Gladys. "that she should have written that—*to me!*"

The Shadow Stage

[CONTINUED FROM PAGE 59]

COURAGE—Warners

A FINE stage play becomes a moving, entertaining phonoplay. "Courage" tells the story of a mother, who, somehow, can't hold on to money, and her brood of seven children. *Bill*, the youngest, saves the day in his usual competent manner. Belle Bennett, the mother, is fine. Marian Nixon and Rex Bell are the young lovers, but you'll like *Bill*, Leon Janney, best of all.

PLAYING AROUND—First National

THIS is just a fair Alice White picture, with a certain amount of entertainment in spite of its lack of originality and acting power. Alice gives up the honorable intentions of Billy Bakewell, an honest soda-squirt, for the pretty speeches and city ways of Chester Morris. From "Sheba," a story by Viña Delmar.

WIDE OPEN—Warners

THE office under-dog has a brilliant idea to revolutionize the business. After a series of amusing mishaps he is made over-lord and marries the boss' daughter. It's the old plot, and a less gifted comedian than Edward Everett Horton could not have made it so funny. But somebody erred in making the situations so vulgar that you hesitate to take your best girl.

SUNNY SKIES—Tiffany Productions

MOVIE college students are at it again. Drinking and loving and making touchdowns in the last minute of play. You can almost bear it until Benny Rubin starts getting pathetic and his pal gives him a blood transfusion. Then you've just got to get away from it all. Couple of good tunes are "Wanna Find a Boy" and "Must Be Love."

A NOTORIOUS AFFAIR—First National

FOR the host of theater-goers who are tired of having the players burst into song, this picture will be a relief. Furthermore, it has

disfiguring hair growths not only removed,— destroyed under the skin

No longer need you fuss about superfluous hair every week. It has been proved that *ZIP effectively destroys* hair growths. Hundreds of thousands of women are using it with amazing success. It is a favorite with stage and screen stars as well as Beauty Specialists, for face, arms, legs and body.

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ZIP is not to be confused with other products. *ZIP* gets at the cause . . and in this way *destroys* the growth. There are many ways to *remove* hair merely from the surface, but *ZIP* is the way to *destroy* it. Remember, *there is no other Epilator.*

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It is a harmless, fragrant compound, and pleasant to use. Moreover, there are no disagreeable fumes, no discoloring of porcelain and tile. *ZIP* acts immediately and brings lasting results. If you really want to be free of hair, entirely, you will find *ZIP* economical at $5.00. You will be delighted and you risk nothing, for *ZIP* is sold on a money-back guarantee basis.

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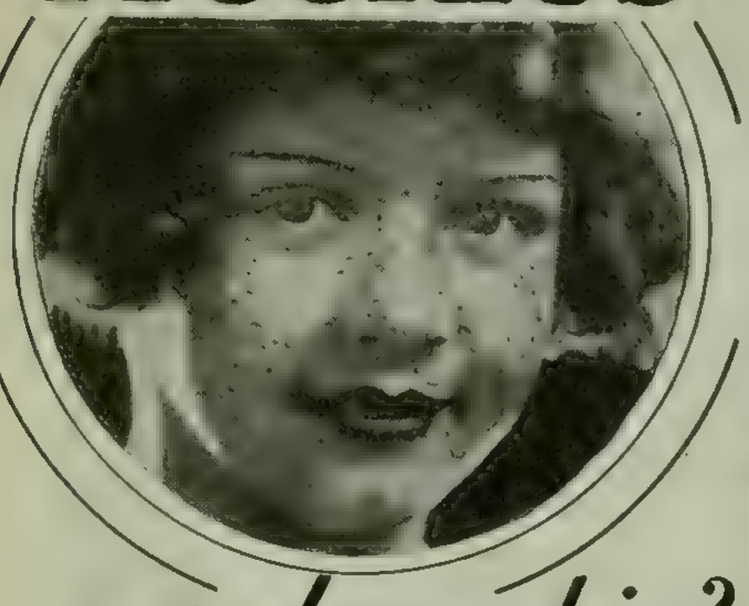

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Witzel Photo

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Cut Puzzle Contest

some sequences in which Billie Dove wears beautiful clothes and looks her gorgeous self. This is enough to satisfy her admirers. But even with Kay Francis as the vamp and Basil Rathbone as the faithless husband, it's not convincingly "A Notorious Affair."

UNDER A TEXAS MOON—Warners

NO heavy drama here! Director Curtiz, and Frank Fay in a gay caballero rôle, have poked fun at old melodramas of the Mexican border. And they've turned out a gay and dashing Technicolor singie, with the help of a well-picked cast, including Noah Beery, Tully Marshall and that cute little trick, Armida. "Under a Texas Moon" is the nice theme song. When it's satire, it's fun.

COCK O' THE WALK—Sono Art—World Wide

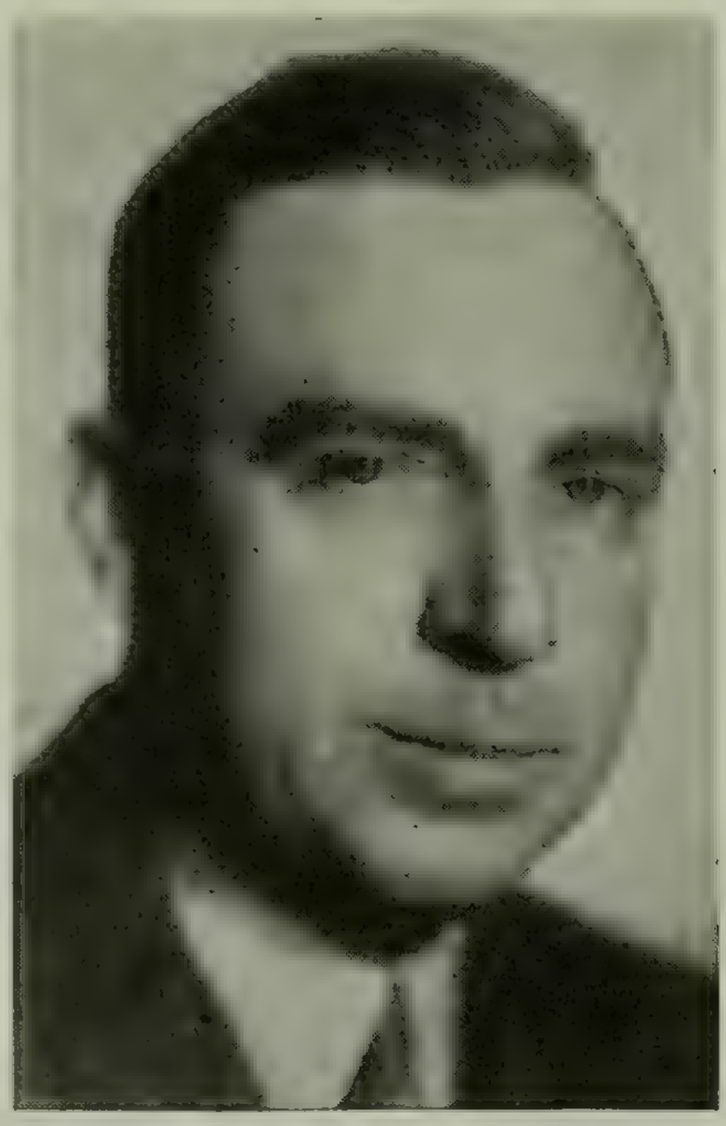
ABOUT the most startling disclosure in "Cock o' the Walk" is the fact that Joseph Schildkraut, a good actor, is capable of a surprisingly bad performance. He does everything but bite chunks out of the scenery. We don't know, of course, but we think the dialogue was made up on the spur of the moment. Myrna Loy is attractive as a lady with a suicide complex. This is awful.

GUILTY—Columbia

ANOTHER story of the self-sacrificing daughter, who gives up her great love to save her father. The conviction of the lover, on circumstantial evidence, gives us quite a scare, but of course the execution is stayed at the eleventh hour. Virginia Valli as the daughter, John Sainpolis, the father, and John Holland, the lover, give a feeling of reality to an otherwise mediocre melodrama.

HIGH TREASON—Tiffany-Gaumont

HERE'S a British-made film which gives a slant on the English viewpoint as to future world politics. It's a weird conception of how



One of the best stories PHOTOPLAY published in the past year was "Pickles and Pictures," and this man wrote it. Jerome Beatty—publicity chief for Technicolor—sold no less than twenty-four short stories and articles to first-rate magazines during 1929—a world's record for comparative newcomers in the writing racket

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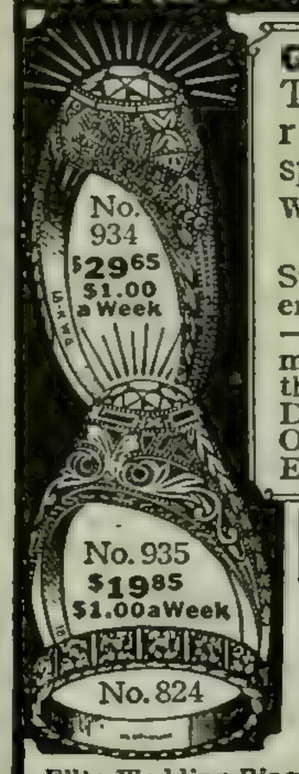

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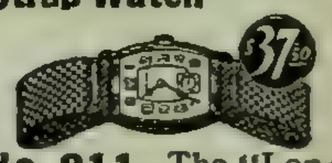

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the next world war does not happen. Technically, it's deucedly entertaining because of the praiseworthy ingenuity which is displayed in envisioning the manner in which we'll live ten years from now. As a story, though, it's quite dreary.

ISLE OF ESCAPE—Warners

SHE married him to lift the mortgage on the old homestead, but she was wife in name only. (Honestly, they're still using that old plot!) This time it's laid in the South Sea Islands and peopled with derelict white men and native head-hunters. Monte Blue, Betty Compson and Noah Beery do their best to breathe life into a melodramatic hodge-podge, with negligible results.

ANYBODY'S WAR—Paramount

THE *Two Black Crows* join the army with mildly amusing results. Apparently it was thought that romance was needed, so Neil Hamilton and Joan Peers were rushed in to look nice. It doesn't help the picture much, and it certainly will not add to the popularity of Neil and Joan. The *Crow* with the tired voice is, of course, outstanding, but the dog actor, *Deep Stuff*, got the most sympathy from the preview audience.

HOLD EVERYTHING—Warners

THIS is a patchwork quilt, interesting only in spots. Joe E. Brown is swell as the slug-nutty prize fighter, Winnie Lightner has some snappy songs, and Georges Carpentier looks good in the boxing ring. Otherwise it lacks whatever made it a hit on Broadway when it was a show. It was filmed several months ago, and you'll be shocked to see the girls in knee dresses.

ROUGH ROMANCE—Fox

"ROUGH ROMANCE" is a good title for this. The edges are rough too. It's all about the goings on of lumberjacks in the Oregon forest. Scenery is grand but nature gets the credit for that. George O'Brien's chest is seen to good advantage and Helen Chandler goes Gish. Poor Antonio Moreno is lost as the rough villain. Time is taken for a few chorus routines. Boop-a-doop. It doesn't help a bit.

CZAR OF BROADWAY—Universal

THIS is Universal's version of "Street of Chance." Be prepared for a lot more of them. They always tag along after a hit. But John Wray isn't a Bill Powell, and at best this is an imitation. The sauve Broadway gambler (Oh, can it be the late Mr. Rothstein?) gives his trust to a naive boy who turns out to be a newspaper reporter. It's amusing enough if you haven't seen the original.

IN THE NEXT ROOM—First National

THIS is a melodrama that thrills, even though it is a little deliberate and artificial. It's a murder mystery thing that had some success on the stage several years ago. Jack Mulhall, Alice Day and Robert O'Connor play the leads.

THE MAN HUNTER—Warners

A BEACH-COMBING melodrama, with Rin-Tin-Tin as the star, that slows to a feeble totter because of a drab and drawn-out story. John Loder and Nora Lane are the human principals involved. The dog is his usual clever and obedient self.

Now!—Actually Get *Rid* of Arm and Leg Hair

Utterly Without Fostering Bristly Re-Growth

A New Discovery That Not Only Removes Hair Instantly, But Delays Its Reappearance Remarkably

A NEW way of removing arm and leg hair has been found that not only removes every vestige of hair instantly, but that banishes the stimulated hair growth thousands of women are charging to less modern ways. A way that not only removes hair but delays its reappearance remarkably!

Not only is slightest fear of bristly re-growth banished, but reappearance of hair slowed amazingly.

It is changing previous conceptions of cosmeticians about hair removing. Women are flocking to its use. The discovery of R. C. Lawry, noted beauty scientist, it is different from any other hair remover known.

WHAT IT IS

It is an exquisite toilet creme, resembling a superior beauty clay in texture. You simply spread it on where hair is to be removed. Then rinse off with water.

That is all. Every vestige of hair is gone; so completely that even by running your

There is true feminine allure in satin-smooth arms, hair-free as a child's.

hand across the skin not the slightest trace of stubble can be felt.

And—the reappearance of that hair is delayed surprisingly!

When re-growth finally does come, it is utterly unlike the re-growth following old ways. You can feel the difference. No sharp stubble. No coarsened growth.

The skin, too, is left soft as a child's. No skin roughness, no enlarged pores. You feel freer than probably ever before in your life of annoying hair growth.

WHERE TO OBTAIN

It is called NEET—a preparation long on the market, but recently changed in compounding to embody the new Lawry discovery.

It is on sale at practically all drug and department stores and in beauty parlors. In both $1 and 60c sizes. The $1 size contains 3 times the quantity of the 60c size.

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Studio Rambles

Dorothy Jordan and Ramon Novarro rehearse a love scene for the M-G-M musical romance, "The Singer of Seville." Sara Hamilton says you will be carried away by Ramon's singing in this film

By Sara Hamilton

HE'S at it again. That great big he-man, Charles Bickford, is once more a grimy brute, smashing everyone and everything in sight.

We stepped inside the big sound stage where Charlie is making his new picture, and nearly trampled the poor doorman to death trying to get right out again. Groans and moans greeted us. Finally we crept closer and peeped.

There on the floor of a filthy old shack lay John Miljan and over him sprawled Bickford, his wild red hair waving like a danger signal in a stiff breeze. He fought and kicked and groaned. We watched, fascinated. Then with one mighty effort Bickford hurls Miljan, with a deafening crash, right through the side of the shack and it's over.

And there we stood, chewing a hole through the hem of our best dress and shaking like Uncle Elmer with his ague. Bickford is an escaped convict turned minister in this picture. Over in a corner, little Raquel Torres, the girl in the case, sits calmly by, apparently unmoved by all the turmoil about.

But it's too much for us, so we dash around to Bill Haines' set to see what's new.

ONE look at Bill and we immediately get hysterical in our new handkerchief. Bill is all dressed up in a checkered vest, a diamond-studded necktie, a watch chain that must weigh a pound, and a derby hat, bigger and flatter than Stepin Fetchit's feet. And for no good reason the derby has a wide, white band neatly draped around it.

You see, Bill is a barker in a third-rate carnival touring the West. Over in one corner is a group of dancers. Cowboys and Indians are all over the place. In another corner we spied Francis X. Bushman, Jr., all dressed up like a cowboy, slapping on the powder puff like no cowhand we ever saw in the wide open spaces.

We peeped under a huge sombrero that passed by, and there was Cliff Edwards (Ukulele Ike). Just fancy that Haines boy in a Western! And here's a secret Mr. Niblo, the director, whispered to us. Billy gets his smartie complex paddled good and properly in this one.

WE step into the Ramon Novarro set and just stand there, gasping and gasping. The sight that meets our eyes is simply breath-taking. Tremendous. The scene is the interior of a huge opera house, elaborately gilded and ornamented, and ablaze with lights.

Extras in gorgeous jewels and costumes stroll about. Diamonds gleam from the boxes. There is a babble of foreign tongues and accents. In the balcony, bridge games, among the extras, are in progress. A huge orchestra sits in the pit, tuning up.

Ernest Torrence, one of the cast, rehearses his lines aloud. Dorothy Jordan sits in back of the theater watching the colorful scene.

Ramon is about to sing the famous Pagliacci number which you will hear in this, his newest picture. Mr. Brabin, the director, is ready now. Everyone is all attention. The bridge games are cast aside. Quiet now. More lights blaze on. The orchestra plays softly. The curtain quivers and parts. Out steps Ramon in his white satin clown suit, his face painted clown fashion.

He sings. His golden voice rings out. He sings with his soul in torment. He grovels on his knees, laughing hysterically. We hang on to our seats, spellbound. He sinks to the floor, laughing, laughing, laughing.

The curtain falls and we are calmly wearing an extra's clown hat, and three seats away the extra has on our best red felt.

WE stopped half way out to lot two and looked about us. Could this really be Hollywood and not Chicago? For there came to our ears the rat-tat-tat of many machine guns. It's the big jail break for Chester Morris' new prison story, they tell us.

The walls of a big gray penitentiary swallow us up, and we're in a prison yard. Convicts, mad with the desire for freedom, surge all about us. There's Chester Morris over there in the thickest of the fight. Guards and officers dash about. Robert Montgomery is shot to the ground. Wallace Beery bellows and fights his way to the machine guns.

This is no Sunday School rally, let me tell you. Grime and sweat cover the faces of the men. Karl Dane, looking comical and scared at the same time, hunts about for a place to shoot his wad.

And there's George Marion of "Anna Christie" fame.

We're glad to get out at least half alive.

Later, on one of the big stages, Chester Morris shows us the dark damp cell where he is kept in solitary confinement, and the prison hospital with the long rows of white iron beds. It's the most depressing place I've ever been in.

WHAT a contrast is the Cecil De Mille set. Everyone seems to be running about in nighties. Reginald Denny, in a gold and blue bathrobe, pounds on a bedroom door. Inside the room Kay Johnson, without her dress, runs wildly about in her slip. Lillian Roth, in a black nightie, jumps in and out of bed with a rapidity that leaves us dazed.

It's all in "Madam Satan" of course, and it's hilariously funny. After the scene had been shot, everyone puts on more clothes and gathers about Roland Young, also in the cast, who draws some caricatures amid roars of laughter.

Elsie Janis is in conference in one corner with Mr. De Mille. Kay Johnson begins softly to play an old love song on the property piano.

The settings are the usual De Mille stuff and yes, I won't keep you in suspense any longer—the picture has a bathtub!

AND what a stir on the "Abraham Lincoln" set! The entire picture of ninety distinct episodes is being completed in thirty-one days, which is a monumental achievement, especially when you remember that D. W. Griffith is a veteran of the days when super-productions took months to complete.

Walter Huston faced a gigantic task in making up for the Lincoln rôle. For the Lincoln of later life, he usually spends three hours at his dressing table before he is ready for the cameras. He spares nothing that will add to the perfection and accuracy of his characterization.

OVER on the stages where "Are You There?" is being filmed, Beatrice Lillie, the star, came limping along.

"What's the matter?" I inquired sympathetically.

"I have to do a dance—an adagio dance at that," moaned Beatrice. "And those two huskies who toss me lightly from heah to theah can't tell the floor from the air. Ah, the pain of it!" And she—just a trifle proudly, it seemed to me—exhibited a sprained wrist and half a dozen assorted bruises as sacrifices to her art.

"The Helen Chase?"

the lawyer asked

"My wife always reads your complexion articles—and won't use any soap but Camay"

Can you imagine how surprised and pleased I was when a lawyer, whom I met at dinner the other night, told me he knew all about Camay and these complexion articles of mine?

He told me how pleased his wife had been when she read about a soap which had a really authoritative approval, because her skin was so very sensitive. And—that, ever since the first week she tried Camay, she had been most enthusiastic about its gentleness.

As a matter of fact, incidents like this are constantly coming up. I'm always running into people from every part of the country—relatives or old friends come from down home in Kentucky or friends of friends look me up. And letters and letters pour in—all telling me news about Camay.

But, really, you can't wonder at such popularity when you realize that the loveliest soap you can possibly use has been approved by 73 of America's most eminent dermatologists.

If a fragrant Camay cleansing isn't already your favorite beauty treatment, let me give you my word that there just never before was anything like Camay!

Helen Chase

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M. D.

(The 73 leading dermatologists who approved Camay were selected by Dr. Pusey who, for 10 years, has been the editor of the official journal of the dermatologists of the United States.)

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